THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An I[illegible]d Weekly
[illegible]by Benj. Franklin

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AUG. 11, 1923

Eleanor Franklin Egan — Earl Derr Biggers — John Galsworthy
David Jayne Hill — Horatio Winslow — George Randolph Chester

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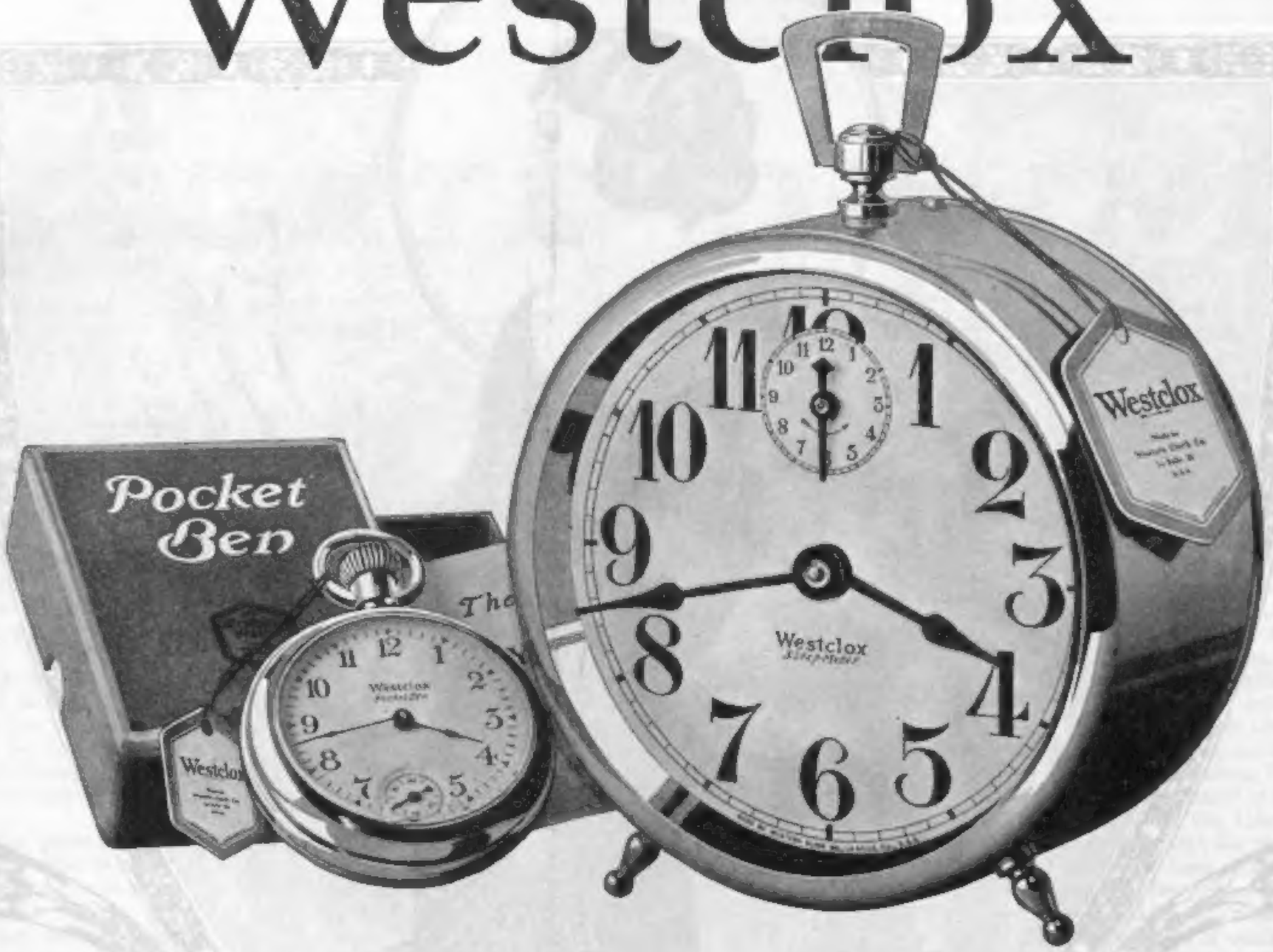

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THE GATE OF INDIA

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

PERHAPS the first thing that should be taken into consideration in connection with India is the fact that there is no such country. There is a vast subcontinent frozen into the Himalayan glaciers on the north, all but melting into the equator on the south, having thousands of miles of coast line washed by several seas east and west, and with a total area of 1,773,168 square miles, which has been brought by the long processes of historical progression under this general geographical designation; but to think of India as a single country is as erroneous as it would be to think of the European continent as a unit.

The India we visualize is visualized as it is only because it is far and away the biggest red spot on the map of the world, which means to the initiate in the popularly accepted cartographic color scheme that as a whole it is under the domination of the British raj.

Incidentally, within recent times this subcontinent has grown wings on either shoulder, with the result that it now stretches from the borders of Chinese Yunnan on the east to a conceded Persian boundary on the west, while what looks considerably like a bump on its forehead swells grandly to the northward to meet the Russian menace and to cool itself in the snows of the Hindu Kush.

It is a magnificent territory, and as it is now constituted forms a greater India than was ever dreamed of in any brilliant age of India's history or by any conqueror of that which never was the India we visualize.

If this territory could be mapped for exactly what it is, and a different color found with which separately to denote each of its multitudinous divisions, I am sure the map would look like nothing that any cartographer ever attempted before to do, and would suggest to one's mind not so much a necessary arrangement to facilitate governmental administrative processes as a violent eruption of one of India's own most terrible diseases.

Most of us think we know a good deal about Indian native states. We may not know much about the whys and the wherefores of them, or about their exact relationship to the rest of India; but we have been charmed by the romance of them and dazzled by their glitter. We have learned to speak familiarly of rajahs and maharajas; and though we may not know the difference between a nawab and a nizam, though we may never even have heard of such a personage as a peshwa, the Gaekwar of Baroda is a personal friend of ours, and we have sung songs about the Akhoond of Swat. Nevertheless, I think the idea in the minds of most of us has been that the British have permitted a few princes of ancient Indian houses here and there to retain their titles and a certain measure of control over their inherited lands, and that by so doing they have established a situation greatly advantageous to themselves. All of which is part of the truth. But the whole truth is much more interesting. The whole truth as it relates to matters historical, ethnographic, political and economic is far beyond my immediate purpose; but the whole truth as it pictures to me my luridly spotted map is that there are nearly 700 of these native states, ranging in area from about nineteen square miles to territories

UPPER PHOTO. FROM JOHNSTON & HOFFMAN, CALCUTTA

A Glimpse of the Outer Harbor of Bombay. Above—Bara Bazaar, One of the Busy Native Streets in Bombay

as large as some of the major countries of Europe, and with populations varying in numbers from less than 100,000 to more than 13,000,000. The total area of the native states is 709,555 square miles, while their total population, according to the census of 1921, is 71,936,736. This leaves an area of 1,093,074 square miles in what is known as British India, and this vast dominion is divided into fifteen provinces and presidencies, while for administrative purposes the provinces and presidencies are subdivided into 267 districts, which correspond roughly to our counties.

When I began by saying that India is not a country I was not thinking in terms of geography, however, but of peoples worse divided than the territory they inhabit. It is in the sense by which all our thought with regard to a country is influenced that India is not a country; in the sense by which we realize our national being as an entity dependent upon our unity of purpose and oneness of sentiment for its success and continuance. The reason why there is no such country as India is that there is no such people as an Indian people with a right to call all India as well as its soul its own, nor can there possibly be for many generations to come.

Somebody once described Boston as being "not a city but a state of mind," and by the same token I should describe India as being not a country but a religious controversy. If you are predisposed and somewhat determined to accept the testimony of the anxiously and minutely accurate Britisher, who wants you as an American to know what the British are up against in their rôles as universal traffic cops and guardians of the unregenerate, you will tuck away in your memory an assertion that there are something in the neighborhood of 200 different and distinct Indian peoples, speaking something in the neighborhood of 200 different and distinct languages. But unless you are an ethnologist or philologist, or both, you will be inclined, as I am, to confine yourself to the broader divisions of the population as these are established not through differences of race and language but of religious affiliation.

Races, Religions and Languages

AN INDIAN may tell you that he is a Bengali, a Madrasi, a Rajput, a Ghurka, a Pathan; that he belongs to any one of a hundred different tribes, and that his language is Hindi or Bengali or Urdu or Malayalam or Gujarati or Tamil or Panjabi or any one of a dozen others, each of which really is a distinct language and not in any sense a mere dialect. But the chances are that if you ask an Indian what he is his mind will turn in a religious direction only, and he will tell you quite simply that he is a Hindu or a Mohammedan, as the case may be; or he may more modestly confess that he is a Buddhist or a Jain or even a Christian. You would not have to ask a Parsi or a Sikh what he is, because the Parsi wears certain habiliments of his religion as his everyday clothes, while the Sikh is pledged never to cut a hair that his gods have decreed shall grow upon him, and is therefore to be recognized by his whiskers.

In any case, one learns from approximate figures that in the population of India there are about 218,000,000 Hindus, nearly 67,000,000 Mohammedans, 21,000 Jews, 3,900,000 Christians, 100,000 Zoroastrians, or Parsis; 3,000,000 Sikhs, 11,000,000 Buddhists, 1,250,000 Jains and more than 10,000,000 animists; and the chief fact to be noted at the beginning of an inquiry into social and political conditions in India is that, with the possible exception of the animists, these are all at one another's throats, not only on account of religious disagreements and the social clashes resulting from them but in these days on account of politics as well, each community watching with jealous concern its political rights and claiming with sometimes acrimonious insistence its full share of the material and political benefits of the new governmental experiment inaugurated by the British under the name of The Reforms.

In excepting the animists it merely occurs to me in a whimsical kind of way that I have never heard of an animist as such starting an agitation for the purpose of securing a fuller recognition of the social and political value of his community, and it further occurs to me on second thought that the animists can hardly be a community, anyhow, in that animism is a peculiarly individualistic religion, characterized by deeper depths of benightedness perhaps than any other, in which its votaries spend their lives sharing their food supplies with ghosts and propitiating spirits, mostly evil, that inhabit every inanimate object within their range of observation, to say nothing of reptiles, poisonous insects and other forms of animal life.

Among other communities in this bewildering empire might be mentioned the 100,000—more or less—resident British who manage somehow still to outweigh all the others combined, and a probable 150,000 so-called Anglo-Indians, who, refusing in the general upheaval to be known any longer as Eurasians—or European-Asiatics—are now endeavoring somewhat hopelessly to discover just what they are and where they belong in the new order of things, and clamoring for recognition as an element to be respectfully and generously dealt with. Sounds like a good deal of a mix-up, does it not? Yet in this brief introduction I have failed to mention some of the more important features of it, and have barely touched a few of the high spots. As I go along I shall endeavor to explore some of the byways as well as the highways, and to present as clearly as I am able a sketch at least of the India I have just seen.

The last time I was in India Germany was at war, and as a consequence the rest of us had our work pretty well cut out for us and were not greatly interested in minor considerations. We were all busy finding our souls in service, contemplating the righteousness of our cause and congratulating ourselves upon the unimpeachable character of our immediate aims and ultimate intentions. And as I remember India in those days, India was very wonderful.

I never have been able to believe that India responded as she did to England's call to arms for love of England, but there was no question about the response. It may be that the leaders of the fighting element in the population—and a sufficiently insignificant element this is in point of numbers—welcomed an opportunity to fight the white man's battle in the white man's land with an idea, vague though it may have been, that in so doing they would be demonstrating their equality with the white man; or it may be that their enthusiasm as it was expressed in India at the beginning of the war was due solely to their exuberant and inherent love of a fight. However that may be, a cheerful Indian army soon came to be represented to a greater or less extent in practically every war zone which happened to be England's particular concern, while in India a smiling and coöperating people went about its daily life and performed its appointed tasks without much regard to anything except the business in hand.

I am not forgetting, of course, that even then there were rifts in the general serenity, and an occasional rumpus stirred up in connection with the sacred and time-honored cause of home rule; but it is to be remembered that until the advent of the astonishing Mr. Gandhi discontent with the established order of things was confined largely to the class that is referred to as being politically minded, and that is made up almost exclusively of men who have been educated in the English schools. Add to this class Mrs. Annie Besant, who at that time made its cause her own and became its very active leader, and in 1917 you had the elements of all the trouble that England could conveniently handle in India while Germany was at war.

Unrest During the War

ENGLAND had at that time acknowledged the principle of self-government as being applicable in the case of India, but no scheme had yet been evolved by which it might safely be applied even partially and experimentally. Liberty of opinion as an indisputable right of every individual was also recognized in principle, but in practice it was found necessary to differentiate between opinions and opinions. The Indian political doctrine was then so far over the heads of the people that there was little enough danger that the preaching of it would result in anything like widespread disaffection and disturbance; but it was sufficiently entertaining, anyhow, to keep conversation going among the politically minded, while at the same time some of the arguments employed were distinctly irritating to those in responsible authority. They consisted for the most part in abuse of government and more or less veiled threats of open revolt, and the stringent war measure known as the Defense of India Act was promulgated for the purpose largely of providing a means to minimize the irritation and to safeguard the general tranquillity.

Under this act large numbers of agitators, both editorial and oratorical, were interned or imprisoned; but as might have been expected, this resulted in an increase rather than a diminution of the volume of seditious utterance, since it provided for the unmolested lieutenants of the adored and martyred apostles of freedom a new and highly emotional theme upon which to play with bitter and burning variations.

Mrs. Besant was among those for whom quiet and secluded residential quarters were temporarily provided, as were many other important citizens, including the Ali brothers, who are the great leaders of the Mohammedan population. Mr. Gandhi was then working with and for the government, and was expending his fine energies and exercising his extraordinary abilities in such loyal service as the British still acknowledge to have been inestimable. At any rate, the political situation was a long way from the critical stage it eventually reached under Mr. Gandhi's eventual leadership; and I repeat that, so far as I was able to observe, the people for the most part were happy enough, and I do know that wherever I went I encountered an atmosphere that was energizing and inspiring rather than depressing. Even in the mills that

(Continued on Page 102)

PHOTO, BY JOHNSTON & HOFFMAN, CALCUTTA

The Bombay Yacht Club, Into the Sacred Precincts of Which No Indian Has Ever Been Admitted

THE ONE-PLAY MAN

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

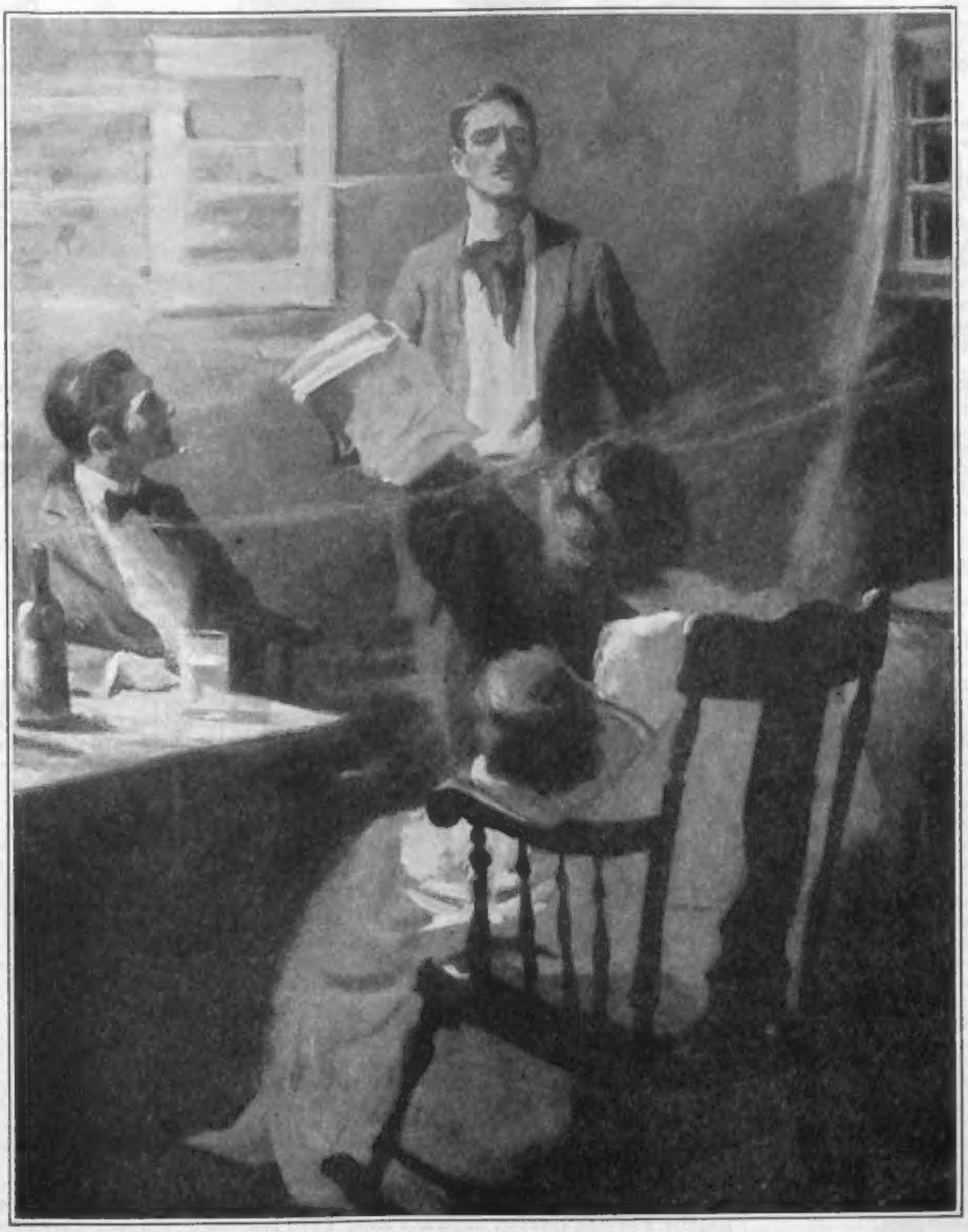
CELIA HAWTHORNE lifted the straps of her evening gown higher on her slim white shoulders, and, tilting her head to one side, gazed critically into her dressing-room mirror. She was not a vain girl, but she was quite satisfied with what she saw, and justly so. Her face, she was glad to note, had lost that pinched, tired look that had been on it when, ten weeks before, she had arrived in this Middle-Western city to play summer stock. Into her cheeks had come a touch of color, into her blue eyes a glint of light she had thought forever lost. For here she had known peace, a sadly needed respite from the madness that is Broadway.

She gave her pale gold hair an affectionate pat. It was all her own and she was grateful. On her slender fingers glittered discreet jewels. This week she played the daughter of an English baronet, and where would the English aristocracy be without its sapphires and diamonds? Not so difficult to manage on a summer-stock salary, either, as anyone knows who has visited certain counters in a five-and-ten-cent store.

Ready for the curtain's rise, she picked up a telegram that lay by her make-up box and passed from her dressing room onto the dim and dusty stage. The first-act set was standing. Presumably it represented the drawing-room in the baronet's country house—a version worked out by Mr. Henry Coogan, property man, in conjunction with Mr. Syd Aaronson; Furnishings Used in this Theater from Aaronson Brothers' Mammoth Store.

It was not strikingly suggestive of English country life. Evidently Mr. Coogan himself had little respect for his effect, for he lolled in the best chair, wearing a battered straw hat and perusing a pink sporting extra. He looked up.

"Hello," he said. "'S hot night." And with this contribution to drawing-room small talk he returned to his box score.



"It Grew and Grew, Gripping Me Harder All the Time, Until at the Finish ——"

It was hot, indeed stifling; but Tom Kane's patrons were loyal, and beyond the curtain Celia heard a reassuring clatter of seats let down to receive that evening's delegation. She crossed the stage, walking gracefully, wearing her smart gown as though in her life she had been accustomed to no other sort. To anyone who knew her past there would have been a gentle irony in that.

She reached the stage door opening on the alley, and stood there. The hour was close to eight, but it was broad daylight outside. The ventilating fan of the bakeshop next door was filling the narrow paved court with a villainous odor. Close to the brick wall opposite, two of the younger men in the company were shooting dice, in open defiance of a city ordinance. Near by, a handsome man in evening clothes—the English baronet, in fact—sat on a kitchen chair smoking a cigarette.

Beholding the vision of Celia in the doorway, he rose and crossed the court. An authentic baronet would have been hard put to it to equal this, his counterfeit, in distinction and charm. Jim Gregory had been a famous leading man in his day, but time had sentenced him to playing fathers and heavies. The latter might well have been a reference to his weight, but wasn't.

"Not many women," he said, "would have dared this light. You've dared and won. Child, the change in you! These weeks out here have been your beauty doctor."

"Well, they've lifted the furrows from my brow. Now where did I get that line?" She laughed. "Everyone ought to slip away from New York now and then. New York—and the worry ——"

"If only you could have persuaded your father ——" Gregory began.

"But I have," she answered happily. "Father's coming to spend a little vacation with me." She handed him the telegram.

"He's coming tonight."

"The midnight train," he read. "You mustn't go knocking about the streets at that hour. I'll go to the station with you."

"That's kind of you."

"Not at all. I'm keen to see him again. Good old Fred. Why, it's almost twenty years ——" He stopped. "Oh, Lord, it's more than that! It was in '99 we were together. On the road with Lord and Lady Algy. A sweet Lady Algy, your mother, and I—I wish you might have seen me in that lead. Wrote me notes, the girls did." He glanced down at his bulging waistcoat. "Twenty-three years ago,' he added ruefully. "As a matter of fact, you made that tour yourself—but of course you don't remember."

"Not much of it," she smiled. "Sometimes in a vague way I do seem to get a picture—I'm lying in the bed in my room supposed to be asleep, and staring through an open door at father in the room beyond. Father seated under a bright light at a table, writing and writing and writing."

"He'd hurry back after counting up," Gregory said. "He was our company manager, you know. I don't mean to imply he neglected his work; he earned his money; he was a good man. But every night when he'd finished with the troupe he'd rush back to his hotel and get busy on his real job. He was full of it in those days." The actor lowered his eyes to where a few blades of grass pushed hopefully between the bricks. "Of his play, I mean," he added softly.

"I know—his play," the girl repeated, and when Gregory looked up he saw the furrows back on her brow.

"Wheels Within Wheels," he said. "That was the title, I believe."

She shook her head.

"I never heard that one," she told him. "Dad was always changing it. Somebody'd use the one he had, or he'd find a better one. It's had—so many titles."

Neither spoke for a moment.

"It was a good play, Celia," said Gregory.

His tone was apologetic. Beyond the curtain sounded the first cheery notes of the overture.

"Yes," said Celia. "If only it hadn't been—so good. I'm on at the rise, you know." And she hurried away to the wings.

Gregory went back to his kitchen chair and lighted another cigarette. There had been little talk of Fred Hawthorne's play between him and Fred's daughter, but he knew that if the author was coming the topic could no longer be ignored. He was sorry, too, for he was a man of rather fine sensibilities, and he realized intuitively the part that manuscript must have played in Celia Hawthorne's life.

That night's curtain rose on a small audience, and through the evening there was a constant flutter of fans that distracted the attention of the actors and made their task unusually wearing. However, they were true players and they gave their best, perspiring nobly through four lengthy acts.

After the performance Jim Gregory changed, and still a credit to his tailor, waited debonairly in the alley. When Celia emerged a few moments later the solitary bulb above the stage door revealed a vastly altered young woman. No longer was she the dazzling daughter of an aristocratic house, but a frail, unassuming maiden who, in her dark-blue crêpe de chine gown, might have been an unusually earnest stenographer or school-teacher.

"Like a bit of supper?" Gregory inquired.

"We'd better wait, if you don't mind. Father may be hungry." He nodded. "Shall we go to the hotel—or how about the park? Perhaps it's cooler there."

"The park," he said. "We've nearly an hour."

They came out upon a brightly lighted but almost deserted street and walked along a few blocks to an open square with the inevitable soldiers' monument in the center. Under the trees the heat of the pavements abated somewhat. Here and there on the grass lay the dark figures of men, adventurers, derelicts, the sort who sleep fitfully, with one arm crooked about the head as though to ward off the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. These slumbered on, oblivious to the flash of electric signs, the occasional clatter of a passing trolley.

Gregory and the girl found an unoccupied bench and sat for a time in silence. The thoughts of each were on a train speeding through the night, bringing nearer and nearer that restless handball of the fates, Fred Hawthorne. Not precisely a dominating personality, Fred's, yet it dominated these two now. Each saw in anticipation the snow-white hair, the bent shoulders, the gentle mouth and chin, the tired eyes peering anxiously into the future as if to ask, "What next?"

"You said it was a good play," Celia spoke at last. "You read it, then?"

"Bless your soul! I was one of a small and select audience that heard Fred read it on the night it was finished, long ago—an audience of three."

"Three?"

"Yes; your mother and I, that's two. And the third—that was you. You were only—well, that was in '99."

"I was not quite four. Of course I don't remember."

"Of course not. Anyhow, you fell asleep before he had got through the first page. You acted just like a manager."

He was silent for a moment, regretting his weak joke. On his hard bed under a near-by tree a sleeper stirred and groaned.

"We were playing Lord and Lady Algy, as I told you," Gregory went on, "and it was the last week of the tour. A June night, and some little town in Ohio—I've forgotten the name. I recall walking home with your mother from the opera house, across a quiet little park, to the shabby hotel where we were stopping. Your father had left word with the night clerk for me to come upstairs. We went up one flight and your mother opened a door.

"Inside that room all the gaslights were burning and the air was blue with tobacco smoke; and there was your father, pacing up and down. On a battered old table under the chandelier was a pile of manuscript, and beside it a plate of sandwiches and three bottles of beer.

"'Come in!' he cried. 'It's a celebration. I've finished the play! Wrote the final curtain half an hour ago, and it's good—it's good!'

"Your mother kissed him and I shook his hand. He fairly glowed with life; he was a hustler in those days, keen and clever; a go-getter, I suppose they'd call him now."

"A go-getter," the girl repeated softly.

"Just that," Gregory continued; "and he had gone and got this play, out of the air, somehow—the idea just came to him. 'I want to read it to you, Jim,' he said. 'I want your opinion. There's none I'd value more.'

"There were red spots high on his cheeks, and his hand trembled when he tried to pour the beer for me. He put me in a chair by the window, with a sandwich and a glass, and added a cigar to my outfit as an afterthought. I could look out over that park—a courthouse or a city hall or something in the center, and the whole place deserted. Night hawks, we would have seemed to the people of that town.

"Well, he took up his first act, and just then you appeared in the doorway leading to the next room. Wide awake, you seemed, bright as a dollar, a sweet, golden-haired baby in a nightgown. Fred insisted you must come in and listen, too, and he gave you a cheese sandwich—funny how I can remember that—and you climbed up into your mother's lap. But you went to sleep pretty soon, and your mother continued to hold you, and the sandwich slipped to the floor and lay there on the dusty carpet. Unimportant details—how they stick in the mind sometimes!

"Yes, my dear, you slept; but the other two of us did not. I had been dreading this moment, listening to a friend's play—well, you know how it is yourself. All your tact is needed—but that wasn't what happened that night. Fred began to read and the thing started slowly, but before long I saw it was gathering momentum. And it

"You've Got to Believe," He Said. "You've Got to Have Faith"

grew and grew, gripping me harder all the time, until at the finish ——"

"Well, he stopped reading at last, his voice kind of trembly—he was feeling the thing himself—and for a moment neither your mother nor I said a word. I guess he thought something was wrong, for he looked stricken, and then your mother seized his hand and drew his face down to hers, and I turned and stared out at that city hall, or whatever it was. Afterwards I gave him my opinion for what it was worth, and if ever I was sincere and spoke the truth it was that night—that morning, rather—in a hotel room there in that town; that town of—I can't remember.

"For it was a good play, Celia; a bully good job. I thought so then and I think so now. It had everything—laughter, suspense, emotion, thrills and tears. I told him so; I wrung his hand, over and over; I congratulated him. I saw him as another Clyde Fitch, and I want to tell you he was a happy man.

"'No one in the world,' he said, 'no one whose good opinion I'd rather have. If you say so, Jim, that settles it. It's a big play and I'm a made man. Molly, you hear what Jim says. He says I've written a fine thing.' She nodded up at him, her eyes full of affection and pride. 'I heard him,' she smiled. 'That's my opinion, too, Fred.'

"He got up and walked the floor. 'There's a fortune in it for us,' he said. 'How much, Jim? A quarter million? That's my guess. A cool quarter million. I'll give it to Solly Meyer to produce. He's a nice kid, just starting in the game, and this thing will put him over. I'll have the thing typed and give him a copy next week in New York. He knows the idea and he told me he liked it.'

"Then he started in to spend his royalties. He was young, and he had finished his play, and life was rosy. He started in on that quarter million, walking up and down that hotel room at two in the morning, with the ink of his curtain line hardly dry on the paper. 'It's for them,' he said. He nodded toward your mother, sitting there with you asleep on her lap. 'I wrote this thing for them, Jim. Happiness and comfort for them. A sable coat, Molly—a sable coat and diamonds; and a house in the country near New York—servants—and you won't need to leave Broadway, ever—just a part now and then in one of my plays to keep you amused.'

"And then he went over and looked down at you, my dear—looked down proudly. And well he might—a beautiful child—nearly four, you say—your cheeks all pink with sleep. 'She's got talent,' Fred said. 'This kid's got talent. A big future. That's one of the things I'll buy for her. The best education to be had, not only in this country but abroad. If she's got a voice—and I think she has—she'll study with the biggest and best. There'll be nothing too good for Celia, Jim.'"

Gregory stopped.

The girl was looking away from him, away across the park, and the bright lights of the city were blurred and indistinct.

"Well, I managed to get to my room at last," Jim Gregory went on. "I left him there pacing the floor, spending his cool quarter million in the hot night. And I thought he was right. I believed it would all come out as he pictured it. Twenty-three years ago! In 1899!"

"You've seen him since, of course," said the girl.

"Just for a moment, now and then. I've run across him at long intervals on Broadway or in some manager's office. I know he gave the play to Meyer and that Meyer paid him a small advance. Solly must have strung him along for quite a time?"

"Two years," Celia told him. "And after that ——" She hesitated.

"You don't need to tell me," the actor said softly. "I can guess. In any other profession it would have been incredible, but in ours, in our cruel little world of hope deferred ——

"You said tonight—if only it hadn't been such a good play. That was it; it was just good enough; just good enough so that someone was always on the point of taking it. Kidding him along, patting him on the back, promising big things—and then throwing him over at the end. Poor Fred! I saw him last five years ago. Some manager, I forget who, was just about to sign a contract, Fred told me, and he was up in the clouds, spending his royalties. A hundred thousand, he said—it would bring him a hundred thousand if it brought a cent."

"You can guess," the girl said, "but you can never really know. The torture we've been through, I mean. Oh, don't think I'm disloyal to father—I'm fond of him—I pity him too. Twenty-three years of waiting for a telephone call, a telegram, a letter. Twenty-three years of chasing a will-o'-the-wisp along Broadway."

"It would wear down the stoutest heart," Gregory said.

"I'm glad you told me about that night when he finished the play." The girl laid her hand on his. "It was sweet—sweet—his writing it for us, for our happiness; but all so pathetic when you stop to think. A hustler, you called him. After that night he never hustled again. Nothing in the world interested him except the play. He gave it all his thought, all his time and attention. And when a man devotes his life to selling a play, and fails, what becomes of his family? I'm telling you this as his best friend—my mother's friend.

"Poor mother! Pride and affection in her eyes that night, you said. They faded, Jim, they went; and can you wonder? Of course he took a job now and then, but his heart was never in it. Like as not he'd break away in the middle of the season and hurry back to Broadway. Somebody wild about the play again. A production in the air, money at last—and then black despair. And then, just when we'd think he'd given it up forever, somebody bobbing up once more, somebody interested, making promises. In any other profession, unbelievable. But not in the theater.

"Mother never got the sable coat or the diamonds. She got more parts on the road. I picked up my education here and there. Sometimes I lived with her sister in Jersey. I never got much of any schooling, to tell you the truth. It was always the money—the lack of it, I mean. Mother grew hard and old before her time, and in her eyes when she looked at him—oh, I can't say that! But those terrible years—waiting for something that was always just around the corner—and stayed there—hopeful one minute, down in the depths the next. The stoutest heart, you said. Eight years now since poor mother—in her dressing room at the Garrick in Chicago ——"

Gregory patted her hand.

"Poor Molly," he whispered.

"Since then I've been doing my best," the girl continued; "helping him to get fresh copies typed. You wouldn't

believe—when I left ten weeks ago he had a new manager reading it."

"He never wrote another?" Gregory inquired.

"No," Celia answered. "He started several, but they came to nothing. Perhaps if he'd had a production he might have gone on. I don't know. Perhaps he was a one-play man. There've been a good many like that."

"I know," Gregory nodded.

"It's a quarter to twelve," said the girl. She stood up, smiled bravely at the lights. "He'll be here presently. It's silly of me, I've been crying; but then he won't notice it. And it has been upsetting—to go back all those years, to hear the beginning of something born amid such high hopes—and to know the end too. We must give dad a happy time of it out here; a happy, cheerful time."

"We'll do that," Gregory said, standing up.

Together they walked down the silent street to the station, waited in a dim train shed outside a gate. Travelers emerged, assorted travelers, weary and alert, eager and reluctant. And toward the end of the procession a tired little man with a battered bag, walking uncertainly, peering anxiously about.

"Dad!" cried Celia, and put her arms about him.

"Hello, Fred," Gregory boomed. "You old rascal! We thought we'd never get you out here. Just the place for you. Fine little city; rest you up and send you back ten years younger."

Fred Hawthorne took out a huge silver watch, consulted it, put it back in his pocket. He looked nervously about, made sure his bag was safe. His face was that of a man who is never at peace.

"Well, Jim, I don't know as I ought to have come—just at this time," he announced. "You remember that play I read you long ago—that night in Canton, Ohio? Wheels Within Wheels, I called it then. Well, by golly, it looks like a production at last." His face was suddenly animated, glowing. "I was talking with young Bernton just before I left, and he's thinking of it seriously—he really is, Celia."

"Yes, father," said Celia.

Hawthorne stooped to pick up his bag, and across his bent back Gregory and the girl looked at each other—a long, long look.

"Here, give me that," the actor said. "This way for the taxis. You're to forget Broadway out here."

They rattled toward Celia's hotel, a modest place in the residential district of the city.

"You'll love it here, dad," the girl said. "So quiet and peaceful. My windows look out on a garden all rusty with zinnias, and there are marigolds and cosmos and everything else old-fashioned and lovely. And a sweet old lady who putters round all day. I've got you a room on the same side ——"

"It's been hot in New York," he said.

"Of course it has. But you won't mind the heat here. There's always a breeze."

"And we sleep under blankets," laughed Gregory. "Or would—if only it was cool enough."

Hawthorne made no reply. He did not appear to be listening. They descended before the hotel, entered the lobby.

"I thought you might be hungry," Celia said. "The dining room's supposed to be closed, but I've arranged a little supper."

"Thank you, my dear," said Hawthorne. He crossed the lobby briskly, wrote his name in the register. "Anything for me? Any telegrams?" he inquired.

"Not a thing, Mr. Hawthorne," the clerk replied.

His brisk mood vanished; he stood looking past the young man at the mail boxes with the hurt expression of one who feels he is being deceived.

"Come, dad," said Celia, and led him away.

The dining room was dark save for one light in a far corner, and under that a table was set with a cold supper. Fred Hawthorne sank wearily into a chair.

"This was thoughtful of you, Celia," he said.

"You're mighty lucky to have a girl like Celia, Fred," the actor told him. "Getting to be a fine little actress too. She's got a scene with me in this week's piece—well, it'll amaze you when you see it tomorrow night. A fine little actress."

Hawthorne smiled.

"Of course, and no wonder. Her mother ——"

The smile faded. Gregory lifted his glass of ginger ale.

"The sweetest Lady Algy of them all," he said gently.

Hawthorne sat for a moment, peering into space.

"You know, I've been thinking on my way out here—that night when I read you the piece, Jim ——"

"I've been thinking too, Fred."

"Wouldn't it be funny if young Bernton took it, and I got the news while I'm with you? After all these years!"

"It would be fine. You'd make a big thing out of it. I've always believed in the piece."

Hawthorne shook his head.

"Not so big now, Jim. A little bit old-fashioned. But if I could get something—twenty-five thousand, say. I'd be satisfied with that. Enough for me to live on while I'm alive, and a little stake for Celia when I go. By the way, Celia, I've got a new title. The Wheel of Life. What do you think?"

"Very good, dad."

"Like it, Jim?"

"Fine! Fine!"

"I've had so many titles," Hawthorne went on. "One after another I've had to give 'em up—somebody always using 'em first. Perhaps they'll beat me to this one too. You tell me you've always believed in the piece, Jim?"

"With all my heart," said Gregory. "But listen, Fred—we try to forget Broadway out here. We don't even talk about it; we just rest and pretend we're like other folks. Now here you are with two people who are fond of you, several hundred miles from that lonesome boarding house on Forty-fourth Street ——"

"It hasn't been so lonesome, lately," Hawthorne broke in. "There's a boy there—in the top floor hall room. I guess I wrote you about him, Celia. He and I have got to be pretty chummy. A red-cheeked kid from out this way somewhere. In the advertising game he was, but he left it flat to come out to New York and write plays. He's young, and he's only starting, and his enthusiasm—well, it sort of takes your breath away. Yes, sir, it just takes your breath away."

When they finished the brief supper and returned to the lobby a telegraph messenger was standing at the desk. Hawthorne's eyes brightened, he hurried nearer.

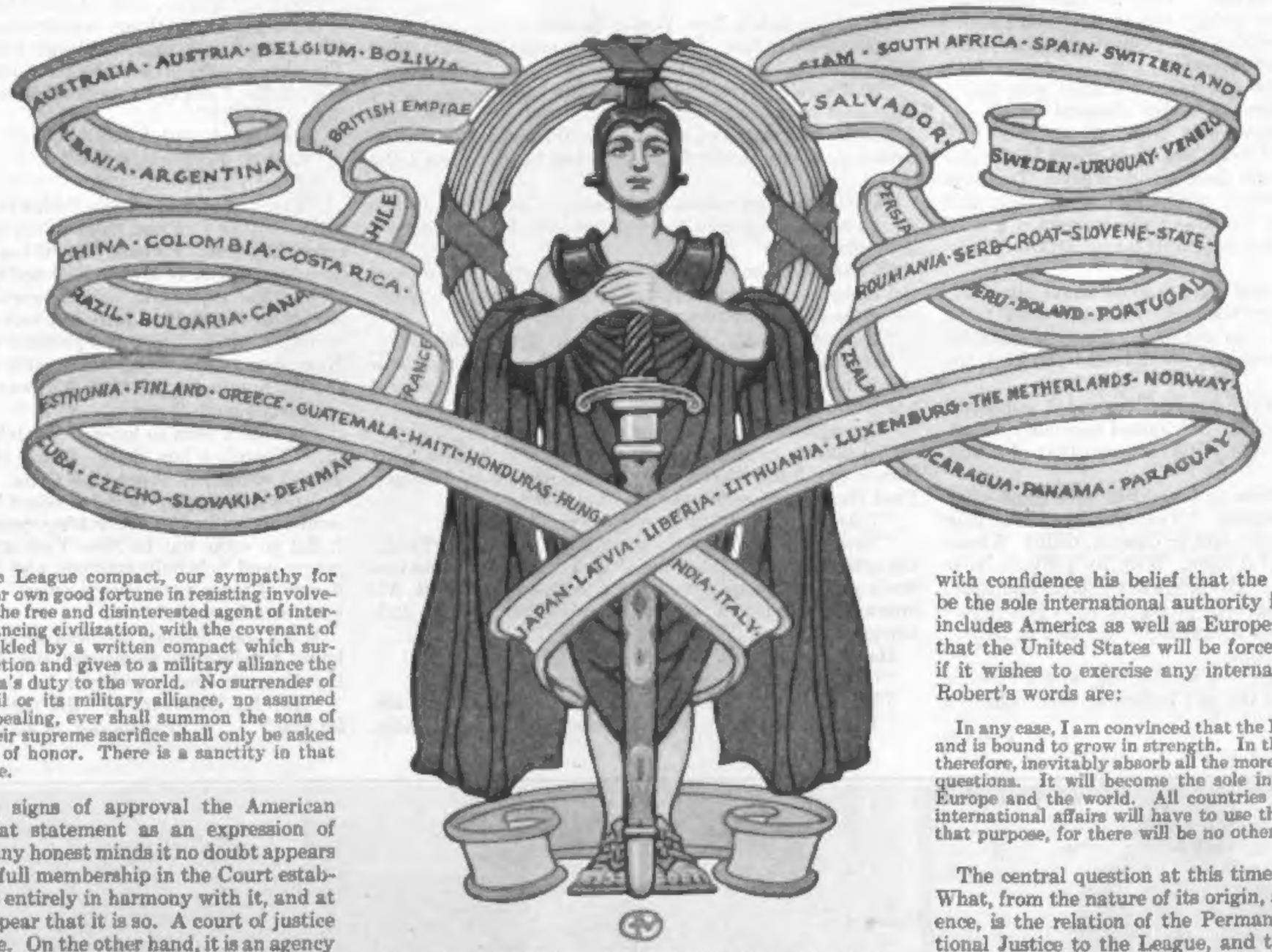
"Ah, Mr. Hawthorne," the night clerk said, "this is for you."

(Continued on Page 40)

"It's Hard Lines, Fred. I Tell You What We'll Do. We Won't Sit Here and Worry. We'll All Go Down to the Battery and Get on a Boat—Coney, or Some Place"

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Its Court and its Law—By David Jayne Hill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DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IN PROPOSING to the Senate that the United States become a full member in the Permanent Court of International Justice established by the League of Nations, President Harding apparently has not intended to depart from the position he took as a candidate for the Presidency in reference to the League. In his speech made at Marion, on July 22, 1920, accepting the nomination, he said regarding the Covenant of the League:

> If the supreme blunder has left European relationships inextricably interwoven in the League compact, our sympathy for Europe only magnifies our own good fortune in resisting involvement. It is better to be the free and disinterested agent of international justice and advancing civilization, with the covenant of conscience, than be shackled by a written compact which surrenders our freedom of action and gives to a military alliance the right to proclaim America's duty to the world. No surrender of rights to a world council or its military alliance, no assumed mandatory, however appealing, ever shall summon the sons of this republic to war. Their supreme sacrifice shall only be asked for America and its call of honor. There is a sanctity in that right we will not delegate.

With overwhelming signs of approval the American electorate adopted that statement as an expression of national policy. To many honest minds it no doubt appears that the acceptance of full membership in the Court established by the League is entirely in harmony with it, and at first glance it would appear that it is so. A court of justice is not a military alliance. On the other hand, it is an agency of international justice which our Government has earnestly endeavored to promote. Why then should our country not take its place with members of the League as a member and supporter of the Permanent Court of International Justice which the League has established?

According to President Harding, it would still be a renunciation of American independence to assume membership in the League; but joining the League's Court—that he thinks is a different matter.

It must in all fairness be admitted that becoming a member of the Court is not identical with becoming a member of the League. The protocol of the Court makes a distinct provision for our admission to the Court without membership in the League, in the following terms:

> The said protocol shall remain open for signature by the members of the League of Nations and by the States mentioned in the Annex to the Covenant of the League.

Only three states are accorded this special grace of being "mentioned in the Annex"—the United States of America, Ecuador and Hedjaz—the reason being that their representatives signed the Treaty of Versailles, but their governments—if Hedjaz can be said to have a government or even an existence—have not ratified any of the several treaties of which the Covenant forms the first part.

Vital Objections Overlooked

UP TO September, 1922, nearly two years after the protocol was presented for signature, thirty-four members of the League had signed and ratified the protocol; twelve have signed but not ratified, and six have taken no action. At present no state not a member of the League is a member of the Court. Whatever else it is or may become, the Permanent Court of International Justice is at present merely the League's Court.

It strikes the mind of an independent observer as somewhat remarkable that the advocates of participation by the United States in this Court should lay stress on the fact that membership in the League is to be by all means avoided, while overlooking altogether the relation of the Court to the objectionable compact, the Covenant of the League.

It is of importance, therefore, at this time to recall the final judgment passed on this compact at the time when it was under close scrutiny by the Senate and by the people of America, as well as the fact that until it was subjected to searching analysis the League of Nations appeared to be a fulfillment of American ideas and aspirations.

It should not be overlooked that when the compact was first framed at Paris and sent here for adoption what we now call the Covenant was then referred to as The Constitution of the League of Nations. It was hailed as a new organic law of the world, which set aside whole sections of what is known as international law; such, for example, as the rights of neutrality and the right to declare war without permission of the Council of the League, although itself providing for war automatically under certain circumstances and pledging all the members of the League to join in it. Such a system of international organization was regarded in the United States as obnoxious and dangerous, and the opposition to accepting membership in the League was based largely on these grounds.

What the defenders of the President's proposal to accept membership in the Court appear to have overlooked is that the chief danger to the interests of the United States lies not in the obligation to action that the United States might incur if it were with reservations a member of the League—in which case under the rule of unanimity it would in almost all instances possess a right of veto upon objectionable action by the League—but in accepting, by membership in the Court, the system of the Covenant as the fundamental law of the Society of Nations, with its extensive abrogation of preëxisting national rights. It is the constitution of the League as a new organic construction of world relations which is in reality the chief menace to the interests of the United States as an independent power; for, to use the fine expression of President Harding, it would cease to be "the free and disinterested agent of international justice and advancing civilization, with the covenant of conscience."

I shall not here undertake to analyze afresh the purport of this constitution, which is supreme law for the League of Nations. That task has been performed in my books on Present Problems in Foreign Policy and American World Policies. It will not, I think, be contested in the light of the provisions of the Covenant of the League of Nations that it is an attempt to set up a world organization in which the Great Powers possess through the Council of the League a dominant control.

Whether the United States ever becomes a member of the League or not, acceptance of the Permanent Court of International Justice established by the League will unquestionably go far to solidify and perpetuate the system which the League represents. This I think is incontestable. At least it is the hope and expectation of those who most consistently support the League. Lord Robert Cecil, since returning from his mission in the United States, has not only expressed with confidence his belief that the League is destined to be the sole international authority in the world—and this includes America as well as Europe, Asia and Africa—but that the United States will be forced to enter the League if it wishes to exercise any international influence. Lord Robert's words are:

> In any case, I am convinced that the League is bound to go on, and is bound to grow in strength. In the process of time it will, therefore, inevitably absorb all the more important international questions. It will become the sole international authority in Europe and the world. All countries desiring to take part in international affairs will have to use the League machinery for that purpose, for there will be no other of importance.

The central question at this time, therefore, should be: What, from the nature of its origin, authority and dependence, is the relation of the Permanent Court of International Justice to the League, and to the League's fundamental law, the Covenant? It will be here maintained that the League's Court will be the expounder and defender of the League's organic law above all other so-called law international, whether customary or written; and that as the Supreme Court of the United States is bound by the Constitution, the source of its own authority, so the Permanent Court of International Justice is bound by the Covenant, whose provisions and the will of its adherents are the only sources of this Court's authority. What is even more important for the United States to consider is that formal adhesion to the Court honorably involves loyal acceptance and support of its opinions and decisions.

Mr. Root's Criticisms Warranted

BEFORE we enter upon the question as to what these opinions and decisions are likely to be, it is desirable to comprehend in what true and precise sense this Court may be called the League's Court. In the first draft of the Constitution of the League, Article 14 authorized the Council to formulate plans for the establishment of a Permanent Court of International Justice. This provision was so vague that the Honorable Elihu Root said of it:

> The scheme practically abandons all effort to promote or maintain anything like a system of international law or a system of arbitration, or of judicial settlement, through which a nation can assert its rights in lieu of war. It is true that Article 13 mentions arbitration and makes the parties agree that whenever a dispute arises which they recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration they will submit it to a court "agreed upon by the parties." That, however, is merely an agreement to arbitrate when the parties choose to arbitrate, and it is therefore no agreement at all. It puts the whole subject of arbitration back where it was twenty-five years ago.

This frank and just criticism no doubt stimulated the framers of the Covenant to new efforts in order to satisfy the critics, and it resulted in a new formulation of Article 14, as follows:

> The Council shall formulate and submit to the members of the League for adoption plans for the establishment of a permanent court of international justice. The court shall be competent to hear and determine any dispute of an international character which the parties thereto submit to it. The court may also give an advisory opinion upon any dispute or question referred to it by the Council or by the Assembly.

So slight, however, was the change in the text of the article, and so little has since been done to meet Mr. Root's

criticism, that there is still no redress provided for a state that is wronged, unless the state that has committed the wrong agrees to appeal to the Court. The criticism is today as valid as when it was written.

In conformity with the provision of Article 14, the Council in due time proceeded to invite a committee of jurists to frame a plan for a court. Ten able jurisconsults were chosen, their governments in every case being members of the League, with the exception of Mr. Root, the only outside member of the committee.

An account of its proceedings is given in the Report and Commentary by Dr. James Brown Scott, published by the Carnegie Endowment, in 1920, together with the full text of the Project for a Permanent Court of International Justice in French and English, as proposed by the committee.

The court recommended was to consist of fifteen members, eleven judges and four deputy judges, "elected regardless of their nationality, from amongst persons of high moral character, who possess the qualifications required, in their respective countries, for appointment to the highest judicial offices, or who are jurisconsults of recognized competence in international law." The members of the Court were to be elected by the Assembly and the Council from a list of persons nominated by the national groups in the Court of Arbitration at The Hague (Articles 4 and 5).

The Court was to choose its own officers, have its seat at The Hague, and be in session every year (Articles 21, 22 and 23). The expenses of the Court were to be borne by the League of Nations, in such a manner as shall be decided by the Assembly upon the proposal of the Council (Article 30). The Court should be open of right to the States mentioned in the Annex to the Covenant, and to such others as shall subsequently enter into the League of Nations (Article 32). When a dispute has arisen between States, and it has been found impossible to settle it by diplomatic means, and no agreement has been made to choose another jurisdiction, the party complaining may bring the case before the Court (Article 33). Between States which are members of the League of Nations, the Court was to have jurisdiction without special convention giving it jurisdiction to hear and determine all cases of a legal nature concerning:

(a) The interpretation of a treaty;

(b) Any question of international law;

(c) The existence of any fact which, if established, would constitute a breach of an international obligation;

(d) The nature or extent of reparation to be made for the breach of an international obligation;

(e) The interpretation of a sentence passed by the Court.

To this plan the committee of jurists added a number of "recommendations." The most important was "that a new conference of the nations in continuation of the first two conferences at The Hague be held as soon as practicable. (1) To restate the established rules of international law; (2) To formulate and agree upon the amendments and additions, if any, to the rules of international law shown to be necessary; (3) To endeavor to reconcile divergent views and secure general agreement upon the rules which have been in dispute; (4) To consider the subjects not now adequately regulated by international law, but as to which the interests of international justice require that rules of law shall be declared and accepted."

Recommendations Ignored

WHEN it is pretended that this Court as it now exists is the embodiment of the wisdom of these ten jurisconsults, "acting independently of the League," it is necessary to recall the fact that this report of the jurists is not embodied in the actual constitution of the Court. In important particulars the report was not followed. The jurisdiction of the Court over cases where a state had been wronged by another, upon the complaint of the injured state, was set aside; and the statutes adopted by the League offer no remedy whatever for the injury of a weak state by a strong one or for the annoyance of a strong state by a weak one. As for the recommendations regarding international law, no action has been taken or even promised. I therefore have no hesitation in repeating here words used by me in 1919:

> The attitude of this Covenant, even in its revised form, toward International Law is, indeed, surprising. It nowhere makes reference to it, except briefly in the Preamble; and it does not even there commit itself to the support of it or the improvement of it. It speaks of "understandings of International Law," but it does not admit the authority of International Law as an accepted *corpus juris* to which civilized nations have already agreed. It does not state whose "understandings" are to be applied, and it does not inform us where or how any "understandings" are to be obtained. It leaves the subject with ground for inference that they are to be discovered, if at all, only in its own decisions.

The really serious aspect of these omissions should not escape our attention. If the members of the League are not willing—and only fourteen of them have expressed their willingness—to submit to the Court all really justiciable cases, it is illusory to pretend that this Court can contribute in any manner to the peace of the world. If the nations refuse to submit strictly legal questions to judicial decision, it means that they either have the intention of being deliberately and incorrigibly arbitrary in their conduct or that they so distrust the Court that they do not expect justice from it. Unless the Court is dishonorable, the failure of justice would lie in the inadequacy of the law. The remedy for this is the perfecting of the law, but this recommendation of the committee of jurists the League has rejected. What the League desires is not the clarification of international law by a process of codification and commitment to fixed rules. It prefers that its Court shall develop international law by its decrees. What then is to govern its decisions? At this point it is necessary to inquire whence the Court derives its authority.

The immediate source of authority is the protocol which the United States is expected to sign and ratify. This protocol is a treaty, and has the form and authority of a treaty. It binds all those states whose governments sign and ratify it to obedience to the statute of the Court and conformity to its decisions, whatever these may be. If it were not so the protocol would have no value and no meaning.

What then, in terms, is the protocol? It reads:

> The members of the League of Nations, through the undersigned, duly authorized, declare their acceptance of the adjoined statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice, which was approved by a unanimous vote of the Assembly of the League on the 13th December, 1920, at Geneva.
>
> Consequently, they hereby declare that they accept the jurisdiction of the Court in accordance with the terms and subject to the conditions of the above-mentioned statute.
>
> (Journal of the First Assembly of the League of Nations, No. 27, December 14, 1920, p. 229. Official text issued by the League of Nations.)

This protocol was drawn up by the Secretariat in accordance with the decision of the Assembly of the League of Nations on December 16, 1920. It is to be signed and ratified by all members of the League that intend to participate in the Court and by those mentioned in the Annex, and no others.

The ratification is deposited in the archives of the Secretariat of the League of Nations (American Journal of International Law, 17, 55, of Official Documents).

The statute referred to in the protocol was adopted and approved by the Assembly on December 13, 1920, with direction to the Council to submit it to the members of the League.

With the exception of the report of the jurists consulted by the League in framing the plan of the Court, which report was vitally modified and in part disregarded, every document underlying the institution of the Permanent Court of International Justice is the product of the Assembly and Council of the League of Nations. The League, and the League only, has thus far created this Court.

The League's Private Court

IF IT were asked, By what authority do the members of the Supreme Court of the United States sit here and render decisions binding on the nation? the answer would be, They do this by the authority of the Constitution of the United States. This would, of course, imply that they do it because the Constitution was adopted by the separate states.

In like manner, the answer to the question, By what authority do the judges of the Permanent Court of Justice sit at The Hague and render decisions affecting the destiny of nations? the true answer would be, They do it by the authority of the Covenant of the League of Nations; and it would be a perversion of the truth to say, They do it because they were constituted a court by the separate action of a certain number of sovereign states. These states have acted only as members of the League, and in the strictest sense the Court is the League's Court. The Court's primary charter of existence is the Covenant which provides for its creation. The statute of the Court is an act of legislation by the League, and the authority for that legislation is the Covenant which authorized it.

It has been correctly said that this Court is the "private court" of the League. If instead of fifty-two members the League as a "military alliance" consisted of three or four members, no one would question this. But the great number of its adherents, so long as it is limited, does not alter its character. It only renders it the more formidable as a dominating international influence.

Finding its authority in the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Court is bound to defend and support the Covenant. As Lord Robert Cecil indicates, it becomes for the Court "the sole international authority in Europe and the world." The law of the Covenant is the basic law of the Court and of the Court's decisions.

From whatever point of view the subject is regarded this conclusion is confirmed. In his article on The New International Court (Foreign Affairs, 1, 69, 82) Doctor Hudson says:

> As it exists, the Court is a quite independent body, though it is in many respects dependent on the continued existence of the machinery of the League, and indeed is itself a part of that machinery. Being set up by an independent treaty, its functions cannot be controlled by the organs of the League, and it would seem to be entirely free from the objections made to the League itself.

How can that be "a quite independent body" which is "dependent upon the continued existence of the machinery" of another body, and is itself "a part of that machinery"? Suppose the League to cease to exist. What would then become of the Court? Who would elect, and pay and pension the judges, as the statute provides? The protocol, it is claimed, is a "distinct instrument." In what sense? It was framed by the League, for the members of the League, and is signed only by members of the League. It is in the archives of the League as its rightful possession, along with the statute of the Court. If the protocol were in truth a "distinct instrument" in the proper sense, which the nations forming the Court regarded as an ordinary treaty between them, the existence of the Court would be in no respect dependent upon the existence of the League.

The fact that from the beginning the Court has been open to outside nations, not "of right," but upon certain conditions, does not make it a World Court. By its own terms it is exclusive. The difficulties Doctor Hudson finds in

(Continued on Page 112)

HAD A HORSE

By John Galsworthy

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

SOME quarter of a century ago there abode in Oxford a small bookmaker called James Shrewin—or more usually, Jimmy—a run-about and damped-down little man, who made a precarious living out of the effect of horses on undergraduates. He had a so-called office just off the Corn, where he was always open to the patronage of the young bloods of Bullingdon, and other horse-loving coteries, who bestowed on him sufficient money to enable him to live. It was through the conspicuous smash of one of them—young Gardon Colquhoun—that he became the owner of a horse. He had been far from wanting what was in the nature of a white elephant to one of his underground habits, but had taken it in discharge of betting debts, to which, of course, in the event of bankruptcy, he would have no legal claim. She was a three-year-old chestnut filly, by Lopez out of Calendar, bore the name Calliope, and was trained out on the Downs near Wantage. On a Sunday afternoon, then, in late July, Jimmy got his friend, George Pulcher, the publican, to drive him out there in his sort of dogcart.

"Must 'ave a look at the bilkin' mare," he had said; "that young Cocoon told me she was a corker; but what's third to Referee at Sandown, and never ran as a two-year-old? All I know is, she's eatin' 'er 'ead off!"

Beside the plethoric bulk of Pulcher, clad in a light-colored box-cloth coat with enormous whitish buttons and a full-blown rose in the lapel, Jimmy's little, thin, dark-clothed form, withered by anxiety and gin, was, as it were, invisible; and compared with Pulcher's setting sun, his face, with shaven cheeks sucked-in, and smudged-in eyes, was like a ghost's under a gray bowler. He spoke off-handedly about his animal, but he was impressed, in a sense abashed, by his ownership. "What the 'ell?" was his constant thought. Was he going to race her, sell her what? How, indeed, to get back out of her the sum he had been fool enough to let young Cocoon owe him; to say nothing of her trainer's bill? The notion, too, of having to confront that trainer with his ownership was oppressive to one whose whole life was passed in keeping out of the foreground of the picture. Owner! He had never owned even a white mouse, let alone a white elephant. And an 'orse would ruin him in no time if he didn't look alive about it!

The son of a small London baker, devoted to errandry at the age of fourteen, Jimmy Shrewin owed his profession to a certain smartness at sums, a dislike of baking, and an early habit of hanging about street corners with other boys, who had their daily pennies on an 'orse. He had a narrow, calculating head, which pushed him towards street-corner books before he was eighteen. From that time on he had been a surreptitious nomad, till he had silted up at Oxford, where, owing to vice-chancellors, an expert in underground life had greater scope than elsewhere. When he sat solitary at his narrow table in the back room near the Corn—for he had no clerk or associate—eying the door, with his lists in a drawer before him, and his black shiny betting book ready for young bloods, he had a sharp, cold, furtive air, and but for a certain imitated tightness of trouser, and a collar standing up all round, gave no impression of ever having heard of the quadruped called horse. Indeed, for Jimmy "horse" was a newspaper quantity with figures against its various names.

Even when, for a short spell, hanger-on to a firm of Cheap Ring bookmakers, he had seen almost nothing of horse; his race-course hours were spent ferreting among a bawling, perspiring crowd, or hanging round within earshot of tight-lipped nobs, trainers, jockeys, anyone who looked like having information. Nowadays he never went near a race meeting—his business of betting on races giving him no chance—yet his conversation seldom deviated for more than a minute at a time from that physically unknown animal, the horse. The ways of making money out of it, infinite, intricate, variegated, occupied the mind in all his haunts, to the accompaniment of liquid and tobacco. Gin and bitters was Jimmy's drink; for choice he smoked cheroots; and he would cherish in his mouth the cold stump of one long after it had gone out, for the homely feeling it gave him while he talked or listened to talk on horses. He was of that vast number, town bred, who, like crows round a carcass, feed on that which to them is not alive. And now he had a horse!

Jimmy Stared Up, His Little Spindle Legs Apart, Like a Cock Sparrow Confronting an Offended Pigeon

The dogcart traveled at a clinking pace behind Pulcher's bob-tail. Jimmy's cheroot burned well in the warm July air; the dust powdered his dark clothes and pinched, sallow face. He thought with malicious pleasure of that young spark Cocoon's collapse—high-'anded lot of young fools thinking themselves so knowing; many were the grins, and not few the grittings of his blackened teeth he had to smother at their swagger. "Jimmy, you robber!" "Jimmy, you little blackguard!" Young sparks—gay and languid—well, one of 'em had gone out.

He looked round with his screwed-up eyes at his friend George Pulcher, who, man and licensed victualer, had his bally independence; lived remote from the Quality in his Paradise, the Green Dragon; had not to kowtow to anyone; went to Newbury, Gatwick, Stockbridge, here and there, at will. Ah! George Pulcher had the ideal life—and looked it; crimson, square, full-bodied. Judge of a horse, too, in his own estimation; a leery bird—for whose judgment Jimmy had respect—who got the office of any clever work as quick as most men!

And he said, "What am I going to do with this blinkin' 'orse, George?"

Without moving its head the oracle spoke, in a voice rich and raw: "Let's 'ave a look at her, first, Jimmy! Don't like her name—Cal'liope; but you can't change what's in the studbook. This Jenning that trains 'er is a crusty chap."

Jimmy nervously sucked in his lips.

The cart was mounting through the hedgeless fields which fringed the Downs; larks were singing, the wheat was very green, and patches of charlock brightened everything.

It was lonely—few trees, few houses, no people, extreme peace, just a few rooks crossing under a blue sky.

"Wonder if he'll offer us a drink," said Jimmy.

"Not he; but help yourself, my son."

Jimmy helped himself from a large wicker-covered flask.

"Good for you, George—here's how!"

The large man shifted the reins and drank, in turn tilting up a face whose jaw still struggled to assert itself against chins and neck.

"Well, here's your bloomin' horse," he said. "She can't win the Derby now, but she may do us a bit of good yet."

Then, for a Moment, She Stood Still, Ears Pricked, Eyes on the Distance

II

THE trainer, Jenning, coming from his Sunday afternoon round of the boxes, heard the sound of wheels. He was a thin man, neat in clothes and boots, medium in height, with a slight limp, narrow gray whiskers, thin shaven lips, eyes sharp and gray.

A dogcart stopping at his yard gate and a rum-looking couple of customers.

"Well, gentlemen?"

"Mr. Jenning? My name's Pulcher—George Pulcher. Brought a client of yours over to see his new mare. Mr. James Shrewin, Oxford city."

Jimmy got down and stood before his trainer's uncompromising stare.

"What mare's that?" said Jenning.

"Cal'liope."

"Calli'ope—Mr. Colquhoun's?"

Jimmy held out a letter.

Dear Jenning: I have sold Calliope to Jimmy Shrewin, the Oxford bookie. He takes her with all engagements and liabilities, including your training bill. I'm frightfully sick at having to part with her, but needs must when the devil drives. GARDON COLQUHOUN.

The trainer folded the letter.

"Got proof of registration?"

Jimmy drew out another paper.

The trainer inspected it and called out: "Ben, bring out Calliope. Excuse me a minute"; and he walked into his house.

Jimmy stood shifting from leg to leg. Mortification had set in; the dry abruptness of the trainer had injured even a self-esteem starved from youth.

The voice of Pulcher boomed. "Told you he was a crusty devil. 'And 'im a bit of his own."

The trainer was coming back.

"My bill," he said. "When you've paid it you can have the mare. I train for gentlemen."

"The hell you do!" said Pulcher.

Jimmy said nothing, staring at the bill—seventy-eight pounds three shillings! A buzzing fly settled in the hollow of his cheek, and he did not even brush it off. Seventy-eight pounds!

The sound of hoofs roused him. Here came his horse, throwing up her head as if inquiring why she was being disturbed a second time on Sunday. In the movement of that small head and satin neck was something free and beyond present company.

"There she is," said the trainer. "That'll do, Ben. Stand, girl!"

Answering to a jerk or two of the halter, the mare stood, kicking slightly with a white hind foot and whisking her tail. Her bright coat shone in the sunlight, and little shivers and wrinklings passed up and down its satin because of the flies. Then, for a moment, she stood still, ears pricked, eyes on the distance.

Jimmy approached her. She had resumed her twitchings, swishings and slight kicking, and at a respectful distance he circled, bending as if looking at crucial points. He knew what her sire and dam had done, and all the horses that had beaten or been beaten by them; could have retailed by the half hour the peculiar hearsay of their careers; and here was their offspring in flesh and blood, and he was dumb! He didn't know a thing about what she ought to look like, and he knew it; but he felt obscurely moved. She seemed to him a picture.

Completing his circle he approached her head, white-blazed, thrown up again in listening or scenting, and gingerly he laid his hand on her neck, warm and smooth as a woman's shoulder. She paid no attention to his touch, and he took his hand away. Ought he to look at her teeth or feel her legs? No, he was not buying her; she was his already; but he must say something. He looked round. The trainer was watching him with a little smile. For almost the first time in his life the worm turned in Jimmy Shrewin; he spoke no word and walked back to the cart.

"Take her in," said Jenning.

From his seat beside Pulcher, Jimmy watched the mare returning to her box.

"When I've cashed your check," said the trainer, "you can send for her."

And, turning on his heel, he went towards his house. The voice of Pulcher followed him.

"Blast your impudence! Git on, bob-tail, we'll shake the dust off 'ere."

Among the fringing fields the dogcart hurried away. The sun slanted, the heat grew less, the color of young wheat and of the charlock brightened.

"The tike! Jimmy, I'd 'ave hit him on the mug! But you've got one there. She's a bit o' blood, my boy! And I know the trainer for her, Polman—no blasted airs about 'im."

Jimmy sucked at his cheroot.

"I ain't had your advantages, George, and that's a fact. I got into it too young, and I'm a little chap. But I'll send the—my check tomorrow. I got my pride, I 'ope."

It was the first time that thought had ever come to him.

III

THOUGH not quite the center of the Turf, the Green Dragon had nursed a coup in its day, nor was it without a sense of veneration. The ownership of Calliope invested Jimmy Shrewin with the importance of those out of whom something can be had. It took time for one so long accustomed to beck and call, to molelike procedure and the demeanor of young bloods to realize that he had it. But slowly, with the marked increase of his unpaid-for cheroots, with the way in which glasses hung suspended when he came in, with the edgings up to him, and a certain tendency to accompany him along the street, it dawned on him that he was not only an out-of-bounds bookie but a man.

So long as he had remained unconscious of his double nature he had been content with laying the odds as best he might, and getting what he could out of every situation, straight or crooked. Now that he was also a man, his complacency was ruffled. He suffered from a growing headiness connected with his horse. She was trained, now, by Polman, farther along the Downs, too far for Pulcher's bob-tail; and though her public life was carried on at the Green Dragon, her private life required a train journey overnight. Jimmy took it twice a week—touting his own horse in the August mornings up on the Downs, without drink or talk, or even cheroots. Early morning, larks singing and the sound of galloping hoofs! In a moment of expansion he confided to Pulcher that it was bally 'olesome.

There had been the slight difficulty of being mistaken for a tout by his new trainer, Polman, a stoutish man with the look of one of those large sandy Cornish cats, not precisely furtive because craft is their nature. But, that once over, his personality swelled slowly. This month of August was one of those interludes, in fact, when nothing happens, but which shape the future by secret ripening.

An error to suppose that men conduct finance, high or low, from greed, or love of gambling; they do it out of self-esteem, out of an itch to prove their judgment superior to their neighbors', out of a longing for importance. George Pulcher did not despise the turning of a penny, but he valued much more the consciousness that men were saying: "Old George, what 'e says goes—knows a thing or two—George Pulcher!"

To pull the strings of Jimmy Shrewin's horse was a rich and subtle opportunity absorbingly improvable. But first one had to study the animal's engagements, and secondly to gauge that unknown quantity, her form. To make anything of her this year they must get about it. That young toff, her previous owner, had, of course, flown high, entering her for classic races, high-class handicaps, neglecting the rich chances of lesser occasions.

Third to Referee in the three-year-old race at Sandown Spring—two heads—was all that was known of her, and now they had given her seven two in the Cambridgeshire. She might have a chance, and again she might not. George sat two long evenings with Jimmy in the little private room off the bar deliberating this grave question.

Jimmy inclined to the bold course. He kept saying: "The mare's a flyer, George—she's the 'ell of a flyer!"

"Wait till she's been tried," said the oracle.

Had Polman anything that would give them a line?

Yes, he had The Shirker—named with that irony which appeals to the English—one of the most honest four-year-olds that ever looked through bridle, who had run up

(Continued on Page 68

Deerstalker and His Own Out From the Rest—Opposite the Chesa Ring—Neck and Neck—Docher Riding Like a Demon

KETCH AS KETCH CAN

In Four Falls—By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

May 15
East Liverpool, Wis.

KID RILEY'S MODERN
CORRESPONDENCE
WRESTLING COLLEGE, NEW YORK.

DEAR MR. RILEY: Why do I want to take up wrestling you ask in your Richly Illustrated Prospectus. Is it because I desire General Health or Superb Strength or a Career Amateur or Professional?

Well, Mr. Riley, I will tell you the whole story and in as few words as possible.

One week ago Saturday night, being at Prairie River where my girl lives, we went to the Woodsmen's Dance at Peterson's Grove situated in the suburbs of Prairie River.

About nine-thirty P.M. my girl said to me, "I don't feel like dancing this one-step. Why don't you dance it with somebody else? I am going outside to sit in the swing because there is a breeze out there."

"All right, Ella," I said, her name being Ella, Mr. Riley, "I will come out too and sit in the swing with you."

"Oh, no," she said, "I want to be alone. You go and dance with Mabel Hennings. She is sitting over there in the corner all alone and she told me just a few minutes ago that you were the swellest dancer she had ever seen."

So I let Ella go, and when Mabel wasn't looking I sneaked past and out into the road where George Lannon, the photographer, was fixing the tail light on his car.

George said, "I see that Milwaukee fellow is cutting you out."

I said, "What do you mean?"

"Oh," George said, "haven't you seen him? He is some kind of a salesman named Bullip. I have noticed him shining around Ella every time he struck Prairie River."

"Well," I said, "she never told me anything about it."

"What did you expect she was going to tell you?" remarked George.

Well, Mr. Riley, I now walked around to the back where the swing was because I thought it would be better for all concerned to have an understanding one way or the other.

I Remained in This Strained Situation for Some Time, I Swinging Them and They Being Swung

The swing hung as per usual off the branch of the big oak and Ella was in the swing; but as I came closer I could see that another person was in the swing also. Because of the shadow I could not see the face but one glance at the clothes was enough to reveal that this other person was not of the same sex as Ella.

For a moment I stood there not knowing what to remark. Then all of a sudden this other person said in a clear voice, "Look who's here. It's either General Grant at the Battle of Gettysburg or Columbus discovering Brooklyn Bridge. Hello, Napoleon, what are you doing there all by yourself?"

When he said this, Mr. Riley, I got good and sore. But I did not want to make any trouble because a dance is a public place and everybody simply waiting for an excuse to talk scandal. So I only said to Ella, "Well, Ella, the one-step is pretty nearly over. How about finishing it and having a little lemonade?"

Ella said, "I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Bullip from Milwaukee. Mr. Bullip, this is Mr. Merritt."

I said, "Pleased to meet you. How about finishing this dance?"

You understand, Mr. Riley, I was talking to Ella when I remarked that last about finishing the dance; but Mr. Bullip made out as if I had been talking to him and said, "No, I would rather not dance this time if it is all the same to you. I washed my foot last night and I can't do a thing with it."

"Oh, boys, don't quarrel," Ella said now. "What is the use of quarreling?"

"All right," said Mr. Bullip, "I won't. Only I wish Mr. Muffit would give us a swing."

"Oh, yes, Benway," said Ella, "do swing us."

Well, Mr. Riley, I remained in this strained situation for some time, I swinging them and they being swung. And though usually I can think up comical remarks to say to Ella, on this occasion I was not able to get off anything except such cracks as, "Well, there is certainly a crowd here tonight," and "Well, the floor is as bad as ever, why don't they wax it?" etc. And no man can hold a woman's love, Mr. Riley, if that is all he has got to say to her.

In the meantime, as they swung, Mr. Bullip was going on as follows, "What happened to that fellow playing the violin? He looks as though somebody had run him through the coffee grinder," and "Look at that dress; Mabel must have been carrying the box of water colors just before it exploded."

And as often as he made one of these remarks Ella would break out into a loud laugh as though it was the funniest thing she had ever heard. Never in her whole life, Mr. Riley, has she laughed at my comical remarks the way she laughed at his. And I have made many just as comical as the above and more so.

Pretty soon the music started again so I stopped the swing and said, "Well, Ella, I guess anyhow it is our dance this time."

"Oh, no," she answered "not this one. I have promised this one to Mr. Bullip here."

I said, "What?"

To this Mr. Bullip remarked, "If you are hard of hearing why not plant yourself in a cornfield and see if you can't grow a couple of good ears?"

Well, Mr. Riley, I stood there and looked at him.

I will explain that after I got my job bookkeeping with Hanlon & Hanlon I took the correspondence course in Business Mastery in Twelve Booklets, and the look I gave Mr. Bullip was from Page 14, Booklet Eleven, the Masterful or Dominating Look. I have often used this look before when encountering vicious dogs etc. and always with complete success.

Well, Mr. Riley, I thought it was working this time too. But when I reached out and grabbed Ella's hand Mr. Bullip jumped from the swing, and remarking, "Bosco, the Boy Hypnotist in his Unique Tumbling Act," he put his foot behind my right knee and I sat down hard.

And right away Ella begun to screech, "Oh, don't hurt him, Roger!" It certainly made me sore.

I got up with the remark, "Don't be afraid. Roger isn't going to hurt me, as big as he is." And I begun advancing toward Mr. Bullip as per Page 18, Booklet Eleven of the Course; this is called the Confident Determination Gait.

But that gait did not get me anything, Mr. Riley.

I had hardly reached him when he launched out and got some kind of a holt on my arm so that I thought it was coming off. I tried to fight back but couldn't land, and all the time Ella kept yelling, "Stop, Roger! Don't do that. Don't hurt him. Stop!"

I guess you understand how I felt. I could have taken a club to her.

Pretty soon George Lannon and a crowd came up and grabbed the two of us. By the time they let me go Ella was nowhere in sight and neither was Mr. Bullip.

"Where is Ella?" I asked.

"He has taken her home," said George.

"He has got his nerve," I stated. "She is my girl and I brought her here."

George's only reply to this remark was the simple affirmation, "Yes," followed by a laugh.

I waited for a minute to see if he would add anything else, but he did not, so I said, "Oh," and picked up my hat.

This closed the incident.

So, Mr. Riley, when you ask me do I want to learn to wrestle for General Health or Superb Strength or a Career Amateur or Professional I can simply reply, "No; I want to learn to wrestle so I can lick Mr. Bullip and I am going to do same if it takes me a hundred years." That is why I have temporarily quit studying the Business Mastery Course. That is why ever since the date of the incident, I have been running a mile every morning before breakfast and have cut out tea and coffee and would have cut out cigarettes except that I do not smoke same in any form.

And that is why I am inclosing the inclosed money order in payment of the first installment of your Unsurpassed Wrestling Course and look forward with pleasant anticipation upon a long and satisfactory educational connection and would request individual and personal attention as per promise and in making this request can assure you that no effort on my part shall be spared to earn the confidence of your institution and the final attainment of the degree M.W.—Master of Wrestling—and the beautiful engraved

I Had Reached the Bottom of Page 31

diploma in two colors as guaranteed in your Richly Illustrated Prospectus, Mr. Riley.

Yours truly,
BENWAY R. MERRITT.

June 10
East Liverpool, Wis.

KID RILEY MODERN CORRESPONDENCE WRESTLING COLLEGE, NEW YORK.

DEAR MR. RILEY: Have I licked Mr. Bullip yet, you ask in the personal P. S. which is penned at the close of your letter of the 8th inst.

Well, Mr. Riley, being as I feel it is your right to know all the ins and outs of the matter I will tell you the whole story, and in as few words as possible.

This is what happened.

It was late yesterday P.M. and I was walking home from the movies, my thoughts occupied with your Unequaled Wrestling Course, because just before going to the movies I had tried a half dozen holts on my little cousin Ernest, always telling him to fight back the best he could after I got the holt; and except once when he bit me on the leg all these holts had been a complete success. I cannot say more.

I was walking along and wishing that I had been able to get those holts on Mr. Bullip instead of on my little cousin Ernest when suddenly, opposite Hanlon & Hanlon's a suspicious sight made me stop in the middle of the sidewalk and then dodge behind the nearest tree.

This is what I saw. In the shadow alongside the wall of the store a dark figure was crouching and examining the bars of the cellar window. There seemed to be something familiar about this crouching figure and when I acted like a good citizen and advanced quietly on my stomach it seemed to get more and more familiar. But that made no difference to me because I was obeying duty's call, Mr. Riley.

Finally I got there and ten seconds after applying that Full Back Strangle Lock from somewhere in Booklet Three of your Original Course I knew that I had picked the right holt and that it could not be busted.

His squirmings and his twistings did him no good and I was just getting ready to say, "Well, Mr. Bullip, do you want to come along quiet or will I have to carry you?" when his hat tumbled off and I saw it was not Mr. Bullip at all, and in fact that it was no other than Mr. Al Hanlon himself, known among us boys in the store as Old Baldy.

Well, Mr. Riley, I felt as if the bottom had dropped out of everything. My arms begun to tremble and shake and the ground under my feet begun to whirl like a merry-go-round. But I was self-possessed enough to let loose my holt and pick up his hat and in a few well-chosen words explain how I had come to make such a regrettable mistake etc.

At first Old Baldy was silent except for breathing hard, but when he had got his wind he made up for all the time he had lost.

"Oh," he said, "you thought I was a burglar, did you? Oh, I suppose a man has not got the right to see if the bars are on his cellar windows without being pretty near killed by some half-baked bookkeeper. Oh, that is what it has come to, hey? Well, young man, I have had my eye on you for a long time and I have watched you getting tougher and tougher every day. I have noticed you training with all the roughnecks and roustabouts in town and I have had enough of it. No, I don't want any explanations. You can come around tomorrow and draw your pay and that will be about all for you except if you ever want a job as a plug-ugly I will write you the strongest kind of a reference."

And I have been with Hanlon & Hanlon for three years without complaints on either side. As for associating with roughnecks and roustabouts, all I have done is to try a few holts on Big Gus, who drives their truck and who was hired by Old Baldy himself.

Can you beat it, Mr. Riley? Can you beat it?

But that was not all. It was just the beginning.

This morning to avoid useless discussions with my uncle I left the house after breakfast the same as if I was going to work, but after passing the corner I ducked into George Lannon's studio. While there I had him take a picture of me looking at my muscles: I will send same to you and if you want to you can publish this picture with a signed statement from me at one side saying that I would not trade your Invaluable Course for Five Hundred Dollars ($500.00) if I could not get another like it.

Well, Mr. Riley, I hoped to get through the day without useless disputes, but that noon I could see that my Uncle Henry had heard something.

"Well," he begun as soon as dinner was over, "the time has come, Benway, to make a change. I have taken care of you just as long as it has been humanly possible for me to do so."

I said to him, "Uncle Henry, I have paid you board and room ever since I was seventeen years old and you know it."

"I am not talking about that," he said; "I am talking about your influence on growing children. I do not want my little Ernest developing into a tough and a bum, and from what he tells me those are the lines along which you are secretly trying to lead him. You have brutally and wantonly assaulted your employer, my old friend Mr. Hanlon, and if it was not for my influence you would be up before a court answering to criminal charges. As near as I can make out you are training Ernest so that when the time comes he can make a similar brutal and wanton assault on some other leading citizen. Well, I do not want any thug work in my household. You can consider your room here as being put to other uses at the end of the current week."

Can you beat it, Mr. Riley? Can you beat it?

Well, Mr. Riley, I walked out into the street all confused; and hardly knowing what I wanted to do I hopped a freight for Prairie River.

I kind of hoped that when I knocked at the door where Ella lived Mr. Bullip would open it and in that case I would slip him the Cornwall Heave, which I think is from Booklet Two of your Unparalleled Course, and if it broke his neck I would go to Waupun for life with a smile.

But it was Ella's mother who answered the bell.

"Why, hello, Benway," she said. "What are you doing this time of day in Prairie River? Is the store closed?"

"Well, yes, in a way," I answered, at the same time pushing into the house because I could see by her face that if I waited to be asked I would never get inside.

"Well, well," she said after I had got into the parlor. "It's good to see you again. Ella's not here."

"Oh," I said, "then I will wait for her." And I sat down.

I had not seen Ella since that night at the Grove, and thought the time had come to have an understanding one way or the other. So I picked up Scenic Photographs of the World in One Volume and begun to look at it.

But I had barely got to Mt. Everest, Asia, when a door behind me banged and Ella shot out all dressed up to go somewhere.

"There is no use beating around the bush," she said, "and I am furious with myself because when I saw you coming down the street I made mother tell you a falsehood. Benway, it was a terrible mistake to suppose that we could

(Continued on Page 65)

"Wherever You Say, Benway," She Replied

and Was Going to Start on the Last Page When He Yelled, "I Give Up"

NO BUSINESS ABILITY

By Freeman Tilden

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

He Chuckled at the Novelty of the Proceedings. This, He Thought, Was the Stuff of Which Real Adventure Is Made

WHEN Benjamin Fickens Pryor was twelve years old he was vaccinated three times. The first two vaccinations were against smallpox. They didn't take; so it was presumed that he was immune from that disease.

The other vaccination was administered by Benjamin's father, Eliphalet Pryor, and it took. It not only took but, after thirty-eight years, it was still effective. Through the power of his father's serum, Benjamin Fickens Pryor became practically immune from any modern ideas of business.

Twelve years would be rather young today to initiate a boy into the mysteries of trade. But fifty years ago they had different ideas; and Eliphalet in particular. Eliphalet looked about him and remembered the words of the Psalmist, as a man with such a Christian name should; and after ruminating awhile on the shortness of man's years, he called Benjy into his presence and spoke somewhat as follows:

"Benjy, I want you should begin to know something about the grain business. You're getting to be a big boy. You can lift more than I could when I was your age, and you seem to have a pretty good head. First place, never bite off more than you can chew. Don't run in debt to a bank. If you do you'll be working for the bank. Watch these folks that drive a span when they should be footing it on their leather. And particularly, watch these people that come along with newfangled ideas, and promise to make your fortune if you'll run your business their way. Let 'em say what they've got to say, and smile pleasantly and give 'em a cheroot when they go out, but don't pay any attention to it. If you've got important business in hand you can be thinking it over while they're talking."

There was a good deal more to this effect, but this sample will suffice. Benjy listened and was illumined. He resolved then and there that when he came to man's estate, and succeeded to the ownership of the Pryor Grain Mills, he would do business on the good old plan. Eliphalet died, full of years, and Benjamin ruled. And Benjamin ruled according to his father's good old standards.

It was a queer combination of manufactures to which Benjamin Pryor fell heir. It was a commercial hash characteristic of the time. The Pryor Grain Mills sold grain for hens, horses and cattle. They also manufactured a product known as Pryor's Wheat Meal for Invalids, in two-pound packages, retailed entirely through druggists. And in addition they put up a horse liniment, good for spavin and also for human rheumatics.

During Eliphalet's last years the horse liniment had petered out, and when Benjamin succeeded to the throne he killed that branch of business without a qualm. On the other hand, the mixed-grain business had grown. Pryor's mixed feed for laying hens, Pryor's chick feed and Pryor's prepared cow ration—now sold in hundredweight bags with the name of the firm printed on them—had gained deserved fame. It was a good business, with a fine trademark, and it needed no spavin cure to bolster it.

Neither did it need a wheat meal for invalids, for companionship. But this was a different matter. Benjamin Pryor had kept on with the wheat meal because he knew his father would have wished it so. There was a little family pride in this. Eliphalet's brother, a doctor, had worked out the process for preparing the wheat, mixing it with one or two other ingredients, and finally subjecting it to a certain degree of heat. The secret formula for this wheat meal was still in the possession of Benjamin. It was not a food, but a medicine. It doesn't do to stop making a medicine. People might curse you on their deathbeds for depriving them of the wheat meal that had kept them on earth so long. And it was a family matter. It was not the sort of thing which a Pryor would sell.

A few thousands of ancient druggists, who had not yet learned how to mix nut sundaes and who had no gasoline-filling tank outside the door, still demanded a case or two of Pryor's Wheat Meal for Invalids now and then—and got it. The eater of the meal, gazing upon the drab-colored wrapper, printed in frigidly courteous black letters, was informed that:

"This meal is prepared in such a manner as to dextrinize a large portion of the carbohydrate content, thus assuring easy assimilation by the gastric juices, and a tonic for the splanchnic nerves."

This information made the eating of the meal about as attractive as a castor-oil debauch, not to speak of an asafetida orgy. And the curious thing about old Dr. Jonas Pryor's wheat meal was that for seventy years people had been sitting up in bed and ladling it to themselves with wry faces, without ever once realizing that—that——

Whoa! Back up there! The author has just come within an ace of blabbing the nub of his tale before the story begins. This is a grievous fault, if you are to believe the professors who teach one how to write short stories in six lessons—and how to sell them in forty lessons additional.

In 1915 Benjamin Pryor, in a frenzy of emotion, hired an advertising manager, and began to tell the world something about his hen, chick and cow feeds. Of course he was in no danger of telling too much. His father, Eliphalet, believed in the good old doctrine of concealment. He believed, with the philosopher, that if a man made a door better than any other door, even though he lived in a mousetrap, the world would make a path to the woods. No; that doesn't sound quite right. Perhaps it should be: If a man makes a path better than any other path, even though he lives on a door, the world will make a mousetrap in the woods. Well, anyway—you get the idea. If you have merit, don't tell anyone. Dodgast 'em, make 'em find it out for themselves!

But in this flight of hysteria referred to, Benjamin, son of Eliphalet, hired an advertising manager, a young man three years out of college, by name George Charlton Hooke, and told him to prepare some copy for a campaign in the Sunday and agricultural papers. Young Mr. Hooke, who had just come from an agency where he had modestly helped to spend a million dollars in one year, on Pasha cigarettes, laid out a bunch of good copy which indicated an expenditure of about seventy-five thousand dollars in three months. Benjamin Pryor looked at it, nodded gravely, said he thought it had its good points, threw it in the wastebasket, and had some blotters printed at an expense of $91.55 to send out to the trade.

But the conversation which took place during this interview, when the advertising plan was wastebasketed, throws some light on the future relations of the advertising manager and his boss. Mr. Hooke, believing that good snappy brand names were needed for the products, had coined three such names: For the hen feed, Layo; for the chick feed, Nutro; for the cow feed, Bovo.

"Mr. Hooke," remarked Benjamin Pryor, "what's this Layo and Nutro and Bovo business?"

"I think we should have short snappy names for the feeds," replied Mr. Hooke with great assurance and conviction.

"Do you? Well, I don't," said Mr. Pryor. "What makes you think so?"

"Why—all the successful products do. You can't expect people to say, 'Give me a bag of Pryor's Prepared Mixture for Laying Hens.'"

"Can't you? But they do," replied Benjamin imperturbably.

And he was right, they did. And yet, of course, Hooke was right too. Everybody was right. It was most amicable and most baffling for Hooke. He went back to his desk and wrote a booklet, to go in each bag of feed, and tried to forget Layo and Nutro and Bovo, the still-born triplets of his youthful genius.

As time went on, Benjamin Pryor tamed the youthful protagonist of modernity, and had him eating chick feed from his hand. He couldn't have done this, of course, if Hooke hadn't liked his boss. Hooke couldn't help liking him.

B. Pryor might be a mossback, and a lichen repository, but he was a big, ruddy-faced, generous, clean and amiable man and the day came when he had his advertising manager practically convinced that the stagecoach was the proper means of transportation.

In those days Hooke used to find occasion to snoop down to New York and spend an evening and night with Harold Britridge, who, once the president of his college chapter of Delta Upsilon Alpha, had sadly degenerated from that proud eminence and had become an artist.

They sat in Britridge's studio and compared notes, and discussed each other violently, as friends should do.

"Now, really, Hal," Hooke would say, "I think you've mistaken your vocation. Why, I've always said you've got the makings of a business man. You're genuinely interested in business. Of course I don't mean to say ——"

"Oh, go ahead and say it! You mean I'm not a great artist. I know that. I'm a poor struggling dub. I hit something good about once in twenty times. Once in so often I come through with a picture that makes everybody sit up and say, 'We'll watch this fellow.' And they watch. But then they melt away like a crowd from a billiard table after a smelly shot."

"When it comes to that, I don't seem to be getting anywhere myself," went on Hooke soberly. "I've sort of lost

my punch. It isn't enough of a job. There isn't enough work."

"Quit!"

"I've thought of it. I've tried to. But—you can't quit a man like Pryor. Awfully nice. Hands out a fat bonus now and then. Likes to appear a martinet, but he's as good-natured as a cosset. And his daughter ——"

"Wait a minute, George! Let me remind you, you're already married."

"I know it, but you're not. I wish ——"

"Rot! Talk about something pleasant. How are the invalids?"

"What invalids?"

"Why, those poor devils that are eating your wheat meal by the bucketful?"

"Oh, did I ever tell you about that? That's a joke. We don't advertise it. The old man just keeps on making it for old time's sake."

"Do you ever eat it?"

"No. I should say not. Why?"

"I thought maybe the boss had all his employes take it every day, like catnip tea, to keep them in condition."

Hooke threw a near-by boot at the artist's head, and had the happiness to score a bull's-eye. Then there was a hearty roar of mild profanity and laughter, which brought rapping on the steam pipes from the studio next door. But while they ragged Hooke's job and Pryor's products, and particularly exploded with mirth about the wheat meal for invalids, the two men never dreamed that Dr. Jonas Pryor's nauseating invalid cereal food was—was ——

Slam on the brakes! The author has almost blown his plot again!

One day Benjamin Fickens Pryor amazed his advertising manager by calling him into his office and asking, "Mr. Hooke, do you happen to know any good artists?"

"Commercial work, or portraits, or what kind?" asked Hooke.

Mr. Pryor looked perplexed. He had thought of only one kind—artists. It hadn't occurred to him that an artist would decline any work at all so long as it dealt with brush and paint.

"Why, a good artist," he explained weakly.

"Perhaps if you'll tell me what you have in mind ——" suggested Hooke.

"Why, it's like this. I think we ought to have a colored picture on the wrapper of the wheat-meal packages. Something attractive. I believe we could sell more of it."

"But I thought you didn't ——"

"No, I didn't. I don't like these newfangled pictures and falderal and all that. But I want to sell either more, or less, of it. As it stands, it's a dead loss. It doesn't pay to keep the plant working at it. But I'm willing to try a nice attractive wrapper, in colors, to push the wheat meal to a point where it'll pay for itself at least. That's all I ask it to do. Think up a pleasant picture, Mr. Hooke, and get an artist to paint it. How much do you think it would cost? These artists are fellows of no business ability, I take it."

"Well, as to that, Mr. Pryor ——"

"Oh, I know, I know," nodded Benjamin. "I've heard all about them. Easy come, easy go. Five hundred would look pretty big to one of them, I dare say?"

"I think a really good man would expect at least that," replied Hooke. And he wondered, as he went back to his room, just what B. Pryor thought about artists anyway.

Mr. Hooke needn't have wondered too much. It was perfectly clear that Benjamin Pryor, who had been inoculated by Eliphalet against modern methods, had also obtained many other notions of life from the same source. Being happily married to an old-fashioned girl, and having lived all his life in the little lake-port town where his elevators were, B. Pryor had gained his conception of artists from a book which, thirty years ago, was considered naughty. He had read this book, and hastily burned it lest Mrs. Pryor should find it. He did not remember the name of the author, nor did he recall the name of the book, but he now knew that artists were Bohemian creatures, with shaggy hair and wandering mustaches, who dressed in velvet jackets and corduroy trousers, wore a large wooden board over their left thumbs, and had pretty girls pose for them, sometimes in practically nothing and sometimes in practically much less than that. He knew that they ate only after they sold a picture, which was seldom; and sang and played on guitars, and had a shiftless lot of acquaintances. It was like that.

The man responsible for Benjamin Pryor's conception of artists was Henri Murger, author of La Vie de Bohême. He is now dead, and beyond the avenging arm of the Guild of Free Lance Artists, Incorporated. Lucky for Henri.

It was about eleven o'clock one morning when George Hooke stormed at the studio door of Harold Britridge, found the door unlocked and rushed in. He found Britridge seated not at the easel but at a flat-topped desk, doing sums in arithmetic.

"Hello, George," was the greeting from the artist. "Make yourself at home. I've got five dollars more in the bank than my check stubs show. That's a thrilling experience, but it's disorganizing too. I've been working on the mystery since breakfast."

"I've got a nice job for you, Hal!" announced Hooke. "I want you to do a picture for the invalid food."

"For the invalid food! I can do that, all right. What'll you have—a nice deathbed scene? I've got it! We'll just turn the Oliver Twist thing upside down. That'll be snappy. The patient is putting away your patent gruel with an upraised hand and a look of joy on his face. The nurse is trying to force it on him with a big spoon. Caption for the dying hero: 'No, nurse; not any more, thank you. I'm going where there is no wheat meal for invalids, thank God!' How does that strike you?"

"You be serious, Hal," said Hooke sternly. "I've told Benjamin Pryor that you're one of the great artists of all time. You've got to make good. You've got to make Tintoretto look feeble and show up Josh Reynolds as a piker. This is worth just five hundred bones to you."

"Five hundred? That isn't bad, for a boss like yours. Didn't he think that was a lot of money?"

"Yes, he did. But he's awfully game when he makes up his mind to anything. He wants a colored wrapper for the wheat meal which can also be used for a window-display poster. I've been trying to think up something, but I haven't clutched a real idea yet. I want you to concentrate on it, Hal."

"For five hundred I'd concentrate on anything, George. Not that I need the money so much, but I do need the thrill that comes with earning some. But—no, I can't do it! Gruel doesn't lend itself to art. Not your horrible stuff, anyway."

"Now, listen, Hal! We haven't much time. You can do this thing or I wouldn't have come here. Mr. Pryor is over at the hotel, nervously awaiting his first interview with an artist. His daughter is with him."

"Don't want to see her! The girl must be left at the hotel. I'm not in the mood for women."

"She's the right sort. Sweet and womanly, but clever."

"Take her away! I know the clever kind. They pull a piece of thin sarcasm once a minute, and then sit back and wait for laughter. Not in my dugout."

"You're wrong, Hal. You'll see. You can't turn me down, old fellow. I've invited them. They're not noisy, and they won't be intrusive. As far as the girl is concerned, she'll give you a real handshake, and sit down, and speak when she's spoken to. As far as B. Pryor is concerned, I want you to set the stage a little."

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"I Suppose, Mr. Britridge, You Fellows Had Great Times When You Studied in Paris?"

ALL FOR THE LADIES

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"You Did It!" She Charged Him Shrilly. "I'll Never Forgive You as Long as I Live! Go Away From Me! Don't Talk to Me!"

A GREAT many years ago, the exact date not being important to this story, profound philosophers, after much deep and earnest cogitation, discovered that love is a curious thing. Having been thus brought to the attention of the world, it became highly popular. Poets raved about it, soldiers fought over it, kings threw away their thrones and beggars conquered kingdoms; but it remained for Henry Lord Candysh to develop it into a pleasant and profitable occupation.

Eventually the artists of every line have at least one fling at the movies; and so, after ranging successfully for many seasons along the Atlantic Coast from Newport to Palm Beach, Henry Lord Candysh came to Hollywood in this wise:

A certain lady of society, being most happily situated in that she had remained her husband's hearthstone after ceasing to be his flame, went to him most highly peeved against Henry Lord Candysh—it is no matter why—and he, being a very proper husband, indeed, and most admirable, and worthy of a tale by himself, called Henry Lord Candysh into a room and locked the door and said to him as follows:

"Mr. Candysh, I represent a committee of husbands who have decided that you and we must divide our territory. Kindly draw a circle around this spot with a three-thousand-mile radius, and go anywhere you like outside of that circle.

"Suit yourself as to when you start, bearing in mind the following conditions: The next time one of us meets you, whether it be in a hotel lobby or on the golf links or in a club or wherever, he is going to paste your right eye shut, the next one your left eye, and so on. My assignment, Mr. Candysh, is to smash your nose."

Which accordingly being done, Mr. Candysh went West with his entire capital, consisting of four trunks of clothes, and joined the movie colony, not as a mere actor or director or writer, but as an entertainer of ladies of independent income, which had been his specialty.

Socially the heart specialist made himself felt at once; but it was nearly a month before his influence was felt professionally, and this occurred in a projection room of the Magnificent Pictures Corporation, where the successful young general manager, Isidor Iskovitch, sat very cockily exhibiting to his friend and boss, little old David Schusshel, some thousands of feet of rushes on his pet picture, The Woman's Half.

All was peace and harmony in that projection room, for, at the early age of twenty-five, young Mr. Iskovitch had proved himself a wizard of generalship. He had raised the class of the M. P. C. up neck and neck with the leaders of the industry; he was earning a handsome annual profit for David Schusshel, and was heading for his hurdles in the serene confidence of a rider who has never bruised a bone. Suddenly, however, there came a rift in the placidity, and out of the darkness blurted the voice of the young G. M. in a strained and an anxious tone:

"Say, what's the matter with Prudence Joy? She ain't giving us a thing!"

"You're too critical, Izzy," returned the soothing voice of the Old Man, reluctant, as age is, to have its liver disturbed. "She maybe didn't feel so well the day these last scenes were shot, or maybe Ernest Sapp was down in his direction, or Prudence's leading man there, Dennis Doone, he don't seem to be giving anything either—or something."

"No, it's Prue," snapped Izzy, jabbing at the buzzer to stop the film; then he yelled up to the operator, "Say, Jim, run back about a hundred and fifty feet."

The lights flared up, revealing a gaudily decorated Egyptian interior full of old film cans and broken chairs and cigarette stubs, revealing David Schusshel as a little old man with a kindly eye and a benevolent smile, and revealing Isidor Iskovitch as a flat-stomached, spindle-shanked, long-necked youth who seemed startlingly boyish until one looked into the dark brown eyes with the sharp lines of intense business concentration between them.

"The trouble isn't Sapp, for you can see the rest of his direction is fine; and the trouble ain't Dennis, because you can see he's trying to help pull her through; and she feels well enough, her eyes show that; and she ain't tired, I can tell from the way she moves. She's just like she was dumb. That was Monday's rushes that I'm gonna run over again. The ones we saw before was last week's, and she was fine in 'em. I gotta go right over on the set and see what's the matter."

"At-a-boy!" beamed old David, proud of his protégé, because success had not lessened the boy's passionate care for infinite detail. "I don't blame you, though, for being particular about Prue, for she's our best money-maker. Say, Izzy, that reminds me, her contract's only got a little over a year to run yet. It isn't too early for me to begin getting her name on a new one."

"You bet you my life it ain't too early; it's too late. When Prue finishes out on this contract she's going with me in my own producing company."

"Not while I got a fountain pen and a check book!" chuckled the Old Man, affecting to treat this statement as a joke; but there was a catch in his breath nevertheless. "Believe me, I'm not going to offer either one of you such terms that won't let me make a profit, but I am going to keep you both. I'm going to show you, Izzy, where you'll make more money staying with me than you can be sure of with all the risks of the producing business. It takes a lot of money to produce, Izzy; more than it did when I started twenty-five years ago. How much money you got?"

"Not so much. Pretty close to a hundred thousand dollars, and I know where I can go to make it up to that much."

"I wish you didn't have it," said Schusshel; "then maybe you'd stay here and not run the risk of losing it."

"I got that all figured out." And Izzy stretched up his long neck to the little square hole behind them to see if the operator wasn't ready with the film. "I been slow enough gettin' my money together that I had plenty a time to figure what I could do with every dollar of it, and I'm goin' into my own business the minute my contract here is up. I told you that when I signed it. I'm lookin' out every day now for a good buy, so that I'll have my business all ready to step into. Y'know, I said eight years ago, Mr. Schusshel, that I was gonna be the biggest producer in the industry, and inside another year I'm gonna get my start. I'm gonna see my name put up, Isidor Iskovitch Presents, if I lose every nickel I ever made. . . . All right, Jim!"

Silence. The lights snapped out. The general manager sat tensely, watching every foot of the film with worried speculation, leaning far forward, his arms folded before him on the table, his chin on his bony wrist. What was the matter with Prue? For eight years he had devoted more attention to Prudence Joy than to any other actress in the business.

He had watched the girl off and on the screen with rapt absorption. He knew every shade of emotion in her capacity to express. Off days, he had seen, and temperamental days, and days of such illness that she almost fainted under the glare of the merciless lights; but never, since the day she had come on the lot at the same time he had, both looking for a job, had he seen her as she now appeared; as if nothing were real and nothing mattered. She was a beautiful automaton, going through her scenes as if she were walking in her sleep; and that her director was deeply troubled about her was evident in the number of takes of each scene. One of them had been shot twenty times, a thousand feet of a minor dramatic movement, and Sapp had tried her over and over without getting a particle of change in her blank expression. The last of those interminable repetitions flipped off, leaving the screen a cold white patch in the darkness; then the lights were on again and the hum of the rewind in the operator's booth broke the silence.

"That won't do," growled Izzy. "That whole day's work has got to be shot over. That's a little scene, but it's important. I been so busy I didn't see Prue since Friday. I wonder what's happened to her. I gotta find out an' fix it."

Keen old David Schusshel was watching him sidelong, and detected something more than just professional worry.

"Well, if anybody can bring her back to herself you can do it. I guess you and Prue are pretty tight friends still."

"Oh, pretty good. She's got everything to make people be friends with her."

"She's a fine girl sure enough," agreed Old David very heartily; then he studied the boy again, and hesitated. "Say, Izzy, it's about time you got yourself a wife; not anybody in the profession, y'understand, but a good, steady girl to make a home for you and raise your family."

"I got plenty of time for that." Izzy rose abruptly. "I'm satisfied the way I am, Mr. Schusshel. I get here every morning at 8:30, I don't get away till almost seven o'clock, and I take work home with me that keeps me busy till midnight, except when I gotta attend some function that'll be good for me, maybe, in my business or for the M. P. C.; an' then I take Prue along. I got no time to be a married man and worry about a family."

He was moving toward the door, and there was nothing for the boss to do but follow. The Old Man stood outside for a moment, blinking in the glare of the sunlight, so painful after the darkness of the projection room; and Izzy, at the corner, remembered to wait for him. Then they strode down the lot, the Old Man's short legs moving swiftly to keep up with the young one's eager stride; and somehow or other David Schusshel began to feel his age, and his dropping behind in the procession, as they threaded their way through the throng of painted and unpainted workers; for it was Izzy whom busy men stopped, nodding with perfunctory respect to the boss; and it was Izzy who responded crisply, deciding questions of policy and action without reference to his chief, quite as if the plant were his own.

David found himself standing aside like a stranger in some of these brief interviews, and his yellow eyes roved with a touch of wistfulness over this vast mimic world which he had created. Why, this great plant had been but a barren acreage, nestled amid its encircling blue mountains, when he had bought it for a song! It was he who had built there the first stage, a big unsheltered platform with strips of muslin stretched on wires to control the sunlight, and a rough shed for an office up where the big administration building now sprawled its concrete importance. Then had come the great day when he had put up a huge, clumsy studio of the type long since extinct, with a glass roof which let in too much light when the sun shone and none when it rained. Building by building he had added to his equipment until his plant was second to none, while all the hills and valleys were cluttered with ostentatious fronts of such variety as to make the place seem like a colossally illustrated history of architecture.

A ten-million-dollar business, and he had created it all! Now he no longer created; he only furnished the money, and was dependent more and more each year on the ability of those whom his money hired; and the one who had been the best was talking about stretching his own wings, and meant to do it, and would do it; for David knew the boy. The very stubbornness of purpose which had made Izzy so valuable to the M. P. C. would take him away. Suddenly there was a hand on his arm, and the touch was so gentle, the voice so considerate as it suggested that maybe he might better get into his own office out of the heat, that the boss flared indignantly.

"Say, when I get old maybe I'll have to stop and rest in the middle of the day, but not yet. Wasn't that Boogly Poot just crossing the lot in that hobo make-up? Well, his comedies are getting h-r-rotten! If he can't turn out better stuff you ought to get rid of him."

"Look at your books," grinned the young G. M. "If I judged of his pictures from what I see of 'em in the projection room I'd 'a' fired him long ago; but as long as he makes the profit he does he stays just where he is."

Being now at the entrance to Stage Three, they turned in, the Old Man chuckling; for the pleasantest moments of his California visits were those in which he picked flaws in the management and got the answer.

The blaze of blue light down near the other end of the huge dim inclosure marked the spot where The Woman's Half was being made, and just outside the canvas walls of the futurist parlor they found Ernest Sapp methodically and viciously trying to kick a loose knot out of the floor. The lean and lanky director, as anxious to make a reputation as if he were not already one of the foremost in the business, had no smile of greeting, although he was ordinarily a most cordial man.

"Honest, I'm all in," he confessed. "If plumbing paid as much as directing I'd go at it tomorrow."

"I thought you had already done it," grinned Izzy. "Those Monday rushes look like they'd been directed by a plumber's apprentice. Say"—and now he sobered "what's the matter with Prue?"

"You said something!" Suddenly Sapp's irritation wrinkled his brow and made his eyes tired. "The picture has gone to the devil, and I'm too old a bird in the business to think I can save it. Come here and I'll show you what's the matter with Prue."

He led them to the darkest entrance to the set, and at the far side, amid the garish futurist colors, framed prettily against an arch which opened to a painted ocean, stood Prue, slender and beautiful in a clinging gown of white, the light gleaming down on her hair of spun gold and on her smooth shoulders, a long, feathery fan in her hand, and in her deep blue eyes as she looked smilingly off the scene a softness such as Isidor Iskovitch had never seen in them. Out of range of the camera for this set-up loafed the balance of the company on the futurist furniture, in the pleasant idling which is the social life of picture making: and quite aloof from these, as if totally detached, there stood by an empty chaise longue a man who was clearly not an actor, nor anyone connected with the picture business; a man something undersized, with a tiny mustache and small, deep-set eyes, who was clad in afternoon flannels bearing the unmistakable stamp of a Fifth Avenue tailor.

He was perfectly at ease, and bore about him that certainty of social superiority which would have marked him in any gathering. He waited, with Prue's cloak across his arm and her hand bag in his hand, smiling at her, his gaze never straying anywhere else. Benny, a camera man of undying enthusiasm, was trying a new arrangement of the lights for Prue; but no matter where he moved her or how he had her turn her head, she never ceased her rapt communication with the stranger. When Benny had finished with her she walked straight over to the man, and Sir Walter Raleigh in his palmiest days could have taken lessons in cloak handling. The mere putting of that cloak around Prue's shoulder was a caress of intense significance, and had he seated any queen as he now seated Prudence Joy he would have been knighted on the spot. She flashed up at him a smile of flattered appreciation, and David Schusshel, turning quickly to Izzy, saw on the boy's face a sudden hurt which made many things plain.

"Who is he?" asked David. "Where did he come from? What's he doing here?" And there was genuine concern in the questions, for this accident of falling in love was one of the most serious with which directors and producers have to contend, the one which most frequently mars the work of a performer and that performer's entire future.

"I don't know where the bird came from," said Sapp in despair; "but I know what he's doing here. He's putting a hex on the best little trouper in the business. If it'll help you any his name is Henry Lord Candysh."

II

NOBODY except Meyer Guldengeld knew how much money Meyer Guldengeld had; not even the tax collector; but it was certain the old gentleman possessed so much

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"Your professional initials are E. B., I know. Or Would You Prefer Some Other Monogram?"

THE BRIDE'S LIGHT

VI

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

RAREDAN, when first he established himself at the light, had asked permission to make at his own expense certain alterations in the internal structure of the small house that would be his home. This house was built of stone, severely rectangular in shape, and running east to west along the axis of the Sow. Its westward end emerged into the base of the light tower. Internally it had at that time consisted of three rooms, each of about the same size. The first, as you entered from the east, was a storeroom; the next served as kitchen, dining room and living quarters in general; the third had been designed as a bedroom and had three blank walls, the only windows being on the northern, or shoreward, side. Entrance to the light was through this bedroom.

Raredan modified these arrangements. He converted the storeroom into a kitchen. He tore down the partition between the two other rooms and put up new ones, which left a corridor leading to the light tower, and allowed more room in the central apartment. Furthermore, he cut away the ceiling of this central room and in the north side of the roof built a large skylight. The chimney was a part of the wall between this room and his kitchen; he constructed a wide fireplace. The attic spaces above bedroom and kitchen he used for storing supplies; the circular base of the light answered a similar purpose.

He had thus achieved a well-lighted studio about twenty feet square. If the rest of the house were severely practical, this room had been made almost sumptuously beautiful. The walls he had himself painted in a flat and creamy tone, upon which he had laid here and there, and as his fancy dictated, small sketches in pencil, or charcoal from the hearth itself, or in oils. He had relaid the floor with hardwood of varying widths, filling the wide cracks with a black composition. The roof, rafters exposed, was whitewashed. In winter he supplemented the heat from his fireplace with an airtight stove; but as soon as the weather permitted he removed this monstrous thing and stored it away under the light. On the walls of his studio he had hung at this time eleven canvases, large and small. They represented his labor since the day of his first coming to the light. It was one of the man's whims, when he expected the ship that brought supplies for the light, or other visitors, to shroud these paintings so that they could not be seen. But he had not expected Jennie; the pictures were undraped. She thus became the first person to see those canvases, which, less than a year later, were to establish Raredan's name very high on the scroll of artistic honor and fame.

It was sight of them that had drawn from her that first soundless exclamation; but when she discovered Raredan her consternation overbore all other feelings. She shrank back from him till her shoulders touched the wall, so that she wore the demeanor of a person at bay; but Raredan lifted his hand in a pleasant greeting and quietly closed the door. With fascinated eyes she saw that he drew a bolt into its socket there. Don could not come to her!

"You've come to see me," Raredan said gently then. "I have long been sure that you would come." She shook her head, groping for words, her tongue thick with fear; and he saw her fright and smiled. "You have no need to be afraid of me," he told her.

"We—thought you were away," she stammered.

He laughed at that; laughed aloud, with a quick backward movement of his head and neck, which even in that moment she found full of beauty.

"Honest infant," he applauded. "Not many of your sex are so ready to speak the truth. What did you mean to do in my quarters here?"

"We wanted to go up in the light," she confessed.

"The other is the boy who did not know you were beautiful?" She made no sign of assent. "I thought I recognized him," he explained.

"How did you get back?" she asked, trembling. "We saw you go up to the Cove."

"I came as I went," he replied. "You happened not to notice me; and, of course, the Sow herself hid me from you in large part. I was up in the light when I saw you land."

Both turned then, at a shout from the direction of the kitchen; both stood still as Don came clamoring at the bolted door. She would have moved in that direction; but Raredan interposed.

He spoke through the door: "Hello, there!"

Don cried, "Open this door! Jennie, are you in there?"

"Jennie!" Raredan echoed softly, and smiled over his shoulder at her. "I have wondered about your name." He answered Don: "She is here."

"Let me in!"

Raredan shook his head, as though Don could see him.

"I do not wish you to come in. This is a room to which I do not admit irreverent eyes."

Jennie touched his arm.

"Let me go with him," she pleaded softly. "We'll go away."

Raredan smiled down at her.

"There are things I wish you to see," he replied firmly. "It will do him no smallest harm to wait outside." He spoke through the door again. "Wait where you are, oh, boy who did not know she was beautiful!" he directed amiably. "She will return to you soon."

"I'll bust this door!" Don threatened

"Let me urge you not to be so rash," Raredan replied; and there was a chill in his tone. Don hesitated, then called again, "Jennie, are you all right?"

Raredan glanced toward her.

"Calm him," he suggested; and Jennie, the compulsion of Raredan's eyes upon her, raised her voice: "I'm all right, Don."

They listened, and heard him draw off, his very footsteps sullen. He called once, "You don't act as though you wanted to come."

Raredan laughed aloud at that.

"Eh, the lad's jealous of me!" he cried, and shouted through the door: "Wait outside, boy! It will cool your blood." He turned to Jennie, offered her his hand. "Come," he suggested.

She put her hands behind her.

"Where?"

He smiled.

"It was only a manner of speech." He looked around the studio. "I wished you to see these pictures I have made. No one had seen them before you; perhaps no one else will ever see them. Sometimes I think they were better in the fire."

Her eyes followed his; and after a moment she said softly, "No, no! They are too beautiful."

"There are hours when I find beauty in them," Raredan assented. "Perhaps it is because of your coming, but this is one of the hours. If you will not let me guide you, go alone. Look your fill of them."

The world knows now that these canvases of Raredan's were worth seeing. Of the eleven that then hung there, three he subsequently destroyed, replacing them with four others which in a passion of labor he produced during the summer then beginning, and the early fall. Each canvas may be said to represent a mood of the sea. Jennie, moving slowly from one of them to another, felt her pulses pounding at their beauty and the truth in them; felt her cheeks crimson, too; for being what she was, she was not accustomed to the license that art bestows upon its followers; and the female figures that appear in each one of Raredan's paintings, beautiful as they are, are, nevertheless, as innocent of clothing as sea maidens may be expected to be.

"Take Her Home, Boy; But Remember, She Is Beautiful. Boys Who Cannot See Beauty Do Not Deserve It"

The first one that caught her eye was a perfectly recognizable portrait of one of the Pigs; a round-backed rock, half awash in swirling water through which the green of rockweed could be seen. The sea in the background was calm, lifting only to a slow swell; the sky was a pale blue, and the sunlight bathed all the scene. Atop the wet rock a girl lay, her hands beneath her head, one white knee raised. In another it was as though from an eminence the eye gazed into a pit where water boiled. Jennie herself had often looked down from the bowlders along the Head into just such a turmoil of granite-tortured sea. A nymph, her white limbs faintly blurred by the refraction of the water, swam with the mounting current. In a third she saw the stretch of beach where Don's dory had always lain, but the dory was not there. Fog hung low and heavy; and in this fog rocks took strange shapes and acquired almost human contours. Beneath the fog the tide stole in like oil, steaming faintly, its surface scummed with drift.

A girl stood in the water, the marble of her skin stained by this scum that she washed away, splashing water upon herself with an open hand. In another of the canvases Jennie perceived herself; herself in every line. She saw herself swimming, fighting up the crest of a wave about to break over her head; her face was turned fully to the view. It was, indeed, her countenance; but radiant and glorified. She shrank a little from this painting, and Raredan at her side murmured, "Yes! You remember I warned you that I had painted you so." Jennie, cheeks and throat all crimson, turned away.

That one of the canvases which held her longest, as it must hold any eye, was the one that came later to be called Storm. It pictures a single gigantic wave, breaking at the top; the point of view is that of a man, immeasurably minute, in the trough and about to be overwhelmed. The water, a stormy green and blue, rises up and up interminably, its surface streaked with lines of foam that are distorted by the mighty forces all apparent there. At the top the wave curves toward the eye as venomously as the neck of a snake about to strike. Raredan had caught it at the moment when the crest, about to break in an overwhelming cataract, hangs imminent and ready to descend with a crushing and relentless blow. And here, as in each of the others, there is a human figure; the figure of a woman racked by the storm. She is the helpless and unresisting prey of the waters; you perceive that she is dead. There is crimson across her cheek and throat; and one leg is bent at an unnatural angle as though it might have been broken when she was thrown against some outer ledge. Jennie, confronting this terrific canvas, found herself unable to speak; her hands flew to her throat and she trembled.

She forgot Raredan was near until he touched her shoulder lightly, and said in a natural tone, "Enough! It is not pleasant to look too long at that one." He sought to reassure her by reducing it to a matter of mechanics and technique. "I got that by crouching against the outer wall of the light, lashed fast, while a southerly storm drove such waves as that over and over me. Near drowning, I was, that day; but after half an hour of it, I had the thing all in my eye."

"It's terrible!" she whispered.

"Eh, yes; but beautiful," he replied.

She turned almost with relief to the next. This was the sea in winter, sullen and still. In the foreground the ice-sheathed top of the ledge on which the light stood; beyond, far as the eye could reach, black water with drifting ice all across it. A little ways off, upon a lower ledge where small ice floes had piled, a girl crouched with her arms about her knees and her hair like a cloak against the cold. It seemed to Jennie that the girl's very skin was blue with cold; she felt in her own person the bite and burn of it, and the ache of it, as it reached her bones. Raredan drew her on to another; just a lovely summer day, with low clouds white as snow and the sails of a schooner yacht in the near distance, while in the foreground a sea maiden rose head and shoulders out of water, peering furtively across the whitecaps to watch the yacht's passage. There was something so impudently inquisitive in the poise of the maiden's head that Jennie laughed in spite of herself, or forgetful of herself; and Raredan may have been stung by her laughter, for this is one of the canvases that he later destroyed. At any rate, he was sufficiently moved so that he drew her attention to himself.

"Enough," he said. "You have looked long enough. Come and let us talk together for a little while before you go."

"Go?" she echoed, groping back to reality. "Yes, I ought to go."

"Or the boy will weary of his waiting," he smiled. "But you will some day come again to me." He saw that she was on guard. "Why are you afraid of me?" he asked.

"I am not—wholly afraid," she confessed.

He laughed like a boy, sat down by the hearth and stirred some bits of wood together there and set a match to them. She felt herself drawn toward him; stood opposite, by the mantel end, and looked down at his black hair.

"I'm not worth being afraid of," he said, looking up at her. "Natural, that's all. King's Cove folks don't like me; but I can't blame them. Birds destroy a strange bird; beasts turn against the stranger. Why not man? And I am more unusual than most men. This is not vanity; just knowledge. No man like me could be expected to choose such a life as this; no woman, unless she loved greatly, could endure it." His eyes faintly clouded as though with memories, and she felt her heart weep for him. "Yet I love it," he cried. "I am happy here, moving to and fro, coming and going, dabbling in my oils. And I'm beginning to know the heart of the sea, Jennie!" He repeated her name as though he relished it. "Jennie, my hand is laid on the pulse of the sea." He pointed around the walls. "Is it not so?"

"Your pictures are beautiful," she said simply.

He looked up at her challengingly.

"Why?"

"I don't know. They seem so, to me. I love the sea too"

"Ah, Jennie," he laughed, "I'm afraid you're a simple soul. Born in King's Cove, were you?"

"Yes." *(Continued on Page 82)*

Then the White Boat, Slowly Spinning, Sliding Up One Wave and Down the Next, Yielded Itself to the Forces of Wind and Tide

OH, DOCTOR!

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XIV

HE AWOKE the next morning in a state of what he carefully described to himself as continuous cerebral activity following on external stimulus. Aunt Beulah, later on, put it more simply. She said he had become so tired of himself day after day that he was having the fantods, a diagnosis he neither relished nor accepted.

Still later, Seaver spread in interested quarters a rumor—never reaching its subject—that he was worried about something, adding that worry was bad even for the strong. This was the day that his three solicitous friends called upon Rufus Billop in rapid succession. They hoped to learn that Seaver had been unduly concerned.

The day began with Rufus being sulky over his breakfast. He knew he was sulky and rather rejoiced in it. Men were the superior race; to be gruff and taciturn was their probably exclusive privilege. His mood persisted while Miss Hicks arranged fresh poinsettias in the green bowl and yellow jasmine in a glass vase. He noted that her coloring went pleasingly with both flowers, then reflected that she would know this herself even better than he.

She was cheerful this morning, undashed by printed pessimism. Contrary to her custom, she flung him several careless remarks, of which he took scant notice. She was too much like a mother sparing little words to a sick child. Sulkily and quite furtively he watched her operations with the damp dust cloth. She had begun her usual careless humming, quite as if no savant had ever published the weakness, levity and double-dealing of her unbeautiful sex. He had a savage impulse to tell her bluntly that she had been evolved in Central Asia from an arboreal ape, probably a gibbon, and this at a date comparatively recent. But it was likely this would not abash her. Probably she would say it was just like him. He had already learned to shun the deductive method in his study of her. He felt a scientific yearning to be inside her brain for an hour. Yet even there he would find only confusion.

She came to run the cloth over his table. On it lay the volume of Schopenhauer. Her movements slowed. Very carefully she wiped the dust from around it, going close to the book's edges, but not touching them. She looked to him from the book and back again, running her cloth aimlessly over the polished top of the table. This was an overture; he ignored it. He appeared to have other things on his mind.

Observing she was not met at least halfway, the girl at last took up the book, pretending that it needed her cloth. She wiped both sides with excessive care. In wiping the edges she permitted the book to fall open as if by accident. This subterfuge had no merit. As he continued to ignore her, she idly turned the leaves. Then she vocalized the sniffing sound he had heard from her the day she came, the sound that "Humph!" renders as inaccurately as ever the human side face was rendered in early Egyptian portraiture. She, after a moment of silence, repeated this meaningful sound. The watcher was still mute, still a furtive watcher. She read chapter headings from the book—On the Sufferings of the World, On the Vanity of Existence, On Women.

"I should think so! On women, indeed!" The sniff ensued. "And here's one that must be good—On Suicide. I suppose he recommends it, the grouchy old bachelor!"

He was directly addressed; to ignore was no longer graceful.

"I think he doesn't exactly recommend it. He merely denies that it's a crime. He says it's an experiment—rather a clumsy one."

He was thinking, "So she was affected by that blast after all! She's been looking up Schopenhauer, or how would she know he was a bachelor?"

She closed the book decisively. "He's welcome to his old experiments." She moved away, paused at a sudden thought. "I'll never go to that delicatessen place again. He's probably a cousin or something."

He stared blankly at her, then recalled her curious trade item of the day before. Her brain pattern must be not only complex but entirely without a design; nothing humanly delineable. He would be lost in its mazes. She had her being in another world from his; probably all women did. The worlds might interpenetrate, but there would be no contact, no direct communication.

"I'd Think You'd Want to Get a Night Off Now and Then, Move Out and Mix a Bit Where the Mixing's Good"

It was then that Aunt Beulah found him in the state she so crudely outlined. She hoped he would pull out of it, with Miss Hicks to nurse him.

"And I'm right glad that that Miss Schultz ain't here yet any more," she confided. "I just know this girl will work wonders with you. And she's so young and pretty—not at all a flouncer. I never could have stood a flouncer."

"I'm all right," he mournfully assured her. "I'm feeling better than I have any right to feel after the years of sickness I've gone through. But, Aunt Beulah"—he became solemn—"I want to ask you something. Are women all—well, you know—queer, or queerish? Have they always been so? Was my own mother so?"

"You talk like a child," she retorted. "It's only the queerishness of men that makes women seem queer. Don't you suppose women think men are queer—even if they don't go around blabbing it to all comers?"

"But doesn't a man ever get to understand them, so he no longer thinks they're queer?"

Aunt Beulah shifted her weight to the other foot, placed a hand on a broadened hip and delicately twitched a lock of the very yellow hair into place above one ear, regarding him the while with an amiable yet secretive eye.

"Some men think they get there," she said. "But they're up-and-coming men. They can't do it by staying in bed and taking medicine from a doctor that thinks he's all seven pillars of the house of wisdom. Why don't you get up and find out a few things for yourself?"

"I sat out in the court two hours yesterday," he offered, "and felt really better for it. I was even hungry last night."

"You reckless thing!" said Aunt Beulah. She chuckled, visibly, to her waist. "But you'll do worse if you keep on thinking of the fair sex, as they sometimes call us."

She went out with a grim smile. He had never before seen anything grim in her, and she had left him back in his maze. Her own queerness was right there, close up under her fair skin. She was probably as queer as the other one.

It was at this juncture of bafflement—Aunt Beulah a baffler!—that Seaver found him and became so puzzled that he must report to his clients at an informal meeting in the office of G. W. Clinch, Real Estate Dealer.

"Some change taking place," he told them. "I can't make out what. He's worried, but it isn't a worry that depresses. It seems to elevate him. He gabbles like a fever patient. I thought he really had a temperature till I found out different. He could hardly keep still long enough for it. I was afraid he'd burst out again and bite the glass in two."

"Talked like a man with a couple of drinks ahead," suggested Mr. Clinch.

"Exactly—but on some intoxicant that isn't alcoholic."

"What more natural?" demanded Mr. McIntosh. "I told ye all! Inebriated he is by that dewy wild rose that's clutched her tendrils about his withered carcass. He's taking notice."

"Not a sign of it," said Seaver with decision. "His gabble is not of her, and he pays her less attention than he would any of you. I tell you he doesn't know she's there. All he does know is that someone brings him things. And for that matter, she doesn't know he's there. If he was taking notice, wouldn't you catch him looking with those queer burnt-out eyes of his? Wouldn't you see it in the look, if it was only half a second long? Of course you would! And if anything was between them, wouldn't you feel it, sitting there with both in the room? Nothing more's between them than between this office and that real-estate place across the street."

"Mighty little business that dump is doing," observed Clinch, diverted for the moment by this comparison.

"Something keeps telling me ——" began Mr. Peck. He considered briefly. "That little maid is secretive; you can't be sure about her. And he's secretive—did that ever occur to you? Both of them—tighter than new drums—about as outgiving as"—old Mr. Peck labored for a telling symbol of reticence—"as the Pacific Ocean on a ca'm day; not a breath moving, not a ripple; but think of the doings down below!"

They regarded each other, struck by this unwonted fluency in Mr. Peck.

"Not a chance," said Seaver at last.

"But what does he gabble about?" Mr. McIntosh wanted to know. "What would be the text of his discourse?"

"Practically everything," answered Seaver with a despairing gesture. "Men, women, the brute beasts, creation at large, sociology, biology, scientific materialism and the erratic manifestations of the good old human mind as formed by God Almighty, in whom he supremely disbelieves."

"Not an atheist—impossible!" McIntosh was shocked. The intimation was that he might now have little concern about the health of Rufus Billop had this information not been kept from him.

"Worse," said Seaver. "He's a regular Scotch Presbyterian atheist. You should hear him spout about free will and determinism!

"He was going good this morning. Was I a mechanist or a vitalist? If so, why? Did I regard the organism as a machine controlled exclusively by physico-chemical laws, or did I think it had some directive force of a nonmaterial nature unknown to science?"

"But, man, he needs only a bit of calm arguing with," broke in Mr. McIntosh. "It's more than possible I could sit down with the lad quietly—say, the two of us some fine afternoon ——"

"Don't try it," warned Seaver. "You don't know where he'd have you in twenty minutes, and he'd do the talking. It would be talking. He doesn't stoop to argument."

"Two could play at that game," urged Mr. McIntosh, very plainly holding back convictions of his own prowess.

"What's it all about, anyway?" demanded Clinch.

"About that," explained Seaver. "Free will—whether he can do what he wants to; or determinism—whether he has to do precisely what he does today because of what he did the day he was ten years old, or, for that matter, because of what some ape ancestor did on a certain day a million years ago. What's really bothering him—at least, all I could make out—he wants to know if he's being swept along some certain course because he was fated to be from the beginning, or is it something he can beat if he fights hard enough."

"Man, oh, man!" The thin lips of Mr. McIntosh worked eloquently. "If I could have but a moment's talk with him! The doctrine of predestination ——"

"Hey, Mac! Muffle down!"

Mr. Clinch gave this order commandingly, then his tone fell to pleading. "This is serious. We got no time for sermons." He turned to Seaver. "Well, what is this course he thinks he's being swept along because mebbe he can't help himself?"

"That's to find out. Our friend here with the lust for religious controversy still lighting his gloomy eyes"—he indicated Mr. McIntosh—"suggests it's the girl, but I can assure you she's not one of his troubles. I can see pretty deep into that water of Peck's ocean. Well, then, what else? I'd have suspected, myself, that he was trying to decide whether he had to die because it was predetermined before he was even a monkey, or whether he could stiffen up enough free will to fight it off for ——"

"I tell ye, it's all been settled," broke in the still unquelled McIntosh. "I could prove to him ——"

"But it doesn't seem to be his health at all," continued Seaver, ignoring the interruption. "You'd be surprised to see how he's forgotten about his health—no new symptoms, no telling me where he felt queer yesterday, no asking if I don't think his diet is too rich in proteins, no asking me to look at his tongue. This morning he was irritated when I put the thermometer in his mouth, and always before he's been like a big-eyed kid you're working a new toy for. I'm puzzled, and I say so. No good pretending."

"Right you are, Doc; never pretend while we got a cool six hundred thousand at stake." Mr. Clinch hereupon frowned in deep thought

"A cool six hundred and fifty thousand," corrected Mr. Peck

"It may be warm before we get it," suggested Mr. McIntosh gloomily. "It may even be hot. And not forgetting the mere bagatelle of one hundred thousand"—this sarcasm grated on Mr. Peck, who winced—"that we may have seen the last of," concluded the speaker.

"Anyway, you men know as much as I do," said Seaver, rising "He's in a strange state of mind. I don't guess the cause, and I'm not sure if it's helping to win or helping to lose your money. I'll tell you more about it a week from now. That's certain; what goes up must come down—or keep on going up."

"Mebbe I better run out and take a look at the lad," suggested Clinch. "I ain't a doctor, and I don't know what this determination means, and I'd like to see some wise guy teach me out of a book that I ain't got a perfectly free will of my own. But I got an eye for men, just the same, or I wouldn't have been breaking even in this game for thirty years—breaking even, eh?" He paused to give this absurd understatement its rightful humorous values. "So mebbe after a little man-to-man chat with the boy I'll have the right steer for you."

Seaver shrugged wearily.

"Go to it," he urged. "I've talked till I'm hoarse."

Paramus Peck, dealer in high-class securities, now spoke up.

"I may do the same," he admitted. "I been seventy-nine years learning not to distrust my God-given intuitions."

"I'd terribly like to present a few phases of sound doctrine to the bewildered lad," admitted Mr. McIntosh. He was eager with pure benevolence.

"Go on, all of you," urged Seaver. "Heckle him, nag him, wear him down. You're doing it on your own money—not mine."

So it befell this day that Rufus Billop was gratified by the calls of his three solicitous friends—those careless, kind old Westerners who had so warmly interested themselves in his well-being after a hearty fashion that promised in the end to have been sheer, costly benevolence. So it befell, too, that he was further instructed in the devious ways of women, acquiring data of amazing significance upon which to brood himself deeper into the gulch of bewilderment where he floundered.

Mr. McIntosh and Mr. Peck arrived almost simultaneously, though the former had preceded the latter by enough time to make his host especially glad when Mr. Peck came. For Mr. McIntosh had, after but scant ceremonies of greeting, plunged into an exposition of Calvinistic tenets with a fervor indicating that he meant to be exhaustive. His listener, at first puzzled, became alarmed. Mr. McIntosh was a charming old gentleman, careless with his money, and had given every proof of sincere devotion. He was not a man to be lightly hurt or even dismayed. Yet he was naïvely uttering truisms based upon a doctrine long outmoded, and absurdly postulating that his hearer and himself stood, in starting, upon the same basic foundation. They might differ for the moment in details of structure, but not upon fundamentals. It was plainly the old man's intention that even their variance in superstructure should endure for not more than the moment.

He must not be lightly hurt; he could not be told that he was the anomaly of an early idolater expounding an early theology to the fine flowering of twentieth-century science. He was too old to be instructed, too kindly to be affronted, yet within five minutes he had become stifling. His listener was already squirming under the sharp glance and the rapid fire of outworn patter. He could only murmur, "Yes, yes!" when infrequent periods were come to.

"And now you'll be saying 'What of the Westminster Catechism?'" declared the old man—with a confidence quite baseless. "You'll be wanting your memory refreshed, no doubt. Very well! Very well!" Back of his bright eyes he implacably prepared the refreshment and drew a long breath for its bestowal. "Now, firstly, we'll be taking that particular clause or section dealing with the foreordination of God's creatures and the apparently mysterious, not to say illogical—at first glance—conclusions imperatively to be drawn from ——"

(Continued on Page 70)

At Last He Seized an End of the Bone and Reverted to Primitive Simplicities. He Would Show Miss Hicks or Anyone Else

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Overdue Legal Reforms

MARK TWAIN'S observation that people are forever talking about the weather, but never seem to do anything about it, fairly expresses the average layman's sentiments in regard to the widely heralded programs of the various bar associations that have undertaken the task of simplifying the administration of the law, speeding up its processes and putting our courts upon a more efficient basis. A veritable Niagara of legal brain power has been put to harness for the work, and yet it somehow fails to turn the wheels of reform with perceptible velocity.

Only the rashest of laymen will undertake to tell the lawyers how to do their work. They must be content to ask them to get on with it and to unleash their specialized knowledge upon the specialized job that lies before them. The law is a venerable organism. Its taproots run down into ancient history. Many of its seeming eccentricities have behind them valid reasons and basic principles that were set up only after centuries of study enriched by generations of practical human experience. Unless proposed reforms are to hold greater possibilities of danger than promises of improvement they must be initiated by very cautious and very learned men. Lawyers, however, are used to working for other people. They get a living endeavoring to bring about those results and conditions that their clients desire; wherefore there is no presumption in naming certain ends whose attainment seems desirable and calling upon the legal fraternity to secure them.

In the field of criminal law a notable weakness is revealed by the frequent powerlessness of the state to protect its citizens from evildoers. This condition arises from the fact that the rights of the individual are overprotected, while those of his fellow citizens in the mass are not enough protected. In criminal cases the state has no appeal. The commonwealth is often at the mercy of a mushy, an emotional or an improperly influenced jury. Under the Constitution the accused may not be required to testify against himself. Except in circumstances of comparative rarity, his books of account and his private papers may not be used against him. There are even strict limitations upon the power of the Federal Government to use a taxpayer's books to prove that he has made fraudulent returns. Moreover, countless loopholes through which the guilty may escape increase the difficulties of successful prosecution even when all the evidence appears to warrant a verdict for the state.

As has been aptly said, the English law, from which ours derives, was developed by a race of fox-hunting judges and lawyers who believed in giving the quarry a sporting chance, whether it was a fox in the field or a prisoner at the bar. This was right and proper a hundred and fifty years ago, when they thought nothing of hanging a pretty maidservant at Tyburn for stealing a few shillings' worth of finery; but in the century and a half last past the severity of the law has been immeasurably softened. The list of capital offenses has dwindled from a hundred or more to three or four. And yet all the time we have been so careful to safeguard the rights of the accused that the rights of the people as a whole have materially suffered.

It is now the accuser rather than the accused who deserves a hearing when he asks that the state be given a sporting chance to enforce its laws for the protection of its own citizens. Lawyer and layman alike should remember that we are now living in the age of Warren the First. George the Third has been dead a long, long time. Safeguards that were vital to George's subjects in 1776 are not vital to law-abiding American citizens in 1923. Why should we not consider clearing away some of these legal barbed-wire entanglements that the innocent do not need and the guilty should not have?

All authorities agree that certainty of punishment is far more effective for the suppression of crime than mere severity of penalty. Unfortunately, the punishment of crime in this country is so very uncertain that the hazards of a criminal career are amazingly small. The shortcomings of our law enforcement are so grave and so well known that they are not likely to be overlooked by those who are endeavoring to bring about a better state of affairs.

In a country as large as the United States it cannot be expected that any generalization about our courts or our judicial system can hold good for every state or for every county. And yet, speaking broadly, it is safe to say that our legal processes, whether civil or criminal, consume altogether too much time. In many jurisdictions actions are not brought to trial nearly so promptly as they should be. In some regions the courts are too few; in others the judges are so far behind that they can never hope to catch up; here the toleration of needlessly long examinations and arguments swells the calendar; there we have living proof that the indolent and complacent judge is not yet an extinct animal.

Actions should be brought before the court more speedily and tried with greater dispatch. Judges should waste neither their own time nor that of litigants; nor should they permit counsel to fritter away precious hours by tactics that are clearly obstructive or by methods that are employed solely because they kill time that clients must eventually pay for.

Continuances should be granted much more sparingly than they are, and they should be curtly denied when asked for on grounds that are obviously frivolous or fictitious. A general tightening up of proceedings all along the line would work for material betterment of existing conditions. It is easily within the power of the bench to improve matters signally, though the coöperation of the bar is essential if maximal results are to be obtained.

To lay critics of the law there is nothing more irritating than those mysterious quirks called technicalities which so often cause cases to be decided in a manner that appears to be contrary to evidence, to statute and to common sense. Technicalities appear to be the thorns and brambles that choke the paths of justice. Many of them are just that and nothing more. Others are monuments and landmarks of inestimable value that were gradually set up after generations of close reasoning squared by experience of the most varied sort. Let us, then, ask our reformers to root out as many briers and brambles as possible, but take very good care not to move any of the ancient landmarks on which our very lives and liberties may one day depend. The lawyers should know better than we which are which.

As long as old men can remember, the lawyers have been telling us how much more efficiently justice is administered in England than it is in the United States. Many leaders of the American bar have made careful studies of English methods and have hailed them as models which we might, with some modifications, profitably copy. No professional secrets enter into these methods. Any properly accredited member of the bar who chooses to go to England can study them to his heart's content. Certainly scores and probably hundreds have already done so. Why, then, with the formula in our hands, have we been so incredibly slow, we hundred million hustlers, to adopt a system that everyone tells us is so superior to our own?

The answer is to be found, not in material or constitutional obstacles but in the inertia of our practitioners at the bar. Their inertia is that of all professional men whose activities are governed by custom, precedent, tradition and ancient example. Few men willingly change their modes of doing business unless it can be clearly demonstrated to them that they will be well repaid for the inconvenience involved. Show a manufacturer a new way to make his product at a lower price without sacrifice of quality, and he will look and listen. He may even change over. The prospect of increased profit is a valid and an appealing motive. Teach him a method that is intrinsically better or more scientific but which is no cheaper and gives results no more valuable, and he will go on as before.

So with the lawyers. They are invited to do business in a new way, a way that does not promise to be any more profitable than the old. Indeed, it looks as if it would be less profitable. Is it to be wondered at, then, if the lawyers keep their enthusiasm for it under perfect control?

Raising the Icon

AS A PEOPLE the Russians are deeply religious, but the Soviet Government stands openly for atheism. In answer to objections that had been raised to antireligious propaganda, Zinoviev, chairman of the executive committee of the Third International, recently said: "In our program we do not declare war against honest or religious workmen, but our program is based on scientific materialism, which includes unconditionally the necessity of propagating atheism. Certainly, however, antireligious propaganda must be carried on wisely."

It may very well be that the end of the present régime in Russia will result from the attack of the Bolsheviks on the faith of the people. The closing days of the Terror in France afford a close parallel. Robespierre's death followed the substitution of reason for religion. After "the scraggiest Prophetic Discourse ever uttered by man"—to quote Carlyle—"Robespierre, frizzled and powdered to perfection, applied the torch to a pasteboard effigy of Atheism, and a statue of Wisdom, mechanically assisted, rose from the flames." The new religion had been evolved, but it was not long before the head of its inventor lay in the basket, and the revival of worship coincided with the elimination of the revolutionists.

Despite the official attitude, there has been a strong religious reaction in Russia recently, directed not only toward the revival of worship but at the patriarchal hierarchy. The established heads of the church have been dispossessed, and a committee of ten has been put in charge, with power to reconstruct the church along more liberal and modern lines. The new control is openly anticzarist, and is following a policy of coöperation with the Soviet Government. It has not seriously opposed the confiscation of church treasure for state purposes. Back of it, however, is the reawakening faith of the Russian race. Today the icon is back on the wall. Press dispatches some weeks ago told of the thousands of devout worshipers who gathered about the Kremlin in Moscow on the occasion of a religious festival. To those who thus knelt and prayed it did not matter that the holy buildings housed the servants of Soviet officialdom. To them the Kremlin was still the temple of God, and perhaps the money changers, who now tenant it, saw in the serious throngs evidence of a growing assertiveness. At any rate the members of the Communist Party, who have always made that feast day the occasion for a parade to express their unbelief, were ordered to stay at home.

Man is long-suffering with those who wreck his material well-being in the name of social reform, but he is quickly moved to wrath when violent hands are laid on his faith.

THE GENESIS OF THE WAR

XXIV

Sir Edward Grey's Peace Efforts

Part I

By Herbert H. Asquith

Former Prime Minister of Great Britain

TO FIX the ultimate responsibility for the war a study of the officially published diplomatic correspondence is in itself still sufficient. The dispatches reveal with a dramatic interest rarely attained by such papers the motives, emotions and designs of the Central Powers, which were sweeping them, in spite of all the efforts of all the peacemakers, towards the catastrophe of which Sir Edward Grey warned the world. Blue-books are commonly supposed to be dry-as-dust, but the note of impending tragedy running through this collection of diplomatic documents presented to Parliament at the time, appeals to the deepest instincts of the reader. Considerable additions have since come to light to the notes and dispatches which rushed so rapidly across Europe, and have filled in the pictures with fresh lights and shades. But they have left even less doubt than existed before as to the true apportionment of responsibility.

Sir Edward Grey, as soon as he learned the terms of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, initiated mediatory negotiations.

The merits of the dispute between the two countries were not the concern of His Majesty's Government. He "concerned himself with the matter simply and solely from the point of view of the peace of Europe." To maintain peace was the object on which he concentrated his unswerving and unflagging efforts. He pursued it from first to last with unsurpassed patience and assiduity.

Complaint was made in Berlin that the British minister did nothing to localize the conflict. That was the professed object of Germany. Her demand implied nothing less than that in future Austria alone was to have any effective say in the Balkans. Russia was faced with the alternative either to submit, as she had submitted two years before, or to prevent the subjugation of a state in whose interests she was intimately concerned. If she intervened by arms she was to be resisted by Austria's ally. As Sir Edward Grey said:

> The moment the dispute ceases to be one between Austro-Hungary and Serbia and becomes one in which another great power is involved, it can but end in the greatest catastrophe that has ever befallen the Continent at one blow.

His single aim was to avert that catastrophe.

Bethmann-Hollweg has since alleged that Germany "earnestly advocated in Vienna the acceptance of the mediation desired by Grey, and in spite of the strongest pressure, failed."

Kautsky, after his examination of the documents in the Berlin Foreign Office, asserts:

> Austria rejected all mediation proposals that were made, none of which emanated from Germany. The latter was satisfied with simply transmitting the proposals of others, or else refusing them at the very outset as incompatible with Austria's independence. Even the most urgent questioning could not lure a proposal from her, whilst England and Russia vied with each other in trying to find a way out of the muddle.

Szögyèny, the Austrian ambassador at Berlin, telegraphs to Berchtold:

> State Secretary declared to me explicitly in strict confidence that England's proposals for mediation would very shortly be brought to the cognizance of Your Excellency by the German Government. The German Government most explicitly states that it in no way identifies itself with these proposals, is even decidedly against their consideration, and transmits them only in deference to the request of England.

Once more the aged ambassador, at a later date and when the war was in progress, was given the lie. Bethmann-Hollweg and Jagow both declared to a commission that his dispatch could not possibly be correct. This is on a par with their repudiation of his account of the Kaiser's reply to the Emperor Francis Joseph's letter on July fifth. Whatever may have been Szögyèny's age and infirmities, there is no reason to believe that he was incapable of understanding what was said to him on the most vital affairs—still less that he was capable of inventing what was deliberately untrue.

The negotiations, so familiar to most readers, require only a brief outline. On July twenty-fourth, the day after the Austrian ultimatum was delivered, Sir Edward Grey put forward the suggestion that the four powers—Germany, France, Italy and Great Britain—none of which had direct interests in Serbia, should act together for the sake of peace, simultaneously in Vienna and

(Continued on Page 93)

"It is Not a Question Between Those Who Believe in Prohibition and Those Who do Not. It is Fast Being Raised Above All That, to Recognition as an Issue Whether the Laws of This Country Can and Will be Enforced."—President Harding in His Denver Speech

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Advice to Husbands

HUSBANDS, here's the secret of connubial felicity
Try this simple recipe, it's certain to succeed
Unalloyed tranquillity and peaceful domesticity
Follow these instructions; the result is guaranteed.
If your wife should manifest a tendency toward snappiness,
Though your fond and doting spouse incline, at times,
to scrappiness,
Married life will soon become a blissful dream of
happiness.
Follow my instructions; the result is guaranteed.

Treat her rough, old scout! Treat her rough!
And you'll find she'll soon admit she's had
enough.
If your wife be temperamental
It won't pay to treat her gentle,
For a woman's tears are frequently a bluff.
Treat her rough, old bean! Treat her
rough!
They all scream, but still they like that
caveman stuff.
It will change her whole demeanor,
She'll be happier and keener,
Now and then if you should bean her.
Treat her rough!

—Flaccus.

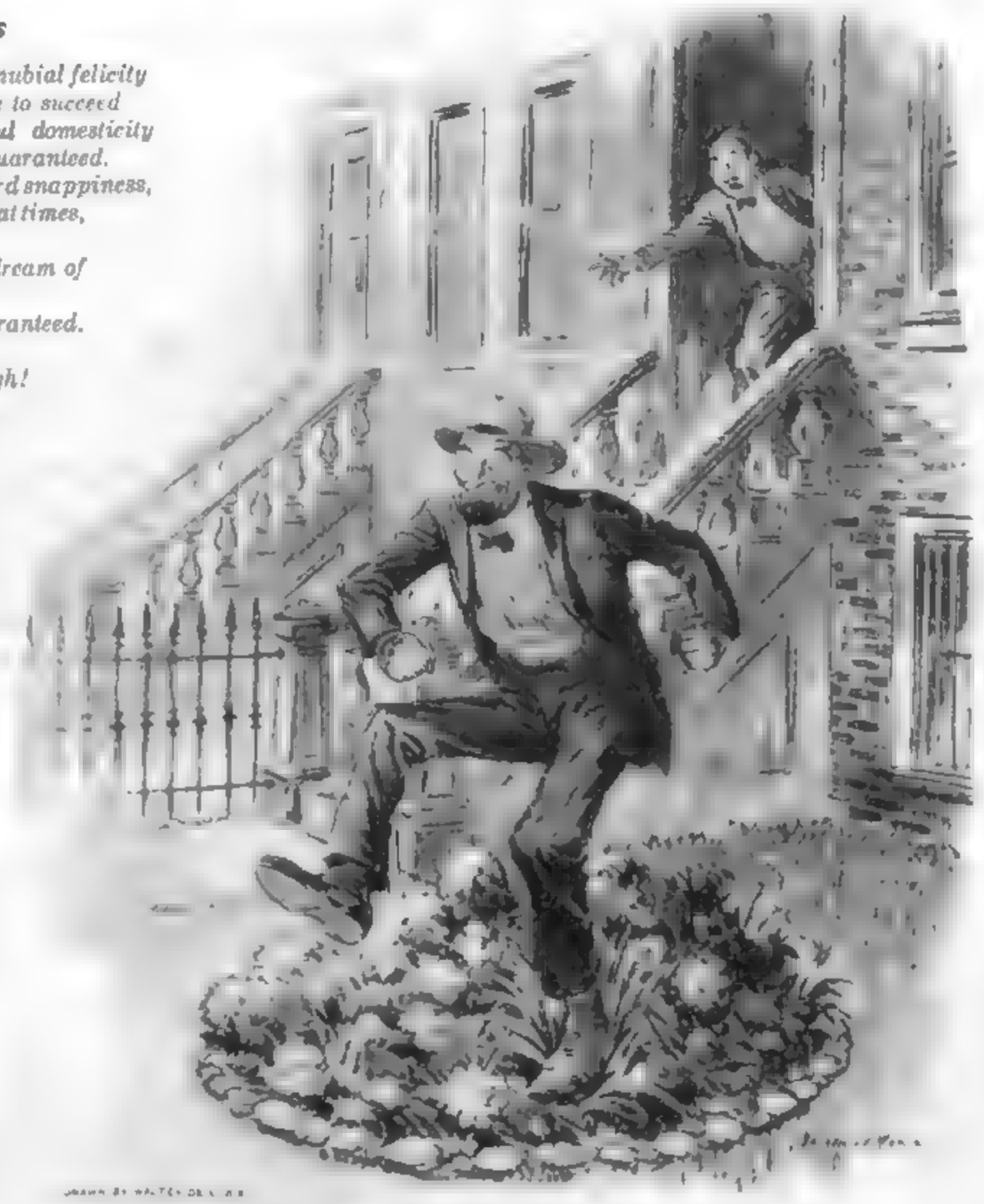
Our Bumper Literary Output

WHEN we try t' visualize th' great mountain o' literature that clogs th' drug stores, an' news depots an' cigar stands, an' bookstores, an' th' average home, we wonder where all th' paper an' ink an' press feeders an' artists an' writers come from. Most anybuddy roundin' fifty kin easily remember th' little handful o' weeklies an' monthlies that used t' be found exclusively at news stands. At th' book stores, we'd find bound volumes by an exclusive bunch o' favorites, includin' Dan Defoe, Mark Twain, Th' Duchess, George Eliot, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Hank Wood, Clark Russell, Ouida, Charley Dickens an' Alex Dumas.

Jest try t' realize th' appallin' literary output o' t'day that's testin' th' counter an' shelvin' capacity o' th' nation! Magazines devoted t' ever' activity an' fad o' th' times—magazines on reducin', golf, beauty, adventure, vulgarity, home decoratin', th' garden, swimmin' an' divin', science, unionism, capital, politics, world peace, self-made men, mystery, films, hardware, farmin', chicken raisin'—magazines gittin' away with ever'thung 'cept murder. We kin git some ideer o' th' great regiments o' writers by takin' th' number o' publications an' multiplyin' it by several thousan's. Th' cartin' away of accumulated literature in th' modern home is a fer greater problem than garbage disposal. Some homes are installin' literature incinerators.

Folks used t' git t'gether an' discuss current literature, but such a thing wouldn' be possible t'day. Th' Yellowstone National Park wouldn' hold 'em. An absolutely up-t'date news stand would require th' area of a skatin' rink. Ther's a magazine writer fer ever' mail box. In ever' town th' principal points o' interest are th' homes o' magazine writers. Th' great trouble t' contributin' t' magazines is t' select th' magazine you think you'd like to be in. Th' writer wants t' treat 'em all fair, but, Gee whop, he can't write fer all th' magazines. When a magazine editor rips open a letter containin' an article, he counts th' pages an' then calls fer th' foreman o' th' composin' room an' says, "Al, here's 2830 words; just about enough to fill that hole in th' October number. Let me know if it fits." We don't hear o' any poor, discouraged writers suicidin' in garrets any more. Most o' them may live purty fast, but none o' them wear tin insoles like they used to. But when we stop t' consider all o' th' wonderful contributions t' literature that were written behind prison bars, we must confess we've got a purty decent lot o' magazine writers. Walter Raleigh wuz in jail when he begun his great history o' th' world, Leigh Hunt wuz a prisoner when Rimini wuz written. Daniel Defoe planned Robinson Crusoe while in prison layin' out a fine, an' prob'ly would have inked it in while so confined, but ther wuzn' no pen an' ink. Ther's no longer any mystery about how th' other half o' th' world gits by. It contributes t' th' magazines.

—Abe Martin



Farmer Jones Finds the Home of the City Motorist Who Trampled Down His Rye

Love's Cycle

BOB'S in love with Nina,
Nina's stuck on Fred,
Fred is sweet on Marguerite,
And Margie's mashed on Ed!
Eddie's strong for Julia,
Julia's all for Lee,
Lee is smit with darling Kit,
But Kit likes me!

I'm a hardened sinner;
I've a crush on Nell!
Nell is gone on Algernon,
And Algy's flopped for Belle!
Belle is after Stephen,
Steve is chasing Sue,
Susie's heart is set on Art,
But Art loves Prue!

Prue is vamping Harvey—
It's a futile job.
His gifts go to dainty Flo,
And Flo's gifts go to Bob!
Thus throughout the ages,
Seer and fool have found,
With all its aches it's love that makes
The world go round!

Max Liel

Our Own Baedeker

Russia

THE tourist visiting Russia for the first time will find it useful to equip himself with the following articles of clothing: One—or more suits; a hat; shoes; shirts; underwear; and neckties—sometimes referred to as cravats. The number of neckties depends upon the personal taste of the tourist. Four is a useful number. They may be of various colors.

Russian currency may seem confusing at first, but if the traveler memorizes the following table he will experience little difficulty:

TABLE OF RUSSIAN CURRENCY

4,879,657 kopeks = 1 ruble
632,574,512 rubles = 1 American nickel

The capital of Russia is Petrograd—née St. Petersburg—but the soviet government, being opposed to capital in all forms—excepting capital punishment—meets at Moscow. Russia has had a long and tragic history, and the tourist will find the pleasure of his trip enhanced by studying it in advance.

The history of modern Russia dates from Peter the Great, who took a job in a shipyard in Holland, and then returned home and cut off all the beards in Russia. The story is too familiar to bear repetition here.

Russia, thus far, has had two successful revolutions. Mexico has her twelve down, but this is accounted for by the fact that Russia just took up the game recently. The present Russian Government—the soviet government—is a communistic autocracy. That is, the people rule, but they don't know it. The motto of the soviet government is "Red, but not dictated."

(Continued on Page 38

"It Takes an Awful Lot of Water to Fill This Tank, Dear"

All the rich tomato goodness!

The ruddy, juicy, tempting fruit, sun-ripened on the vines to delicious perfection! Made into Campbell's Tomato Soup the very day it is plucked! Each tomato washed five times in clear, pure running water! All skin, seeds and core fibre strained out from this smooth, rich puree! Golden butter, fresh from the country, blended in! The favorite soup of millions—and no wonder!

12 cents a can

ALL FOR THE LADIES

(Continued from Page 17)

that he had been able to put a million dollars behind his young son, Tenny, in an unprofitable motion-picture venture and not know the difference, except in his feelings; he had so much that he had been able to loan David Schusshel half a million dollars at a moment's notice, just like that; so much that now, when his old friend David reminded him that the loan would be due in about a week, Meyer, with great magnanimity indeed told David that there was no hurry at all about the repayment. This was while David and Meyer and Isidor Iskovitch were waiting in one of the big Guldengeld parlors for the announcement of dinner, all of them dressed in their dinner coats and sitting on furniture of the most luxurious variety; and David turned to Izzy with a wink before he replied:

"No, Meyer, you'll get it on the nail, just before your bank closes on the due date. I don't need it any more, Meyer, and I have a fine big place on Long Island that was built and improved with interest I never paid anybody."

"I believe you," laughed Meyer, the splendid unction of his voice extending even into his laugh; for he was a very hale, broad-chested old man, with all his teeth sound and white and all his whiskers as black as his eternal little skullcap. "You're not a very satisfactory man with whom to do business, David, because nobody was ever able to foreclose on you. You've been making some money these past two or three years, I am told."

"Yes." And David laid an affectionate hand on Izzy's bony knee. "I got a good general manager at last in this boy, and he's done so well I'm going to make him come into my business some way or other. Izzy's a very fine boy, Mr. Guldengeld; a good, steady, hard worker, and sober, and no bad habits at all, and a splendid business head. He has a great future before him."

"Yes, I believe you," granted Meyer, toying with the spectacles which he seldom needed, and bending on Izzy such a frankly speculative gaze that the potential magnate felt most uncomfortable. "It is very rare in these days to find a young man of ability who hasn't any bad habits at all. I shall be very glad, indeed, Mr. Iskovitch, to have you meet my little granddaughter, Miriam."

Izzy, to whom intrigue and the undertows of motive and purpose were of everyday routine, suddenly understood why he had been invited to this dinner, and cast an accusing glance at David; meeting in his benevolent yellow eye such beaming regard, however, that the reproof died swiftly and only amusement was left—and then came Miriam.

She was a slim girl of about nineteen, with bobbed hair and a many-toothed smile; and her good looks were composed entirely of youth, except for her big, lustrous black eyes, which gazed easily enough at the strangers in the room as she paused in the doorway for a moment, all stiff and prinkly in her outstanding baby-pink taffeta evening gown, with a big baby-blue bow flaring from one slim hip.

"This is the only little granddaughter I have," said Meyer proudly as he introduced her; "and she is our hostess this evening, for the rest of the family are East. Miriam has just returned from finishing school, and she comes back to her grandpapa a flapper! What do you think of that, David?"

There was such keen delight in him that a granddaughter of his should be a modern flapper that David laughed and Izzy grinned as he compared her shy diffidence with the flappers he knew in the picture business. Then her wistfulness, as she lifted those big black eyes to his, won him as would any appealing child; but she was a child.

The girls of nineteen whom he knew were women, and it was with an almost condescending tone that he said: "It took a lot of centuries to bring flappers into the world, but they are worth waiting for." He was proud of himself for that neat speech until he met the beaming approval in the eyes of the two old gentlemen, when he was attacked by a sudden diffidence.

The butler! Dinner! Miriam's slim hand slipped into the arm of David Schusshel, and Izzy followed with Meyer Guldengeld, minding his p's and q's most carefully amidst all this magnificence; for though the M. P. C. had been building expensive interiors in the past few years, this big and richly decorated mansion was somehow far different from a movie set. It would be fine to own a place like this, fine to be part of it, and there was a thrill in the thought that he might be an acceptable candidate for admission into this family. He, Izzy, of the tribe of Iskovitch; the poor Iskovitches, who had been poor through all the generations; and a sudden surge of tribal pride came to him that it should be his lot to lead them up out of their obscurity. Already he had come far to have such rich friends as the Guldengelds, and he was determined that they should remain his friends; for, no matter how well you're doing in your own business, rich friends are always good to have.

Hot dog! Such magnificence, such luxury, such style! And no make-believe about it, either, like on a set; it was real; and the flunkies weren't just pretending to be obsequious and deft, but were. Genuine gold plate on the table, a gold platter under his very soup! Why, those soup-service platters must be worth a couple hundred dollars apiece! Oh, well, these were things to come when he had his own good business; and in the meantime, if they thought they could catch Isidor Iskovitch napping they were mistaken. He knew how to handle all the tools before him. He'd been at enough banquets in the past few years to be at good ease in front of any sort of food, and Prue had taught him very carefully all that he hadn't picked up by observation. Prue! The thought of her threw him into sudden abstraction; but presently, looking up, he met the swiftly retiring smile of Miriam, and bent himself again to his p's and q's; the entire alphabet, in fact, for language was the most difficult of all polish to acquire. To save him, when he became concentrated or excited the "ain'ts" and "gottas" of his youth and breed would overtake him and claim him for their own. Easy enough to remember, however, with the gaze of little Miriam constantly turning to him, for in spite of her diffidence, he was aware that he was under the critical eye of a fashionably trained young lady. With this knowledge on his part, well may the tribe of Iskovitch trust him!

But later, in the music room, where they had their coffee, some of the strain was off; for they had no sooner seated themselves, with the assistance of the liveried flunkies, than Meyer Guldengeld, who seemed to have a growing fancy for Izzy, turned to his granddaughter with "Shall we have some music, Miriam?"

"Yes, grandpa, if you like," smiled Miriam; and going to the carved satinwood grand piano, accompanied by Izzy, who knew his duty from many a well-directed scene, she struck into her best piece—Liszt's Second Rhapsody, very, very impresive in the impressive passages, very, very soft in the pianissimo, very, very loud in the crescendo, and very, very passionate in the passion passages.

She had scarcely started, however, when David, from his seat near Meyer, called over, "Say, Izzy, Mr. Guldengeld wants to know how much we grossed on The Breaking Point."

"Excuse me, please," said Izzy to the artist, and she flashed up at him her many-toothed smile of perfect complaisance, and dropped her black-eyed gaze as she met his. Then he went over and sat by Meyer and David and reported quite accurately the grossage on The Breaking Point; and it was a man's party.

"Well, if you say it, it's so," conceded Meyer reluctantly, spreading a jeweled hand thoughtfully on his black whiskers; "but when I read figures like that I don't believe them."

"You're not used to it, Meyer," chuckled David. "The George B. Luna Studios, Incorporated, hasn't grossed that much on a picture for years, I guess."

"The George B. Luna Studios, Incorporated, is doing a very fine business," stoutly maintained Meyer, his black brows contracting as he saw the grin on the still youthfully curved lips of Isidor Iskovitch; and, in truth, this was a sore matter with Mr. Guldengeld, whose youngest son Tenny, the baby of the family, had not turned out to be the genius his father had fondly anticipated. "It isn't so big a business as some, of course; but it is a very high-grade business."

"All right, Meyer," grinned David; "we're old friends, so I'll be polite and let you say it, and I won't even ask Izzy to tell you how much your pictures gross average."

"They gross more than anything else the Square Deal distributes," stated Izzy diplomatically.

"And they cost more," added David with a merciless joy in this inquisition; for Meyer had forced young Tennyson on David at the time of the loan and it had been only by superhuman acumen on Izzy's part that David had got rid of Tenny before that boy wonder had wrecked the M. P. C. "Is Tenny still vice-president and general manager over there, Meyer? Nobody hears much of the firm any more, so I don't keep track of it."

Any place but in his own home Meyer Guldengeld, who had a temper of his own, would have crossed the flashing swords of bitter repartee with his old friend David, but instead he repressed himself to his normal unction, and replied:

"Oh, yes, Tennyson is still managing the business, as long as I control it; but sometimes I think it is too strenuous for his health, and if I have to foreclose on the plant, perhaps I shall offer it for sale, if I get a good buyer."

Instantly the conversation was not general, but specific. David and Izzy were automatically plunged into earnest thought; and Meyer, finding each gazing at him with penetrating speculation, was himself startled into a new train of possibilities, spreading his large, well-kept hand firmly across his black beard, where the thousands of dollars' worth of rare gems on his fingers glittered and glowed as if alive with the currents suddenly set astir in these three acute minds. Truly a man's party, a delightful party—until the music ended with a crash.

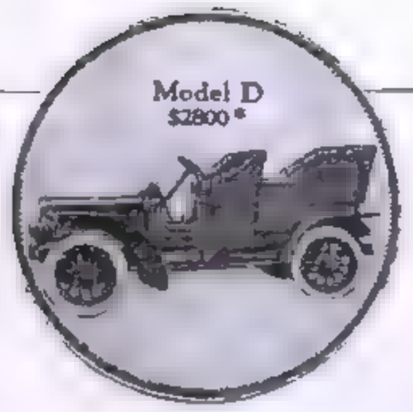
At once the friend of the rich Guldengelds complimented the performer on her dramatic rendition, and her grandfather said, "Miriam, suppose you play the violin for us, won't you?"

"Yes, grandpa, if you like," smiled Miriam, her big black eyes straying to Izzy, who smiled at her indulgently. Then she took up her violin, and Debussy's Faun began

(Continued on Page 28)

"The Trouble is With the Exhibitors. We Have Advanced Ideas, Perhaps; But the Exhibitor is Not Always Ready for Them"

TYPE 61 TOURING CAR $2885—*at Detroit*



It is an interesting and impressive fact that the V-Type, 90 degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac of today is sold at the same price as the four-cylinder Cadillac of eighteen years ago

**The list price of Model D did not include lamps, top or windshield. These were ordered and paid for as extra equipment.*

In many industries the buying power of the dollar has, in the past twenty years, steadily lessened, but in the automobile industry it has actually increased.

This fact is admirably illustrated by the case of Cadillac, long acknowledged by European and American critics to be the standard of value among fine cars.

Quality unimagined and undreamed of in the earlier Cadillac has been attained. The intrinsic value of the car has multiplied several times over.

Yet reference to our records reveals that the V-Type ninety degree eight-cylinder Cadillac of today is sold at the same price as the four-cylinder Cadillac of eighteen years ago.

The explanation, of course, lies in the efficiency of Cadillac methods—an efficiency which combines quality and volume for great economy, and makes possible value that is unapproached in fine car manufacture.

CADILLAC

V-TYPE, EIGHT-CYLINDER ENGINE

Standard of the World

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to leap and sob his dumb passion through the strings of Miriam's violin, leaping most leapfully in the bounding passages, and sobbing most sobfully in the sobbing passages; and said Izzy, "I guess when you foreclose you'll have nearly all of it, won't you, Mr. Guldengeld? It's a million-dollar plant."

"Oh, yes," agreed Meyer, studying young Mr. Iskovitch, still with his hand scintillating across his black beard. "I'll have almost 80 per cent, for Mr. Luna's equity in it has been mortgaged very heavily to me. He is a very fine gentleman, and very artistic; but he is not a good business man, and he cannot seem to alter his style of living to go up and down with his income."

"Hardly anybody can," observed David, his keen yellow eye straying from Meyer to Izzy and back again. "When a man's style of living goes up it stays up, so when his income goes down he goes broke. I'm sorry to hear that Luna is losing money personally."

Izzy was studying the toe of his patent-leather shoe intently.

"What's the matter with the Square Deal's distribution?" he suddenly asked. "They're not grossing as much as they used to, on the Luna productions or any others."

"Well," hesitated Meyer, then removed his hand from his beard, "when partners quarrel the business suffers. You know Mr. Piltz is going to marry Joseph Silbersmitt's sister, and is going over to take the vice-presidency of the Excelsior."

This was news! Izzy's toe held itself with extreme rigidity. Every opportunity in the motion-picture industry was as carefully filed and cross-indexed in that young man's mind as was each of the several dollars of his meager capital, and the most important factor in his potential greatness was distribution.

"That shoots the Square Deal all to pieces," he decided. "You can't beat McCarthy for a go-getter, but he is no good as a manager. He needed a partner like Piltz. He can sell pictures, but he can't pick 'em."

"Yes," agreed Meyer Guldengeld, nodding his ponderous head. "The Luna has only two more pictures with the Square Deal, and then it is going to secure other distribution."

Isidor Iskovitch heard this with quivering intensity, but nobody could tell it, for he kept his gaze on his shoe, lest the keen eyes of old David and old Meyer should detect the sudden glitter in him.

And the Faun sobbed on!

III

THERE is in Hollywood a hotel which, from its location and other advantages, has been the meeting place and hostelry of picturedom since many years. Time was when it was said that gay and garish doings took place here; but that time passed with the sudden rush of virtue to the heads of the business, and it is now as staid and respectable as any arched and palmed and green-lawned and sofa-lobbied caravansary of its type anywhere. Its weekly riots would be as boring were it not that, after all, the picture folk are of one great family and make these weekly events the nucleus of many delightful smaller parties; which, breaking away from the main stem of the diversion of dancing around and around and around, gather here and there in lobby and on porches and in rooms.

One such of these parties was in the suite of Henry Lord Candysh on the night when Isidor Iskovitch dined at Meyer Guldengeld's mansion, and the occasion was in celebration of Lord's having that day, according to his unsubstantiated word, made two thousand dollars in copper. Strange what confusion that carefully hand-picked name of his created in certain minds. That he was English and of good family—by his neatly repressed accent and his own statements, unsubstantiated—seemed somehow to link itself with that middle name among people anxious to shine in the reflected glory of their friends. So it was quite a choice little crowd that drifted in and out of his parlor and jostled into his bedroom for chatting space, and partook of his lavish refreshments, and marveled over him and his perfect manners and his unfazable poise and the good fortune that had made of his life one spectacular romance, from the beginning until now. A globe trotter, Lord Candysh, a reckless adventurer on many seas and in many lands, a hunter of big game, an intrepid explorer and a medaled hero of the Great War, where, in the Foreign Legion, he had acquitted himself with incredible valor, as set forth by the press clippings in his vellum-bound scrapbook. A picture of his mother on the wall—a stately, dignified lady of great hauteur, with her gray hair coiffed most carefully, and in the front of it a tiara which translated itself most easily into a diadem. He loved his mother, did Henry Lord Candysh, and in her, and because of her, loved the entire sex; for, first and foremost, last and forever, Henry was all for the ladies. Conversely, the ladies were all for him; for who among them could fail to envy and desire such concentrated devotion as he bestowed on Prudence Joy this night, he never for one moment forgetting to be a royal host to all the others? As, for instance, when Belle Baxter, the leading star of the George B. Luna Studios, happened to admire his cigarette case, a trifle of lacquered gold inlaid with ivory, and passed it around for the general pleasure.

"You know, I admired the trick myself so much that I had the entire dozen laid aside for me," observed Henry as carelessly as if he were speaking of a bag of peanuts. He smiled benignly on the company like a man about to distribute pennies to children; then he turned to Belle, and drew out his little gold-mounted notebook and its miniature automatic pencil of gold with a ruby in the tip. "Your professional initials are B. B., I know. Or would you prefer some other monogram?"

"Why, Mr. Candysh! You don't actually mean ——"

"A pair of bees," he laughed. "I think that will be better. A pair of honey bees engraved in the medallion."

Gleefully he made the note, while Prue looked up at him in wide-eyed fascination. Nothing so regal as this had ever come within her ken.

Hillary Wells, the untamed dramatist of the M. P. C., lounged back in his six feet of easy negligence and regarded the artist in amazement.

"Behold what manner of man hath come among us to work this miracle!" he drawled in Prue's ear. "Our little friend Belle is supposed to be the hardest-boiled star in the welkin, but she's opening up to this bird as if she were a poppy and he the bright morning sunshine."

Belle Baxter, with pansies for thoughts wreathed around her omelet coif, and herself compressed into an orange-and-jade evening gown well sugared with glittering beads, was gazing up at Henry in such brazen blandishment as only a flamboyant blonde could wield; and sudden fierce jealousy flamed in gentle Prue, known for years as a hard-working picture actress absorbed to her last drop of blood in the struggle for success. At that very moment, however, the love expert turned to her with that lingering smile which was like a caress, and the frown passed away from her brow like magic, a delicate color swept her cheeks and the sparkle snapped back into her deep blue eyes. It was then that Wells, who was supposed to take nothing in this or the next world seriously, became thoughtful and even worried, and there was a slight lowering of his brows as he glanced up at Henry. The host was taking the monogram and the address of the next girl now, and of Graves, the M. P. C.'s best heavy.

Men and women alike, he booked them; then, as one inspired, he went to the telephone and called a number—any number!

"Hello," came a sleepy voice.

"Hello," returned Henry. "Is Mr. Wainworth there?"

"Mister who?" inquired the sleepy voice.

"Oh, thank you. Will you ask him to step to the phone, please?"

"Say, who do you want?" demanded the other voice, less sleepily. "You must have the wrong number."

"Hello, Mr. Wainworth!" exclaimed Henry Candysh cheerily. "I thought you said you'd be taking stock tonight. This is Candysh."

"Say"—thus the other man, now wide awake—"you're either full o' hop, homebrew or bats. You've got the wrong number, I tell you," and bang went that receiver on the hook.

"Well, Mr. Wainworth, you remember those eleven cigarette cases I had laid aside," went on Candysh, while all conversation stopped among his guests. "Would you kindly turn them over to your engraver the first thing in the morning, and have them monogrammed as follows —— Very well; I'll hold the wire."

Always careful of his little detail, was Henry Lord Candysh, and a splendid psychologist, too; for he did not explain to the round-eyed audience that he was waiting for the man to get pencil and pad. They'd deduce that themselves. Instead, he turned to them smilingly and said, "This is the only way to do it. I'm so forgetful I don't dare let it go until morning or you'd never get them. . . . All right, Mr. Wainworth. Now I'll read you the list of monograms and the addresses belonging to each, and please mail them out as rapidly as they are finished."

It was while he was conducting this deft performance, with but ten dollars to his name and no credit or acquaintance at any jeweler's shop in California, that Isidor Iskovitch came into the hotel briskly, after dropping David Schussbel at another hotel, and going up to the telephone operator asked her to find out if Mr. McCarthy was in his room.

The girl, a jovial, plump person who had once worked on the M. P. C. lot and knew Izzy well and kindly, wiped the tears from her eyes and with an impatient hand motioned him to wait while she listened in, for this was rich.

"It's that Candysh," she explained when the show was over. "He's the greatest paper hanger that ever hit this location. There isn't a minute out of the day or night that he isn't putting up a twenty-four sheet for himself some place," and frankly and freely she betrayed the confidence of her position, because this one was too good to keep, telling Izzy with great gusto about "the sleepy simp at the other end of the wire and the bird upstairs going right on with his trills and warbles."

Izzy's grin was but half-hearted, for somewhere in this joke he seemed to detect something unethical.

"I knew he was a four-flusher."

"He's a perfect gentleman!" denied the operator indignantly. "What you call him depends on where you sit. You say he's a four-flusher and I say he's a kidder, and I'm the one that's right." She plugged in McCarthy's room energetically. "Why, he gives me a rose every morning, and tells me my eyes are like his mother's! That's the bunk, and I know it; but it's easier to take than a lot of the sweet curse-you's I get for wrong numbers and —— Mr. Iskovitch calling, Mr. McCarthy. Say, Izzy, he wants to know if you can't see him tomorrow at the office. He's just retiring."

"No, you tell 'im it's business, an' tomorrow won't do. I'm comin' right up."

He found McCarthy in purple pajamas and bath slippers, but by no means on the point of retiring, for he was puffing a short cigar with great vehemence, and the room was full of smoke, and his table was littered high with papers, and accounting books were on every chair. He gave Izzy a welcome cordial enough, but gruff, and cleared a seat for him with such evident desire to have the call brief that the caller wasted no words.

"Say, Mr. McCarthy, I hear Piltz is leavin' you."

"Where did you get that?" demanded McCarthy, a round-headed, thick-lipped big man with a freckled neck.

"From inside." Izzy put his hat on the table, crossed his legs and took a firm grip of his bony ankle with both bony hands. "I guess that leaves you in sole control of the Square Deal, don't it?"

"If anybody else has anything to say about it I'd like to meet him."

"Are you gonna continue the business by yourself?"

McCarthy took three puffs before he answered, meanwhile surveying young Mr. Iskovitch with a sulky eye, for he was in mean temper this night.

"Who wants to find out all these things?"

"Me. I got a little money, Mr. McCarthy. How much will you take for a half interest in the Square Deal?"

McCarthy glued his cigar into one corner of his mouth, placed his big hands on his big knees and studied young Mr. Iskovitch from his curly cowlick to the tips of his patent-leather pumps. But he said nothing.

"Looky, Mr. McCarthy, we might just as well come down to brass tacks. You ain't got much to sell except your organization, and you ain't got anything I wantta buy except half of that. You're made up of a lotta states-rights buyers, an' it ain't like you was a national distribution with a lotta branch offices invested. Now I'll show you just why I'd like to buy in, if I can reach it. In another year I'm gonna have my own producing company, an' I want you to believe me, Mr. McCarthy, I'm gonna make it go, an' I'm gonna make it big; an' the first thing I want to build it on is a good distribution that can maybe be made bigger as my own business grows. Maybe you got some other affiliations in sight, Mr. McCarthy, an' that's why I came to see you right away tonight."

"Anyhow, you're geared fast," chuckled McCarthy, and the discrepancy in age dropped from between these two as he looked into the dark-brown eyes of the hurdle rider who had never yet bruised a bone.

"I'll be equally frank with you, Mr. Iskovitch. I don't want a partner. I had a partner, and I'll tell the world, if it needs the information, that Lucius Piltz played me the dirtiest, rottenest low-down trick that one man ever put over on another. For twelve years we bucked this game together, and made money, and played square enough with each other, till suddenly Piltz married into the Excelsior, and ——"

The rest of that speech, containing what he thought of Piltz, was so sulphurous that Izzy, though used to profanity, sat awed until he was through, whereon he observed:

"Yes, it's tough, Mr. McCarthy; but just the same you're gonna need a partner, because you're a man that can sell pictures better than he can pick 'em; an' if I do say it myself, I got judgment about pictures. The sales of the M. P. C. proves it. I'm a hard worker, and what's more than all those things, I'm a fellow that's cut out for success. I said it eight years ago that I'm gonna be the biggest producer in the business, an' I'm gonna be! Now do you want to talk some business with me or not? Because if you don't I'll keep my eye open for some other good distribution for my output."

McCarthy lit a fresh cigar. He lay back in his chair and smoked. Occasionally he looked at the gangling boy sitting patiently at the end of the table, and marveled at his colossal cocksureness.

"How much had you figured you were able to pay for a half interest in the Square Deal?" he abruptly inquired.

"I won't tell you till I know what you got to sell; and even then I won't say I'll buy till I know I can pull through the other two ends of the deal I got in my mind. How much business did Piltz leave you?"

McCarthy laughed. He had heard about this boy as the wizard who had lifted the M. P. C. off the toboggan; and, also, this big talk, which would have been irritating in most half-baked youths, seemed but a simple statement of facts when soberly recited by Isidor Iskovitch. McCarthy was beginning to melt in spite of his Irish oath never to have another Jew in his business, for, after all, when an Irishman and a Jew have been in business together they are never satisfied with any other. He reached across the table for a list, which he put into his prospective partner's hands; and immediately the boy, glancing at the list, lifted his head, and his eyes were narrowed as he said with a grin:

"Well, right away you got listed some business you ain't got—the George B. Luna Studios. If I bring you their business back it's an offset to what I'd have to pay you."

"The hell you say!" grunted McCarthy, knotting his shaggy brows and staring. "How do you know so much?"

"My radio set is all receivers and no broadcastin'," chuckled Izzy, then deepened the crease between his eyes as he bent his gaze earnestly to that list.

McCarthy, watching him for a moment, grunted again, then rose and went to the other end of the table to his neglected work.

Meantime the party in Henry Lord Candysh's rooms had broken up, and Henry had taken Prue home with a gallantry which had left her fluttering when he had kissed her hand in parting. Returning, he had found Belle Baxter waiting for him.

"I think I lost a brooch in your rooms, Mr. Candysh."

"Suppose we find out," he pleasantly suggested.

Nothing loath, she went up with him and into his rooms. They found the brooch where she had so painstakingly lost it; then he invited her to have a cigarette and she accepted, and seated herself comfortably while she smoked it; and it would have been wonderful to behold the work of Henry Lord Candysh as he put up paper for the benefit of Belle Baxter. Nothing fresh about him! He was a gentleman

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through and through, talked about pleasant and cheerful and agreeable things—his home in England, and how he feared he'd one day have to return and take his hereditary share of responsibility in the government and rehabilitate the old family estate, and bring life and gayety into the ancient place, and be his dear old mother's prop and mainstay, and would probably have to bring home a Lady Candysh to do the honors! That was a slip about the title, he added with a smile, though there was an uncle of his, quite an elderly chap, whose death would compel Henry Lord Candysh to put a comma after his first name. Neat way of putting it, that, and Belle Baxter was so proud of herself for discovering what he meant by it that it added to her admiration of him. Henry, Lord Candysh! It would be wonderful to be Lady Candysh, and go to queen it in this little place, a photograph of which he nonchalantly showed her—a sprawling castle which looked about the size of Westminster Abbey and stretched its majestic parks over the hills and far away. Belle, looking through her hand bag, failed to find her handkerchief, and Candysh supplied the omission with a dainty hand-embroidered affair which he had taken as a fond remembrance from a heart-hungry lady he had met one night at Bar Harbor. He had quite a collection of such souvenirs. They were handy things to have around.

"This was my mother's," he explained with tender reverence. "See, it has her initial in the corner, and the wreath around it is a part of our crest. I am glad to have you have it. Your eyes are so like hers."

The case-hardened Belle Baxter almost sniffled as she accepted this precious souvenir; and a thrill, a positive and distinct thrill, permeated her as, in placing the handkerchief in her hand, his fingers rested warmly on hers for a fleeting instant. That was all. Oh, he was a real gentleman, Henry Lord Candysh was! With any other man whom she knew there'd have been a battle for a kiss inside of two minutes after the door closed; but what was a battle for a kiss compared to that ecstatically significant finger touch?

Izzy Iskovitch, absorbedly revolving Tad McCarthy's best and lowest offer, and planning vigorously the next steps towards his first combine, came around the corner of the corridor just as Miss Baxter and Mr. Candysh were emerging from the door of that perfect gentleman's suite, and the manner in which Henry put Belle's cloak around her shoulders was such as might have given pointers to Sir Walter Raleigh, while in the eyes of Belle Baxter, as she turned them up to the expert whose every move was a caress, there was such a light as she had never shown in her best close-up.

"The dirty bum!" murmured Isidor Iskovitch; but there was in him a fierce joy to find such ready proof of the unworthiness of the fellow who was putting Prue's work on the blink—and otherwise diverting her.

IV

SINCE all the truly profound philosophers are now dead, we shall probably never have formulated for us just what devastation love causes on a movie set. As attest the case of Prudence Joy. There she stood in the center of the gay and gaudy futurist parlor, a limp and leaden thing with a head apparently of solid bone and a body as implastic and unnatural as a wax manikin in a show window. Round her blazed the livid lights, in front of her stood on its three stiff legs, like some giant one-eyed insect, the inert camera; for there was positively no use to grind. Back of the camera, helpless and hopeless, stood Benny, the camera man, and Sapp, the director, and Hillary Wells, the author, and the worried parents of The Woman's Half, all gazing blankly at the empty shell which had once been Prudence Joy. She was still willing, poor thing, to give all there was in her; but there was nothing there. She did not even know that the rehearsals had stopped; but had stood for five minutes, passively waiting for somebody to come and push her into another position and tell her to do something she would do.

"'Sing, ho, the pretty flowers, 'tis the merry month of May, the cat fell in the cream pot and the devil is to pay,'" quoth Hillary Wells with a sigh. "I don't know what we can do, Sapp, unless I rewrite the piece and make it the tragedy of a beautiful dumb-bell."

"I could photograph her fine for that," agreed Benny. "Sapp, why don't you let this sequence go and shift over to the prison set? There's some dumb-despair stuff there that she ought to be able to do."

"She'd smile straight through, with that same imbecile expression she put into this," worried the director. "I can't use the stuff we've shot in this sequence. It's the key to the whole play; and, moreover, it's the last sequence in this set. They're waiting to strike it as soon as I get through."

"What's the matter?" asked the tense voice of the general manager just behind them.

"She's dead," said Sapp. "The cuckoo came on the lot with her this morning and I made her send him away. Well, you see what's happened. Yesterday everything was all wrong, but today it's worse. We don't get anything, right or wrong. The fact of the matter is that when he went away she went with him. She isn't here, that's all."

"Say, looky, he ain't on the level, that fella," said Izzy, "an' I'm gonna tell her what I know about him."

He made an impulsive step toward the set, but Sapp stopped him.

"Don't you throw that girl into hysterics," he protested. "I've known Prue as long as you have. This is the first time she's ever let any personal emotion of hers interfere with her work, and the girl's hard hit. She's in love, if you know what that means."

Benny laughed at the involuntary grimace that twitched spasmodically on Izzy's lips. It was funny, that ludicrous contortion which passed with a gulp; but Hillary Wells, watching the young G. M., who was not yet a man but had never taken any time to be a boy, studied him thoughtfully and laid up a new and interesting bit in his gallery of human emotions. There was material here which he'd use some time. Suddenly Sapp, with the angelic patience that distinguishes a good director when he is not in a devilish temper, walked in to his star, and taking her hand in his patted it gently.

"Listen a minute, Prue."

"Yes, Ernest." And the smile she turned up to him was so wistfully sweet that he felt more helpless than ever.

"I wish you'd pull yourself together, girlie. They're waiting for this set, and we should get out of it. As I've told you over and over, you're not giving us a thing. Your mind isn't in the scene, and it's so important. Now I'm going to let you have ten minutes by yourself, to concentrate. Whatever's in your thought, get it out. Give this scene your undivided attention and all your heart and soul for just one hour, and we'll be through. Now please do this—for me—won't you, Prue?"

"Yes, Ernest." And her eyes suffused with tears.

She hurried away to the little settee beneath the fantastically arching stairway, and, with an encouraging smile, Ernest placed a screen in front of her. When he went back to the group behind the camera Dennis Doone was there, and Graves, the heavy; and the six of them, Sapp and Benny, Izzy and Hillary Wells, Graves and Dennis, moved over to where they could get a peep at Prue sitting behind the screen. With her hands clasped tightly around her knee, she was gazing fixedly at the bright colors in a painted peacock's tail, her lips set and her brows knotted. She was dutifully concentrating, and there was something so pathetic in her effort that all six of her old friends felt suddenly brutal and sordid and made of extremely coarse clay.

"Damn that skunk!" growled Dennis Doone. "I didn't suppose anybody would ever get Prue like this. I tried it myself once." Dennis was now happily married and the proud father of a bouncing boy, but he could allow himself the paternal affection which a man always feels for a might have-been. "If this Candysh is right I don't know men."

"Well, I can tell you he ain't right! He's a four-flusher."

And the five other he-gossips gathered round Izzy eagerly while he told of seeing Candysh coming from his rooms with a girl, unnamed, and detailed the trick of the cigarette cases; on which narrative Hillary Wells laughed with great glee.

"I was one of those boobs," he admitted. "I asked for a hill and a well on mine, and told him to put a tombstone on Graves'. And may the shades of my sane ancestors forgive me, but I believed that we'd get the things! I have confidence in him, however, as a reliable liar. Last night I ventured to ask a few roundabout questions calculated to throw suspicion on his record in the Foreign Legion, but he proved up on me. He made me feel the silver plate in his skull, which he received in the only successful attempt to bombard Berlin. After such damning evidence what could I say?"

"The Foreign Legion!" blurted Dennis. "Why, I was in the Foreign Legion myself!"

"Let me feel your skull," demanded Wells, but Dennis merely shook off the hand which was pawing over his head and went on: "I was in the service a year and a half, and I never heard of this hero. I'm going to round him up."

"Right," approved Wells; "and when somebody gets something on him we'll organize ourselves into a Coo Clucks Can and hang it on the bird and head him due east with a three-thousand-mile ticket."

In the laugh of approval, Izzy, stepping to the edge of the group, looked again at Prue. She had not moved, and suddenly there came into him such a rage against Henry Lord Candysh as he had never felt against any living person. It was a rage that burned in his heart with an actual physical heat, and part of it went out to Prue for her folly and smothered the sympathy which struggled in him. He looked at his watch and abruptly left the set, for he had an engagement with George B. Luna, connected closely with his triangular scheme for future aggrandizement. He had barely time to make it, and hurrying out to his car without his hat, he whizzed over to the pretty colonial residence which housed the offices of the Guldengeld investment.

He was closeted with the lethargic Luna for nearly an hour, after which he walked out on the lot, full of the exultant thrill of potential proprietorship. It was a fine lot for a man to begin his producing plants; not a very big plant, but everything in it was splendidly built and had the class which appealed to Izzy's instincts. Hot dog! There was nothing to mar his prospects of happiness; nothing—and just then he saw Henry Lord Candysh and Belle Baxter emerge from the big stage. Henry was carrying Belle's cloak and hand bag, and they were so absorbed in each other that they passed quite close to the glowering Izzy without seeing him. Suddenly Candysh looked up into the inspirational sky.

"I wonder if that's my airplane," he said on the spur of the moment. "Can you make out that little spot underneath the left wing? Is it a green circle with a red C in the center?"

"Your airplane! I didn't know you had an airplane, Henry!"

"Bought it this morning," he jauntily told her. "The fellow is tuning it up today, and as soon as he has it in condition you shall take the first ride in it with me. I am afraid this breeze is a trifle raw for you, Belle." And around her shoulders he placed her cloak in that manner which was a lingering caress; and Belle Baxter, who owned her own house and a big share in a paying oil well, wondered if a lord's lady would rank over or under his mother.

"The bum!" said Izzy, and hurrying out to his car whizzed back to the M. P. C.

He had intended to telephone Meyer Guldengeld for an appointment immediately, and he was blazing with wrath to find that all his attention and all his interest were centered on the matter of Henry Lord Candysh and Prudence Joy. Jealousy possessed him at the very moment when he wanted his head clear for business, and he knew it, and he wouldn't risk an appointment with Meyer Guldengeld today.

Still fuming, he rushed on Sapp's set and stood behind the camera for a moment to watch. Graves and Dennis and Prue were in the climax of their scene; Graves at the foot of the stairs, Dennis just below him, in that tense moment which always comes between the juvenile and the heavy; and Prue, standing to the side and supposed to be frantic with apprehension over the murderous conflict about to ensue, was in the proper pose and going through all the proper motions with a strained attempt at animation that was pitiful to behold.

"I think we'll try it now," said the director, stepping out of the set; but his voice was dead and cold. "We're going to shoot it this time. Now all of you put some pep into this scene. We'll get it! It's in us! Come on, put it over! Camera!"

Benny, shaking his head, began to grind.

"It's too bad, it's too bad," said a softly unctuous voice at Izzy's side.

It was little old David Schusshel, and his kindly eye was full of sympathy. Sapp, watching the scene, called his reminders of action with such verve as he could force out of his discouraged soul.

"It's no use to torture the poor girl," commented David when Sapp finished and stepped over to them. "I've seen them before get it like this, and there's no way to stop it. It's a disease like the mumps or the measles, and it has to run its regular course. We just have to consider that this picture won't be up to our present standard."

"Not on your life!" declared Izzy, clutching his bony fingers into his palms. "There ain't any pictures gonna fall below the standard. I'm gonna jolt her, Sapp."

The director looked out into his set thoughtfully. He gave the signal to the electrician. The lights died down. The garish colors of the futurist parlor faded into drabness. Graves and Dennis walked with Prue to the chaise longue at the side of the set, and, leaving her there, strolled despondently to the side door for a smoke. High overhead streaks of daylight angled up amid the dim rafters, and an abnormally habited bat, thinking the fitful twilight had come again, took a wide circle in search of flies.

"All right, jolt her. I've tried everything else."

"Don't do it," counseled old David. "I've seen everything tried with them when they're that way, and it's going to be worse with Prue than any of them. The foolish girls get it hard, and get over it quick; but Prue's a serious girl, and this has to make her or break her. You leave it to me, Sapp; you'll pass up these scenes and move out of the set, and have the title writer or Hillary Wells explain that she was driven stupid by grief."

"I'm gonna jolt her!" declared Izzy doggedly, and strode on the set. Sapp, motioning Benny to follow, strode after him. "I wantta talk with you a minute, Prue."

"All right, Izzy," she said, smiling at him; but her smile was full of startled apprehension, for, without looking at her, he led her around back of the set into the canvas cul-de-sac formed between that and the prison set adjoining, and Sapp and Benny stood guard outside to see that no one disturbed them.

"Look here, Prue, you're ruining the picture; an' what's worse, you're ruining your own work, an' all because a loafer comes along an' bunks you with his fancy love-makin'! He's no good!"

"That's beneath you, Izzy," protested Prue earnestly. "Mr. Candysh is a gentleman."

"He's a four-flusher and a rat! He's makin' simps outta all of you! You know those fancy cigarette cases he ordered last night? Well, he was talkin' into a dead telephone. He got some stranger out of bed, an' it was the wrong number, an' the man hung up on him."

"It isn't true!" And Prue's wide eyes looked on her old friend in astonishment. "I was right in the room and heard the whole thing. It was a straight telephone call, with no breaks in it. How could you know such a thing anyhow?"

"Elsie, the telephone operator downstairs, told me. She was laughin' her head off at the way he had all you poor boobs hooked, makin' fun of you. Say, last night after he took you home, I saw him with my own eyes come out of his room with another girl that was at that party; an' they were in there alone, for he locked the door when they came out, an' you'd 'a' thought she was the Queen of Sheba the way he put her cloak around her an' looked down into her eyes with that same fancy love-makin' he pulls on you. Now you got it! Now you know what kind of a sucker he's makin' outta you!"

The jolt was effective. If he had wanted to rouse her out of her dumb lethargy he had done it, for she stared at him as if she were a marble statue; then suddenly her tension broke, and her whole frame was shaken with silent sobs which she compressed her lips painfully to suppress. Izzy's heart ached for her. He took her in his arms and patted her shoulder, and she leaned her head against him and let her tears course down her cheeks; but though Izzy suffered intensely for her, that firm line of his lips did not unbend. He was the surgeon who must probe the wound.

"I've given it to you straight, Prue. The sooner you forget this scum the better off you'll be."

"Izzy!" Her voice came up pleadingly. "Don't be angry with me, Izzy; but I

(Continued on Page 32)

For her famous salad dressing Mrs. Brooke uses Libby's Milk

ASK any traveling man who covers the Rock River Valley in Illinois where's the best place to eat and you'll hear about the Kable Inn at Mount Morris.

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Order a can of Libby's Milk from your grocer today. Try it tonight in one of your favorite dishes. Notice the greater richness, the finer flavor it gives. You, too, like thousands of other women will want it regularly for *all* your cooking.

Upon request we'll gladly send you copies of some new folders containing recipes sent us by good cooks who use Libby's Milk.

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Mrs. Brooke's Boiled Dressing

2 teaspoons flour
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon mustard
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 egg yolk
½ cup vinegar
½ cup Libby's Milk

Mix the dry ingredients, add the egg yolk and vinegar. Cook in a double boiler till mixture thickens. Cool and add milk. Beat until smooth.

Libby's MILK

The milk that good cooks use

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can't help it. I'm all in. I don't know what's happened to me, but—I love him."

"You what?" His voice was suddenly harsh again. He had thought, manlike and fool-like, that he had convinced her. "Well, then you're in for it good, and you're gonna be laughed at every time anybody sees you. You know where I just came from? The George B. Luna Studios. You know who I just saw there? Your bird Candysh. You know what he was doin'? He was carryin' Belle Baxter's cloak and handbag, an' makin' her dizzy in her dip the same way he did you. He was startin' out to lunch with her in his new car, an' he told her he just bought an airplane an' she's to have the first ride in it. Maybe he'll give you the second ride! Hear what I'm tellin' you?"

Suddenly he was confronted by a Prue whom he had never seen before. She sprang back from him in a fury, and her eyes were flashing and her little fists were clenched.

"You did it!" she charged him shrilly. "You told Sapp to order him off the set! You drove him over to the Luna lot to that brazen Belle Baxter! I'll never forgive you as long as I live! Go away from me! Don't talk to me!" And her voice broke into a shriek which brought Sapp running back into the dim gray alcove filled with scaffolding and dust. He gaped. Their gentle Prue, known as the most docile worker in the profession, had turned termagant. "And you, Ernest!" she shrilled at him. "Unless you revoke that order, and allow Mr. Candysh to come on the set whenever he likes, I won't work! Do you hear? I won't work!"

"All right, let him come!" snapped Izzy in a passion of his own. "You can have him! Send for him! I'll go over and get him if you say so! And now clean up your make-up and get back to work! I'm gonna strike this set tonight!"

"I'll do the scenes!" declared Prue with a snap of her jaws. "You don't need worry about your scenes! That's all you care about!"

She dashed out of the alcove, and grabbing her make-up box from beneath the stairway, dabbed away her tears and put on fresh powder and touched up her coiffure with a few vindictive jabs.

"What did you do to her, give her TNT?" inquired Benny.

Looking at the grim faces of Izzy and Sapp, he made no more inquiries but hurried to his camera as Sapp yelled "Kick 'em on!"

The lights flared up, the gaudy colors of the futurist set sprang out in all their ghastly artificiality under the weirdly tinted illumination, and the very atmosphere seemed to be electrified as Graves and Doone and Prue took their places; for tensity was quivering in them all by now. It is a delicately attuned thing, this portrayal of emotion, and a company at work is as sensitive as radio antennæ. They were tightened to the keenest pitch as Sapp told them there would be no rehearsals; then he gave the word, and Benny, throwing his cap on the floor, began grinding, while on the lips of Izzy as he stood behind the camera there came a trace of cruel triumph. Prue was putting it over! She had it in her! She could do it if she wanted to! Scene after scene clicked into the box. A new roll of film was put up. The voice of Sapp was sharp, barking; and Prue, truly jolted out of herself, worked like one possessed, clear through to the last big climax of the sequence; but David Schusshel, standing beside Izzy, shook his head.

"I don't see how you could do it, Izzy. I thought you was in love with her yourself. I guess you're so young yet you don't know what you're doing." And he put his hand on his young G. M.'s shoulder; then he stopped, for the tears were streaming down Izzy's cheeks, and suddenly the boy gave a gulp and darted forward as Sapp yelled to cut, and he reached the center of the set just in time to catch Prue in his arms. She had fainted.

▼

MEYER GULDENGELD stepped softly to the door of his library and peered cautiously through the portieres into the little drawing-room, the cozy one where only intimate friends of the family were invited, and he spread his jeweled hand thoughtfully across his glossy black whiskers as he surveyed the tableau. On the divan, her black eyes shining and unblinking in the warm rays of the afternoon sun, sat his little granddaughter Miriam, the pride of his heart, with her hands clasped around one knee in true flapper fashion, and in splendidly acquired disregard of the amount of hosiery she might be displaying; and she was smiling up most appreciatively to the gangling young man who sat beside her, speaking as follows:

"The trouble is with the exhibitors. We have advanced ideas, perhaps; but the exhibitor is not always ready for them, so we are compelled to mix in a little of the advanced ideas with the old the old—the old stuff which he knows, and give it to him a little at a time. Now Hillary Wells and Simmons and"—should he say "I," "myself" or "me"?—"well, we three have an idea for a picture ——"

Meyer Guldengeld went away from the portières and sat thoughtfully in his antique chair at his antique desk in light softly shaded by antique draperies, while he painstakingly sifted through a short list of names. Young Joseph Reinbaum, now. Business prospects, very good; character, not so good; social position, medium. Character not so good, character not so good! Young Stanley Rothschild, now. Business prospects, not so good; character, not so good; social position, fine. Out! Medium-young Seth Lotsky, now. Business prospects, fine; character, fine; social position, fine. Meyer pondered a long time over this name, but ever before him came the sharp-featured countenance of Seth Lotsky, whose family had been wealthy in the old country for many generations, and it was a cold countenance, the countenance of a man who did not like music or flowers or animals; but—business prospects fine, character fine, social position fine! Young Isidor Iskovitch, now. Business prospects, fine; character, fine; social position, none. Over this name, too, Meyer pondered, holding his jeweled hand quite motionlessly across his glossy black beard, while he reviewed the seven Iskovitch uncles, six whiskered and one not, about whom he had taken the trouble to inquire since David Schusshel spoke to him of Izzy. A junk dealer, a pawnbroker, an installment furniture man, a delicatessen keeper, a secondhand clothing merchant, a secondhand book dealer; a pants presser; all hard-working men who behaved themselves and paid their bills and raised their families as well as they could; the second generation had, in fact, a rabbi, a lawyer, a doctor, a musician—and Izzy! Meyer Guldengeld stepped softly to the door of his library and peered cautiously through the portières into the little drawing-room. Miriam sat on the divan, her black eyes shining and unblinking in the warm rays of the afternoon sun, and her hands clasped around one knee in true flapper fashion, while she smiled up most appreciatively to Izzy, who was speaking as follows:

"As the time goes on there is going to be less and less profits on each picture; and that will shut out the little fellows and the gamblers, so that we get down to a legitimate business foundation; and the future is going to see the biggest fortunes ever made in the industry since the few that were made in the very beginning, and these will be more substantial fortunes than those first ones."

He paused and looked at his watch briskly; and, smiling, Meyer Guldengeld, on this hint, walked into the room.

"I am sorry to have delayed you, Mr. Iskovitch, but I had some things to turn over in my mind; and I know you will excuse me, both for delaying you and for having you come to my house. I always like to do business with friends of the family in my home." He shook hands most cordially with young Iskovitch, and beamed down into the clear straight gaze of the boy with something of David Schusshel's friendliness to all the young and the promising. "If you will just step into my library, Mr. Iskovitch, I will be with you in a moment." And he opened the portières.

Mr. Iskovitch, though already the sharp crease was beginning to incise itself between his eyes, remembered to bow to Miriam politely before he went through the portieres, and then Meyer Guldengeld walked back to his little granddaughter, and putting his hands on both her slim shoulders held her off and looked at her fondly, in her simple afternoon dress of white and green.

"How do you like him, my dear?"

Miriam looked up at her grandfather with the saucy wide eyes of a flapper and that many-toothed smile.

"I think he is a splendid business man, grandpa," she laughed, then suddenly she blushed and her eyes dropped diffidently and she leaned her head against his impressive chest and twisted awkwardly. He patted her head, and, putting her away from him, went toward the library, smiling. If everything narrowed down to Miriam's choice between Seth and Izzy it wouldn't be Seth.

"I only have a few minutes, Mr. Guldengeld," began Izzy briskly as soon as the old man came in. "Mr. Guldengeld, you're losing money out at the Luna, and you're going to lose more. Your son Tenny may be a smart young man, but he's not for the picture business."

"Well, we don't have to discuss Tenny," said Meyer with a frown. "Tenny is a very fine boy, and you'll like him better when you come to know him socially more. What else have you to say about the business out there?"

"I can turn it into a profit," was the confident assertion. "It has a reputation for class, and if its output had sales value it could make money."

"That would be fine," considered Mr. Guldengeld, and laid his hand across his beard while he pondered. "That would be very fine, because if I saw any prospect for that investment, I had thought I might turn it over to Miriam for her income."

"That's nice," returned Izzy, with a slight narrowing of the eyes as he realized immediately the trend of this conversation. In truth, the suggestion gave him quite a kick; but the hurdler who had never bruised a bone cleared his brow. "After all, Mr. Guldengeld, even if it was her property now, your granddaughter hasn't the ability to make a safe bargain for herself, and I'd have to discuss my proposal with you. I've come to you with a straight business proposition, Mr. Guldengeld, that has got to rest on its own feet or it's no good." The two men gazed at each other thoughtfully, and never had Isidor Iskovitch risen so high in the estimation of Meyer Guldengeld as at that moment. "I have a hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Guldengeld, with which I can buy a half interest in the Square Deal Distributing Company. If you will loan me two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to buy out Mr. Luna's equity I will let you hold that equity as security for the loan, and also my equity in the Square Deal; but I gotta boss the whole thing."

"I cannot break down the pride of my boy," said Meyer with a troubled brow. "I have promised Tenny to retain him as vice president and general manager as long as I control the Luna Studios."

"That's all right, Mr. Guldengeld," replied Izzy with a return of his old-time cheerful grin, in which what was left of his boyishness came uppermost. "I have no objections to let Tenny be general manager and a couple o' vice presidents, so long as I'm the boss and he does what I say."

Slowly and gravely Meyer nodded his head.

"Looky here, Mr. Guldengeld. My record at the M. P. C. shows that I know how to make money out of a plant, and I looked over the Luna Studios yesterday. I can turn it into a good profit. Now what I want is this: I have to stay at the M. P. C. for a year yet. I have a man I can trust to put over there in my place—Simmons, that was going over to be general manager of the Climax next month, but he hasn't signed his contract yet and I can get him to stay with me. At the end of the year I'll take personal charge myself under a five-year contract, with an option that I can renew for another five years if I want to, provided I have shown 8 per cent dividends or better, with depreciation and improvements considered."

Again Meyer nodded slowly and gravely, his hand across his whiskers; and this time he pondered a long while, occasionally glancing at Izzy with knitted brows.

"I will take a few days to think this over, Mr. Iskovitch, and in the meantime I should like to have other talks with you. Could you come to dinner this evening?"

"I'll be too late." And Izzy rose hastily. "I'll have to make up for my time that I'm here now. I might not get away from the office before eight o'clock."

"Dinner will be at nine o'clock," smiled Meyer, shaking hands cordially with him. "Don't stop to dress. I won't. There will be nobody here but you and me—and Miriam, of course."

VI

IT WAS due to an accident that Henry Lord Candysh, busy with other prospects, came back to Prudence Joy, after having remained away for two days. He was just leaving the hotel on his regular call for Belle Baxter, to take her out to the

(Continued on Page 34)

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I try to hold myself down to lean adjectives when speaking of ***"Merry Go Round,"*** but it's a hard thing to do. The picture has enthralled me and during its premier showing in New York it played to enormous crowds despite the heat. It's love that makes the world go round and love that makes the ***"Merry Go Round."*** I have never seen a more beautiful love affair on the screen. Watch for it, see it, then tell me if you agree with the foremost critics that "it is one of the great plays of the year." I believe every first class theatre in America will show it—it's so unusual—so utterly different.

MARY PHILBIN
As The Little Organ Grinder

* * *

And keep in mind UNIVERSAL'S great classic, ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** from Victor Hugo's immortal masterpiece. I believe that this is the most pretentious spectacle ever shown in pictures. When it is shown I hope everybody will write and tell me what they think of it. I feel that you will be glad that I called your attention to it.

NORMAN KERRY
As The Count

* * *

DOROTHY WALLACE
As The Countess

Keep watch for William Duncan in the powerful chapter drama, ***"The Steel Trail,"*** and Hoot Gibson in his big success, ***"Out O' Luck."*** If you have not seen those other UNIVERSAL plays which have proved such successes, watch for ***"The Abysmal Brute," "Trifling With Honor," "Bavu"*** and ***"The Shock"*** with LON CHANEY.

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Luna Studios, when the clerk sent a bell boy after him, and, in the most polite manner imaginable, observed: "Mr. Candysh, the manager wished me to remind you that your bill is three weeks overdue, and he is in need of funds."

The clerk wore a scarlet pompadour, and there was that in his eye which belied politeness. Four trunks, four weeks, and that was the limit.

"Glad to accommodate him," said Henry pleasantly, ignoring the expression of the eye and smiling straight into it. "I'll attend to it at once. In the meantime, I wish you would move me to a larger suite, if you please. I haven't room enough for the little parties I give."

With splendid ease he turned, but the clerk, though gazing after him with admiration, had that still in his eye which belied his politeness as he again called Mr. Candysh back.

"By the way, a man came in about your car and asked me to tell you that he wants it returned today, unless you make the first payment which you promised him two weeks ago."

"Oh, I am sorry!" And genuine regret was in Henry's expressive countenance. "That cursed neglect of mine will get me into trouble some time. I'll drive right down there and pay the fellow in person and apologize for overlooking it. And, oh, yes! If a man comes in about payment for certain supplies tell him to drop in this evening, please, with his bill, and about two additional—er—boxes."

So saying, he turned again, and this time he got away. It was a beautiful day, and how could one be morose when the world was so fair?

So it was that Prudence Joy, working grimly in the prison scenes which Hillary Wells had rewritten to fit her mood, gave a gasp as she heard a familiar voice from the darkness beyond the Kliegels and Cooper-Hewitts, and, shielding her eyes from the glare, came straight out.

"I thought you'd left for the East or something," she told him with a brave attempt at lightness.

"No, I've been busy."

He held her slender fingers lightly but warmly, and gazed down into her eyes smiling and smiling as if it took a long time for him to get his fill of her.

"What's the matter?" she asked with sudden anxiety, for she had detected sadness in him.

"Oh, nothing. My head has been bothering me a bit of late, and that always reacts on my heart. I was gassed, you know. I suppose one of these days I'll just drop and pass out. Run back on the set and finish your scenes or they'll order me away again."

"No, they won't! They'll be glad to see you at any time. Where does your head pain you? Where the silver plate is?"

Her hand came halfway up as if she would put it on the memorial tablet which marked the spot where he had been kicked by a mule, on the Illinois farm where he had been born; but he took her fingers and held them, smiling fondly at her.

"There isn't any pain, now that I have seen you."

Something dropped just behind them with a loud thud. It was a cable being shifted by Dennis Doone, who had no occasion to shift a cable, and no right to; and Sapp called over "We're ready, Miss Joy."

"All right, Ernest."

She hurried back into the prison scene, her grimness gone; and on her countenance, as she peered cheerily out into the darkness past the barrier of lights, that chirpy smile which her tortured director had classed as imbecile.

"Poor little suffering Sally," mumbled Wells. "The birdies warble through her prison bars, but she hears them not, for her false incarceration has driven her mad, mad! Will it help you if I rewrite the scene with a goofy motif?"

"Go to hell!" growled the director, and, rushing through the scene, dismissed his leading lady for an hour, then putting Graves and the second lead in the cell, began hounding them through the most savage rehearsal they had endured for months.

The back door of the big stage looked out on a tank and a coal mine, and a Moorish palace and a green hill and some distant purple mountains and some blue sky, all deserted, and here, spreading his handkerchief on a box, Henry seated Prue with a grace such as probably won Columbus his chance from Isabella.

"I'll tell you the truth, little lady," he laughed as he seated himself below her in the wide doorway and lit a cigarette. "I haven't been near you since you sent me word to come back, because I felt uncomfortable. To be brutally frank about it, my remittance hasn't arrived as yet. It's probably chasing me through my old addresses, in spite of my cables to the family attorney, and I couldn't run the chance of embarrassing you by being caught without a penny in my pocket."

Prue laughed heartily and happily.

"You silly boy! As if that could make a difference!"

"It has made a lot of difference, although none so important as this. You know, I am playing a tip on some copper stock, and I turned over all my ready cash to my broker; but I was greedy and didn't give it sufficient depth of margin; so I stand to lose ten thousand dollars unless I can put up two thousand before three o'clock today."

"Oh, that's ghastly!"

And what business instincts there were in the hard-working star began to tumble over and over in agitated flutterings, for the loss of ten thousand dollars meant something in her world. She'd been a successful actress for eight years, and all she had to show for it was a bungalow, an automobile, her wardrobe and jewelry, some stock in four or five nonproductive oil wells and seventeen thousand cash.

"Oh, it's only a trifling thing." And Henry jauntily flicked the ashes from his cigarette. "I'll just lose that ten thousand and forget it. It will be a good lesson to me. Where can I take you to lunch for eighty-five cents?"

"We don't need lunch," she laughed. She was very happy. "Anyhow, I have plenty of change. . . . Your head's hurting you again!"

"Not at all," he denied, but the twitch of pain was still in his brow, and a spasmodic breath or two betokened a labored heart action.

"You're sitting right in the sun," she worried, and would not be content until he moved to the other side of the doorway. She even helped him up by the elbow, and held his other elbow while he sat down again, and watched him breathlessly until every evidence of his passing weakness was gone. There may be those who succeed well by cave-man methods, but those who take never attain so much as those to whom things are given.

"I think it's silly for you to lose all that money." Prue thoughtfully creased her handkerchief and folded it smaller and creased it again, then suddenly shook it out and crumpled it and dropped it in her lap. "Henry, you'll just have to allow me to loan you the money to protect that copper!"

"Oh, my dear girl!" And Henry Lord Candysh was shocked beyond expression, although he was far too magnanimous to display too clearly the resentment which he must have felt at her indelicacy. "I couldn't think of it!"

"Oh, yes, you could. I'd let you help me out of a little thing like that."

Most earnestly she set herself to the task of persuading him to allow her to loan him two thousand dollars, and at last she succeeded! It made her tremendously happy, and he was repaid in seeing her happiness. He waited, idly trying to flick some cigarette ashes on the tail of a bird on the ground just below him, while she ran for her check book.

It was not until after she had forced the check on him that she did what a woman who had loved him less would have done in the first place.

"I hear you took a girl home from the party the other night, after you took me home; and she was up in your rooms."

"Oh, yes; one of the girls came back after her brooch, and naturally I took her home."

"Belle Baxter!" she guessed. "I just knew she'd do some trick like that. I could tell it the way she watched us all evening. You've been spending a lot of time with her over at the Luna lot too."

He made no answer to this. He only looked her straight in the eye and smiled, and kept on smiling until she smiled also, and laughed, and then he said "Aren't you silly?"

"Yes," she gayly admitted. "Oh, by the way, Henry, I don't think that was a good joke you played about those cigarette cases."

A rapid calculation on the part of the agile-minded Candysh. If this were Belle Baxter, he'd have laughed heartily and claimed it as a grand jest; but he judged that Prue had a very small sense of humor, like all serious and honest people.

"Who said it was a joke? What joke do you mean?"

"Why, pretending to order the cases, and only talking into a dead wire. People out here don't understand that sort of thing. They feel that you don't hold their mental capacity in very high esteem."

"I still don't understand you." And Henry Lord Candysh began to look justly offended. "Where did you get the idea that I talked into a dead telephone?"

"The telephone operator."

It did not even cross Henry's mind that he was cornered or that his reputation for veracity was in the least jeopardized.

"It seems impossible that Elsie should tell a wanton fib like that! I wonder if she could have misunderstood my friendly actions. You see, I have given that girl a rose every morning—as a tip."

"Oh, that explains it!" And Prue began to glow with indignation. "That isn't a safe way to tip girls, Henry. She has misunderstood you, and she has had the presumption to be jealous."

He bent closer to her, and said softly, very softly, "You do like me a little, don't you?"

"Possibly," she drawled lightly, for she did not wish to confess even to him the intensity of this devastating emotion which had come to her.

Sensing this, a cruder man would have made the mistake of ardor; but Henry Lord Candysh had exchanged blandishment with the most experienced flirts in America, and gazing at Prue with a deep, deep regard that was almost solemn, he took her hand and kissed it reverentially. It was almost a proposal—but Henry Lord Candysh was not a marrying man, and did not intend to be; so he took her back to the set, then hurried down to Prue's bank in his new car and made the first payment on the same, and hunted up ten cigarette cases, one being for the careless-tongued telephone operator, and paid his hotel bill, and bought two cases of champagne and took a bunch of orchids out to Belle Baxter.

VII

PRETTY soft for Isidor Iskovitch, a boy for whom the skids of life were greased! All he had to do was make up his mind that he wanted a thing and somebody'd bring it to him. If they didn't he'd go after it. Perfectly simple. After some days of close study of that intensive young business man Meyer Guldengeld consented to the arrangement and the conditions suggested by the potential magnate for his control of the Luna Studios, and that was that. Within one more year Isidor would have his own good business well started. On the title of every picture and on every billboard he would have the George B. Luna Studios Presents, blank title, An Isidor Iskovitch Production. That last line could be the biggest. Then there would be the added advertisement: Distributed by the Square Deal Distributing Company, T. H. McCarthy and Isidor Iskovitch. When he had the Isidor Iskovitch name well planted, say, in that first five years, if he couldn't get control of the Luna Studios for himself he'd have money enough, by his sliding-scale contract, which was based on the success he meant to have, to cut loose entirely for himself; and he foresaw no difficulty in merging Tad McCarthy with any deal that looked like a better profit than mere distribution; whereon the name McCarthy would be lost in the grand consolidation and the one upstanding figure on the motion-picture map would be Isidor!

Pretty soft for Isidor; and in the boy there began to grow an elation which little old David Schusshel, watching narrowly and with much concern, judged to be the danger point, that critical moment which Izzy had escaped so far, but which, as foretold by the symptoms, was swiftly approaching, that moment when his head should become too large for his hat. A shrewd old man, David, who knew that a woman's love must run its course and a man's pride must have its fall before either can settle well into the business of life; and sometimes old David's eye was sad as he contemplated his cocksure young general manager, and sometimes it twinkled—as it did now when he congratulated Isidor on his success.

"Well, you will have your bull-headed way. You've signed up with Meyer Guldengeld, and it's your intention to leave

(Continued on Page 36)

Peerless

We cannot state too strongly our honest conviction that no motor car in America is yielding finer performance, or more stable, steady performance, than the New Peerless.

Its power runs the entire gamut, as you will, from a mere whisper to a mighty torrent that flows from a source seemingly inexhaustible.

Its ability to go for months, and for unprecedented thousands of miles, without carbon removal, is something entirely new in motoring.

A car less worthy must falter under punishment which Peerless willingly accepts, and through which it maintains a regularity of arrival that is rarely duplicated.

The satisfaction of Peerless ownership is a satisfaction which is complete and unvarying from one year's end to the other.

It is a satisfaction which has its foundation deep in the knowledge that nothing short of neglect can diminish the brilliant qualities that set Peerless apart among all our fine cars.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

No this is not a portrait of me
J. H.

Smooth as Silk

A lot of men use Talcum for Men purely for the sensuous delight of its silky feel—not realizing how good it is for the skin—how essential to perfect skin comfort.

As a matter of fact, Talcum for Men is almost as necessary to good shaving as Mennen Shaving Cream.

For four reasons:

Your skin should be thoroughly dried after shaving. Moisture left in the pores is irritating. Talcum for Men is highly absorbent—it sucks up moisture like millions of fairy sponges.

Talcum for Men removes the shine from the skin.

It provides an invisible film which protects sensitive skin from wind and sun.

And it is antiseptic.

A unique quality of Talcum for Men is that it doesn't show. You can use all you like and no one will ever know. That is because it is tinted with a pigment the exact color of a man's skin.

Of course, the use of Talcum for Men is not limited to shaving. It is great after a bath—makes your clothes feel loose on a hot day—no sticking or chafing. Shake it in your hose or in tight shoes.

As the name indicates it is made for men—a he-man product.

I wish every man who feels that I did him a favor by inducing him to use Mennen Shaving Cream would show his continuing confidence in me by giving Talcum for Men a trial. I'll guarantee that he will like it.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 34)

the Old Man that's been your papa in the business."

"You bet you my life!" exulted Izzy. "But looky, Mr. Schusshel. I ain't gonna leave you so bad off. You know, Simmons resigned a while ago, because he wanted to be a general manager an' have a chance of his own; so I'm sending him over to the Luna Studios. He'll have a good year's training, an' when I move over to take his place I'll let you have Simmons to take my place, if you want him."

"That's generous." And David's twinkle for the moment became all beam. "I guess the only thing that bothers you now is this fellow Candysh that's made a fool out of Prue."

"I'll get that bird, too," promised Izzy with sudden vindictiveness. "I've been pretty busy these past few days while he's been buzzin' around, but my friends haven't been asleep, an' at ten o'clock I'll take you over on the set an' show you some fun. The big scene in The Woman's Half is to be shot today, an' Prue done such fine work the last time I jolted her that we been savin' up somethin' for her. It'll teach her a lesson, anyhow, an' when this bird's gone she'll settle down an' be like she was."

"By golly, you're young yet, after all," commented the Old Man half pityingly. "Sometimes I forget that you're only a kid because you're such a born business man, and I worry about you, so it's a relief to me to have you show me that you're a fool about something. I guess I have to let you do like we have to do with Prue—run right ahead with your foolishness till you bump your head against the stone wall; and you'll be better off, if it don't bust your brains out. But say, look here, what is this jolt you're going to hand the poor girl? After all, you know, she is my star, and I'm paying her salary; and besides that, I'm one friend she's got left. I tell you this much, Izzy; I'm a good business man, I hope, but I'd rather spoil the picture than have Prudence get any more trouble than she's going to have anyhow through this bum."

"What we're gonna do is for Prue's own good," declared Izzy with self-justification; but the Old Man shook his head.

He was on the set, however, at sharp ten, ready to declare himself in emergency, if need be; but all seemed serene in the abandoned hut, surrounded by airplane propellers and water hose and lightning-flash lamps and all the other stormy weather which was to increase the drama of this thrilling episode. It was like a pleasant family party, of which Henry Lord Candysh was an apparently welcome member as he sat on a rude bench at the open end of the cabin with the persecuted heroine, now light-hearted and happy. In the other end of the cabin Graves and Dennis Doone were practicing carefully the separate holds and turns of a death struggle, deciding, with the assistance of Sapp, who should catch whom where, and which one should flop the table over, and what one of the four elbows should knock the light off the mantel, and such other details as would make the scene spontaneous, when suddenly there stumped on the set a wizened man with a limp and a sagging shoulder and a cough, who inquired for Dennis Doone. On this voice the rehearsal stopped; and Hillary Wells, who had come in behind the stranger, lit his brier pipe and sat on a spot man's stepladder as if he had the front-row balcony seat at a show; while Izzy Iskovitch, standing behind Benny at the camera, took his hands out of his coat pockets and jammed his fists deep down in his trousers pockets.

"Hello, Tierney!" said Doone, coming out of the set heartily. "I see you found your way all right."

"I'll say I did," returned Tierney, looking around the company with his stern face. "Where's that Foreign Legion man you've been telling me about?"

"Oh, yes." And there was a perceptible tightening of the tension in the six members of the Coo Clucks Can. Dennis stepped before Candysh. "This is the gentleman. Did you ever see him before?"

Tierney stooped to take a good long look. Prue, her eyes staring and her mouth open, sat as if petrified; but Candysh, without a change in a muscle of his face, gazed back at the stranger as in mild curiosity.

"Not!" declared Tierney with contempt. "I had occasion to check up the muster roll of the Foreign Legion throughout the whole time of the war, and I'll take my oath that there was no Candysh on that muster roll and that I never saw this man's face before. Now I'll hand you something, Mr. Candysh: There have been enough fakes to reflect discredit on the men who risked their lives for a lot of stay-at-home whelps like you, and if it were left to me I'd have you nabbed right this minute as an impostor. But my friends here have prevailed on me to give you your choice between that and beating it out of town."

"Upon my soul, I am astonished!" observed Henry Lord Candysh, looking around at the tense company with wonder; and it was notable of him that even in that moment he laid his hand gently on Prue's and gave it a light but reassuring pressure. "You know, my friend, you have as much advantage of me as I have of you. I don't remember your face in the Foreign Legion. Have you your papers with you to prove that you were there?"

"Why, you ——"

And Tierney stopped appalled. Like others of his kind, the ones who had been through the unmitigated horrors of that four years' insanity, he had left the flaunting and the picturesque war tales to those who had no need to forget the haunting sights which they had seen; and it was far from his habit or theirs to carry proofs around, to show that they had seen the things they never bragged about. Even his discharge papers were locked up with other useless relics at his home in Denver.

"Apparently you haven't," observed Candysh calmly, though he had played his only trump with trepidation. "Well, Mr.—I didn't catch your name properly, but it doesn't matter—it seems that we are both rather justly under suspicion, and I, for one, mean to clear myself. Suppose you procure your papers, wherever they are, if you have any, and I will cable for mine. Then I propose to make a few little speeches of my own."

Tierney had succumbed to a violent fit of coughing during this incisive speech; but now, purpling with rage, he made a spring at Candysh. Prue screamed. Dennis Doone caught Tierney in his arms and held him back.

"It's no good, Jerry. You can't carry through a thing like this where there's any chance for a come-back. Send for your papers. Look here, Candysh, I know that Jerry was in the Foreign Legion, and I don't know that you were. But I'll tell you one thing: Just as soon as this is cleared up, I'm going to nail you, and nail you good!"

The conviction in his honest face would have won a case before any jury; but Prudence Joy, who had been his friend for years, knew his whole clean record and his reputation for almost foolish truthfulness, besides his deep regard for her, looked up at him with withering scorn. Such is love!

"Hereafter, Mr. Doone, I'll thank you never to speak to me except in the lines of your part. Mr. Sapp, I wish to be present with all the people now on this set when a public apology is made to Mr. Candysh."

"You'll wait a long time!" shrilled the voice of Izzy, beside himself with rage at the fiasco. "We ain't through yet! We got more piled up against this bum! He'd have been smart if he had beat it out of town! We were tryin' to make it easier for you, Prue, by exposin' him an' lettin' him get away."

Prue rose, but Henry Lord Candysh knew men too well to make a move at that moment, and he remained sitting, his only security in Prue's protection.

"Come, Henry," she said, turning to him and reaching down her hand; but before he could take it and risk her plan of walking out in high dudgeon at the insults heaped on heap, Izzy sprang between and caught her arm.

"Where are you going?" he demanded roughly.

"It is none of your business!"

Something in the abhorrence with which she looked at him broke that roughness in him.

It was unbelievable that this gentle face which had turned to him always in friendliness, and sometimes more than friendliness, should express such sudden loathing of him, such deep, intense revilement; and his voice turned to pleading.

"Wait a minute, Prue! I don't know what you're gonna do; but whatever it is you'll be sorry. You don't know what you're doing. This fellow's the rottenest bum that ever lived. He's double-crossed you right from the jump. He made love to Belle Baxter at the same time he did to you, and in the same way, only he got money out of her. You know what he did? He got her to let him be her business manager, and blew her bank roll in the bucket shops, an' when she got sore at him for it, he threatened her with a scandal, because she was in his room half a dozen times. That was this dirty loafer's scheme! He thought that made a scandal, like maybe it does back where he came from!" Candysh winced. That had been his fatal error. He had counted as a business asset on the fear of scandal in motion-picture circles, and the fear existed—but the definition of the word was so different in Hollywood and in Palm Beach. By that difference the poor expert's Western career was nipped in the bud. In the East it had rotted on the stem. What should he do for a living in case they let him live? He was busy with extremely important speculation, while Izzy, with a trembling voice, went on: "Listen, Prue, I can prove all I say, an' a lot more! Don't let this bum get the best of you! Listen to me! I'm your friend, Prue! I—I love you!"

In front of them all he said it! His features were distorted convulsively, there was a great lump in his throat, and the veins stood out on his temples in purple knots; but Prue looked with ineffable contempt into the face of the boy who had been her best friend for eight years, and she said passionately:

"You don't know what love is! You don't know the first meaning of the word! I do! I don't care what he's done, nor what he or I have to suffer for it! I love him!"

Izzy staggered back from that as if she had struck him a blow, and it was then that Ernest Sapp pulled him gently aside and confronted Prue himself.

"It's time somebody saved you then, and if your friends can't, the law will! Belle Baxter's warrant is out for his arrest on the charge of embezzlement, and ——"

"Stop him!" suddenly roared David Schusshel; and then Prue dashed straight past Sapp's outstretched arm.

Candysh had taken advantage of the attention which was centered on her and was slipping out at the side door. In just that startled instant, when they lost a second by surprise, Prue was out of the door after him, and as he started the motor of his racer she sprang into the car with him and they whirled out of the lot!

VIII

ISIDOR ISKOVITCH, general manager of the M. P. C., boss of the George B. Luna Studios and partner in the same, equal partner in the Square Deal Distributing Company, near-producer, much more than potential magnate, and sad young man, sat in black solitude in the M. P. C.'s projection room, to take up the first duties that marked his new career—a viewing of the Luna pictures ready for final titling before distribution. With a clear conscience he'd had them sent over from the Luna plant, for it was nine P.M. and he'd finished a long day's work for the M. P. C., ending with a report from a local detective agency, which confessed a total inability to locate Prudence Joy, missing these two days.

Well, that was that. Old David had said he needed a tumble, and he'd had it. Maybe it was good for him to get such a jolt, but he couldn't see it yet. If he could only forget that look in Prue's eyes as she heaped her scorn on him he'd feel better; but that hatred in a face which had always been friendly was a stab that cut deep, and it haunted him by night and by day, taking the edge entirely from his business triumph.

There, at least, he was still supreme. Nobody had ever given Isidor Iskovitch a back-set in business, and nobody was going to! There was an unnecessarily grim set on his lips as he told himself this, and it was not at all with the elation he would have liked to feel that he pressed the buzzer there in the Stygian darkness for the first of the three Luna pictures to begin. Suddenly he stiffened in his chair. What was this?

DAVID SCHUSSHEL
Presents

THE SATIN CROSS

Produced by
THE MAGNIFICENT PICTURES CORPORATION

Violently Izzy's finger pushed the buzzer for the picture to stop, while very much scrambled thought sorted itself in his mind. The Satin Cross was a Luna picture, he was sure of that! He'd seen part of it!

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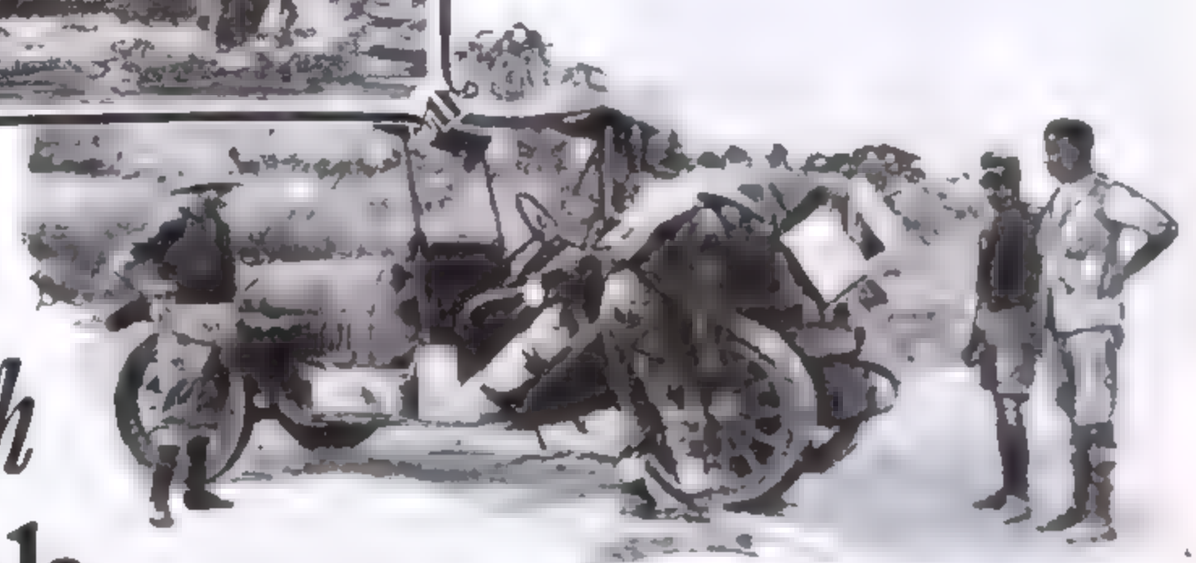


Illustrations from photographs of John Deacon's African Journey

300 Miles *through the* African Bush

Shortly after the world war military operations were finished in Africa, John Deacon, a British officer, was instructed to proceed over the fighting ground to locate graves. His outfit consisted of three cars, only one of which was Delco-equipped—a Buick.

His other two cars broke down early in the trip, placing the entire burden of carrying one thousand pounds of supplies, besides gasoline, oil and five people, upon the Buick.

Heavy rains fell throughout the journey. The roads, merely clearings in the forests, became almost impassable. Primitive bridges were swept away. Often the car had to be dragged across swamp and stream.

In crossing one river the carburetor, timer-distributor, and all vital portions of the car likely to be affected by water, were removed.

The turbulent flood submerged the car completely. Yet once on the further side, it took but an hour to replace the parts and tune up again. And the car completed its day's run of another thirty miles.

During the entire trip, this Buick performed faultlessly. The unfailing dependability of the Delco electrical equipment throughout the abnormally severe usage to which it was subjected, is another striking example of that superb quality which has established Delco as the world's foremost Starting, Lighting and Ignition System.

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES COMPANY
DAYTON, OHIO

Delco

Paint Your Car *with* Murphy Da-cote

Smooth!

There's the secret!—Murphy Da-cote Motor Car Enamel is *smooth*, creamy smooth, silky smooth, so smooth that it flows just the least bit after each stroke, so that brush marks and laps simply *must* run together and leave an even, satiny surface!

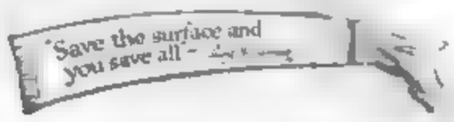
This is why anyone can Da-cote his car in his own home garage in an afternoon and produce a splendid new finish.

This is why over 2,000,000 motorists *have* transformed their time-blotched cars into automobiles they are proud to drive.

Try Da-cote on your own car! You'll finish in an afternoon. It'll dry overnight but let it stand another day if convenient and then drive out a car all brilliance and glory!

Da-cote comes in black and white and ten standard colors. Your dealer will give you a color card and tell you how much you need.

Incidentally, this is wonderful enamel for renewing painted furniture, toys, machinery and many other wood and metal surfaces. Decorative effects can be secured with a combination of colors.



Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited
Montreal, Canadian Associate

(Continued from Page 36)

"What's the matter, Izzy?" came an unctuous voice through the little square hole above him, the peephole of the projection operator, and with a sudden chill apprehension he recognized the voice of the shrewd little Old Man who had been his papa in the business. He sat motionless in that chill apprehension while he heard the door of the operator's booth slam, then the door of the projection room opened and a slow-moving figure shuffled into the darkness and sat down. Izzy turned on the lights and his expression was blank as he looked on the kindly smile and the benevolent yellow eye of David—in which eye was a twinkle.

"What is this? You been playin' a joke on me?"

"Well, no," grinned David. "You wouldn't exactly call it a joke that makes a man invest close to a million dollars. You know, Izzy, I was so anxious to keep you with me that I bought out Guldengeld's interest in the George B. Luna Studios, and now I'm the majority stockholder over there; and I'm going to make a merger of the two companies so quick that it's all right to change the title cards a few days in advance."

The measure of a man is not how he stands his victories but how he stands his defeats. Isidor Iskovitch sat motionless for some little time while he strove to comprehend to the full just what had happened to him. When he did comprehend it he kept silent for a few minutes more with a proper-minded man's quick estimate of what he could do about it; then the blood began to come back into his face and he swallowed his gulp, while he pumped up a very fair imitation of his old-time grin.

"Well, when I picked you to learn motion-picture magnating from, I picked a good one," he admitted. "But, y'understand me, Mr. Schusshel, I ain't dead yet!"

"Sure not," chuckled the Old Man, "and I'm glad of it, Izzy. But I'll bet you something—you're out of breath. You got your hundred thousand dollars invested and you owe for two hundred and fifty thousand, and now you're safe for a while. I got you on a contract for one year more with the M. P. C. and five years more with the company I'm going to merge, so we don't part just yet. Hot dog!"

"All right." Izzy gulped again. He gulped twice, but he was game. "You got me in your company with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock that I owe for; but you bet you my life something, Mr. Schusshel, you gotta take a lickin' yourself before we get through! You ain't so old yet but what you can stand one. You ain't so old as I thought you was."

"Maybe, Izzy; but you're not so old as I thought you were either. You have to learn a few tricks yet that I almost forgot. You lost this whole business because you got top-heavy in the head and didn't need any help. If you had been a little more interested in Miriam Guldengeld I couldn't have kept you; but when Meyer found out that it didn't make any difference to you if Miriam owned that stock he lost interest in it and sold it to me."

The hurdle rider who had never before bruised a bone began to feel stiff and sore from his many contusions—and in that aching moment there came a knock at the door. In stumbled Izzy's office boy, his Cousin Eli, a bullet-headed, pumpkin-bellied, piano-legged youngster, whose only advancement in three years was the substitution of long trousers for knickerbockers; and he was devouring a dill-pickle sandwich with great relish.

"Say, Izzy."

"Say, if I got to be President of the United States, I guess you'd call me Izzy while I was presiding over a cabinet meeting! What do you want?"

"I want to go home," mumbled Eli, otherwise known as Dumdum. "Say, there's a lady waiting for you up in your office."

"Who is it?"

"No name," reported Dumdum vociferously. "That's all I was told to say —was no name." And for fear that he should say more he stumbled out, which was an unprecedented bit of wisdom on his part.

Izzy and David looked at each other, with that ever-present thought in the minds of both. Prue!

"I guess I gotta see who it is. I'll be back in a minute, Mr. Schusshel."

Sure enough it was Prue, radiant and happy, and with her was Henry Lord Candysh!

"I've come back to finish the picture, Izzy," she told him. "Henry and I are married. We've just returned from our little trip, and I couldn't wait until morning to tell you how sorry I am that we had all that miserable misunderstanding."

She put her hand in his, and all the hardness and all the bitterness in Izzy broke as he saw shining in her eyes that same old friendly regard. That she was married to this Candysh person made no difference in the real thing that had been between Prue and himself, their great friendship; and he suddenly found that he had been shaking her hand all this time with monotonous regularity.

"I'm so surprised that I nearly forgot to congratulate you," he gulped finally, and with a manful conquering of himself he extended his hand to Candysh. "I guess we better let bygones be bygones, Mr. Candysh, now that you have married into the family."

Prue looked on with moist eyes, and then said Candysh, easily and gracefully:

"First of all, Izzy, I want to thank you for settling my account with Miss Baxter. I have no defense to offer in that matter. A gentleman can't say anything when he is attacked by a woman." And he did it jauntily, with a straight face. "I am happy to say that my remittance has arrived, and here is a check for the amount you so kindly advanced to protect me."

"That's all right," said Izzy, blushing violently as he took the check; for David Schusshel was standing just outside the door, and Isidor Iskovitch was ashamed to have anyone know that he had parted with five thousand dollars of his good money to protect anybody for purely altruistic motives —even if it was for Prue's sake!

"I guess I got to kiss the bride," came the unctuous voice of David from the doorway; and Prue, running to him, threw her arms around his neck—and it was then that she cried.

When Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lord Candysh had gone, Izzy and the Old Man looked at each other significantly and very soberly. Each was positive that Henry's remittance had arrived from the only source it would ever arrive—from Prue's earnings; but as Hillary Wells put it later:

"When lovely woman stoops to folly, she makes a thorough joh, by golly!"

Izzy walked over to clear his desk, and the Old Man regarded him with a twinkling eye. "Say, Izzy, Meyer Guldengeld asked me over to dinner again tomorrow night before I go back to New York, and he says Miriam would be glad if you'd come along. How about it?"

Izzy carefully sorted some papers in a neat little pile. Then he turned suddenly.

"I guess Mr. Guldengeld still holds his mortgage on your interest in the Luna Studios."

His papa in the business gave him a startled glance. "Well, yes," he finally admitted, and Izzy grinned.

"I guess I can come."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

The Russians have many curious customs. For instance, suppose a man is named Ivan Boris Goudenoff—also spelled Gudenov, Gowdainof, Goudenow. His family and intimate friends will address him as Vladislaw Michaelovitch, or even Poppinoff Krapenski. Strangers, however, and others who are not on terms of intimacy, will call him Pushka, or Papa Pushka, or perhaps Little Darling Father Pushka. This quaint custom is pleasing, although it is apt to be confusing to a foreigner.

The principal products of Russia are Russian novels, Russian drama, Russian vaudeville, Russian blouses and caviar.

The Russian novel is noted for its bright, whimsical humor. It deals usually with plain homely subjects like insanity, murder and crimes of violence. The same cheery note predominates in the Russian drama.

They used to have a pleasant little game in Russia called Throwing Baby to the Wolves. Whenever a muzhik went on a journey across the snow-clad steppes in his droshky—jitney—he invariably equipped himself with several assorted infants.

When the ravenous beasts drew near the droshky he would throw out a baby, and then, while the wolves were fighting about it, he would make his escape. [*Vide* Crime and Punishment, by H. G. Wells.]

People who have revisited Russia since the war say that it has changed so that they'd never recognize it. Our State Department says the same thing.

Poland

POLAND—population several millions—was named after its discoverer, Marco Polo, who found it in 657 A. D., daylight-saving time, where it had been carelessly mislaid by H. G. Wells. After subduing the natives in several bloody battles by the use of a weapon he had invented called the poleax, he finally won a decisive victory at a place now called the Polo Grounds in commemoration of this battle, and set up a government with himself at the head.

Several partitions were subsequently instituted under the provisions of the Real Property Law.

Marco Polo changed his name to Mark Polstein and fled to America. A rotten time was had by all, and the period known as the Dark Ages ensued.

It was not until the conclusion of the World War, when Ignace Paderewski, as the candidate of the Wolf-Meyer Musical Bureau, was elected prime minister, that Poland came into her own as a world power.

Parliament was opened on December 1, 1919, by the premier, who played Chopin's Black Key Etude. Some of the opposition newspapers criticized him for playing the Military Polonaise as an encore. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment, which had been organized into a double quartet for the occasion, sang a beautiful vocal arrangement of Rubinstein's Melody in F.

The population of Poland is divided roughly—for centuries Poland has been divided roughly—into the following classes: First is the agricultural class—the peasants, who are known as Bean Poles; then there is the artisan class, described collectively as the Barber Poles; next is the small professional class, known as Telegraph Poles; and lastly, the aristocratic or leisure class, called the Fishing Poles. There are also a number of criminals in Poland called Hop Poles.

The Polish Government, which may beat be described as a temperamental republic, is supported by a tax known as a Pole Tax. To this is added the revenue from piano and violin recitals by the various cabinet ministers, and glee-club concerts by the Warsaw Board of Aldermen.

Soap is used by the more wealthy society leaders quite openly. However, the majority of the population still justify what Henley wrote of them several years ago:

"Black as the pit from Pole to Pole."

The chief products of Poland are pogroms, mazurkas and violinists. Each household has a domestic pet called a polecat. The capital of Poland is called Warsaw in honor of Doctor Coué, who gave Poland its motto, "Every day in every way we become Warsaw and Warsaw."

—*Newman Levy.*

WHY NOT?

Mr. Smith Decides That He Has as Much Right as His Wife to Make His Toilette in a Restaurant

PACKARD

Those who graduate from lesser cars to the Single-Six accomplish a double gain.

The infinite improvement which naturally follows, in performance and reliability, is accompanied by a distinct monetary advantage as well.

Single-Six is not merely notable among *fine* cars for its economy, but *notable among all cars.*

There is no car more profitable to own than the Single-Six—and that fact naturally adds to your enjoyment of Packard's brilliant performance and smooth, dependable operation.

Shown above is the Single-Six Four Passenger Sport Model
Furnished in eleven popular body types, open and enclosed
Packard Single-Eight, $3650 to $4950—at Detroit

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

SIKES CHAIRS
PHILADELPHIA

SIKCO
the Office
Easy Chair

Good Medicine—for That Tired Feeling

You know that famous old tired feeling the patent medicines sob so much about? The kind that hits you in the midriff at 3:10 and makes an afternoon of office work as attractive as thirty days at hard labor.

The seat of trouble ***may*** be in your mainspring or carburetor, as the persuasive medicine man would have you believe. But more likely it is the uncomfortable seat of the office chair you're sitting on.

Ever think of that?

Tell you what. Suppose today you drop in on the nearest Sikes dealer and ask him to let you sit down in a SIKCO—The Office *Easy* Chair. It isn't so different from ordinary office chairs to *look at*. But for comfort! Let your body settle down into a SIKCO. Note those specially designed curves of seat, arms and back made to conform to the natural curves of the body. Run your hands over the comfortably rounded edges and corners. But what's the use of *my* telling you? Let the SIKCO *show* you

I would like to give you the name of a Sikes dealer. Write and ask.

Sikes

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

Sikes office chairs are also made in every conventional pattern and design. In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

THE ONE-PLAY MAN

(Continued from Page 7)

He captured the yellow envelope; returned to the others bearing it in a trembling hand.

"Up at all hours, young Bernton," he said. "Probably just made up his mind. Celia—you—my glasses ——"

She took the message, opened it.

"This isn't from Bernton," she said.

Her father's eager look faded.

"Who's it from? What is it?"

"It's from Solly Meyer."

"Solly? What's he want?"

She read, "Where can I get hold of a copy of your play?"

A moment's tense silence.

"A copy? My play?" Hawthorne blinked. "Why, the poor boob! There's been a copy in his office for twenty-three years! What do you suppose this means?" He reached out a shaking hand.

"Don't get excited, dad. It probably means nothing."

"Nonsense! It must mean something. He's interested. Solly's interested again. Where's the nearest telegraph office?"

"The clerk will telephone a message," she reminded him.

He went to the desk, seized a telegraph blank. Celia and Gregory stared at each other.

"It *has* happened, you know," the actor said. "I mean, plays have waited even longer for production."

But Celia shook her head tragically.

"The same old will-o'-the-wisp," she assured him. "But to come along now, of all times ——"

Hawthorne returned.

"Can you beat it, Jim? Twenty-three years ago I gave it to him, and now he comes to life. I wonder how he got my address. From the club, I guess."

"Well, I certainly hope he means business," Gregory said. "I'll come round in the morning. I want you and Celia to have lunch with me."

Hawthorne looked guiltily away. The clerk was reading the message to the telegraph operator—reading in a loud, penetrating voice:

> Copy of the play somewhere in your office. Will be back in town within twenty-four hours.
> Signed, FRED HAWTHORNE.

"Father!" Celia cried.

"Train in the morning, I suppose," said Hawthorne, not daring to meet her eyes.

"Father, I won't let you! You promised to stay until the end of the season."

"See here, Fred," Gregory pleaded, "you'll break her heart. She's been planning this visit of yours since the day she landed."

Hawthorne shook his head.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But it's the way things happen. You heard Solly's telegram. Probably he can't find that old copy. I'll have to dig one up for him somewhere; and I'd better be there, anyhow. Better be right on the ground."

"But, dad, it may be just another false alarm," Celia reminded him.

"It may be," he assented, "and—it may not. It may be my chance, after all these years."

His cheeks were flushed, his eyes shining.

"I'm sorry," said Gregory, shaking hands. "Sorry you have to leave so soon, I mean. But if you must, good luck."

He went out hastily, not daring to look at Celia.

"Better go to my room—get some sleep," Hawthorne said. He had the air of a naughty child.

In her father's room on the fifth floor—the room she had so carefully selected—Celia stood for a moment by the window. Below her the moonlight was falling on yellow flower beds.

"The marigolds I told you of," she said.

Hawthorne glanced out.

"Pretty," he said. "Celia, I'll—I'll need about a hundred dollars. I'm sorry, my dear; but you'll get it all back—everything you've loaned me—some day, when the play goes on."

"When!" she repeated. She stared at him wonderingly. "Oh, dad!"

"You've got to believe," he said. "You've got to have faith. Your mother—she lost hers. Don't you desert me too."

He stood there before her, tragic, beaten, fighting still. She thought of that night in another hotel room, the night that had begun all this, the night he had promised, "Nothing too good for Celia, Jim." She went to him and kissed him.

"I won't desert you," she said. "We'll go to the bank in the morning before your train. Good night, dear, and good luck."

Up in her room on the floor above she sat for a long time staring out at the marigolds, and the cosmos nodding in a sudden breeze.

II

"WHERE can I get hold of a copy of your play?" In twenty-three years Fred Hawthorne had heard that query again and again. Sometimes a breathless voice over the telephone, sometimes a frantic-sounding telegram, sometimes the eager seeker in person buttonholing him on Broadway. And always up to now the question had come to nothing; the seeker had got hold and then let go; a period of hope and rosy dreams, and then the old abysmal despair.

Yet so queerly is the human heart constituted that he could still thrill to hear those magic words. As he sped back toward New York they repeated themselves over and over in his mind. He heard them in the clatter of the wheels, he read them on the billboards flashing by. "Where can I get hold ——" Could it be a production at last, his ancient dream come true, the latter years of his life bringing the fulfillment of his earlier hopes?

He landed at ten o'clock the following evening, and the familiar signs of Broadway welcomed him home. This was his street, he reflected, as he rode up it in an open taxi; here he belonged and could be happy. Celia had prattled of marigolds and an old-fashioned garden, Gregory of the comparative peace and quiet of a smaller city. All right, all right—if you liked that sort of life. But not for him. He was a New Yorker.

He called first at Solly Meyer's office on West Forty-fifth Street, for often Solly lingered there at night. But the place was closed; nor was Solly's whereabouts known at his own theater on Forty-eighth. It meant that he must wait until morning—one more night of suspense, of wondering what was doing. To tell the truth, he was not disappointed; he longed to hear the news, and dreaded it too. He'd had experience.

The landlady at his rooming house expressed bleary-eyed surprise at seeing him; but he explained his sudden recall on important business, and handed over the twelve dollars he had owed when he departed. In another moment he was in his old room, third floor rear, and stood staring out where back yards met and life was more informal. His mind was still occupied with Solly Meyer's telegram, and he longed for human companionship so that he might put his speculations, his hopes and fears, into words.

Accordingly he hurried to the top floor and knocked at the door of the hall room in the front. A strong voice called "Come in," and in he went. Tom Holley sat before a tiny table, sketchily attired, staring through great horn-rim spectacles at a sheet of manuscript he held in his hand. At sight of his visitor he leaped joyfully to his feet, and, had his apartment afforded him the space, he would have cavorted as a sign of pleasure.

"Glory be!" he cried. "I'm glad to see you. Just what I require—an audience."

"What's up?" Hawthorne inquired.

"It's all up. I've finished the play. After you left I had a sudden rush of drama to the head, and I worked for forty-eight hours without sleep and practically without food. The result—the result lies on that table. And it's good—it's good!"

Fred Hawthorne smiled at him a little sadly. Youth and health and high spirits, and the glory of achievement. It was hard to keep envy out of his heart.

"I guess I'm elected," he smiled.

No mention of his unexpected return, no opening for his own news. Oh, well, that could wait.

"You never said a truer word," the boy laughed. He locked the door, put the key in his pocket. "Precautionary move," he explained. "I don't intend my first audience shall walk out on me. Make yourself comfortable. Here's the old tobacco jar—wish I could offer you a cigar. But that won't matter, once I get going. Fill your pipe; loll back on that luxurious couch—be careful, the spring's busted—and give ear. The author requests that you restrain your applause until the final curtain."

His eyes were unnaturally bright. Great husky lad though he was, his hands shook as he fumbled with the pages of his manuscript. Fred Hawthorne, watching as he filled his pipe, knew that under this note of raillery lay nervous tension, a mad longing to hear his praise, a fear of his censure. He must be kind, he reminded himself. Crude, probably badly done—a first play. He who knew so much, had so many years behind him, must choose his words carefully when that final curtain came.

Outside the solitary window New York muttered restlessly as it drew to the close of another August day. The sky was yellow with the lights of a new theatrical season opening hopefully. A new season—what would it bring, Fred Hawthorne wondered. Success and fortune for him? Or perhaps for this boy? Or for both? He settled himself on the sagging cot.

"Shoot," he directed.

Holley began, his voice unsteady.

"Thrown Away—I think I'll call it that. Because, you know, that's what happens to myleading character. Hiswhole lifewasted."

Hawthorne shook his head.

"Rotten," he objected. "But never mind the title. You'll change it a hundred times. Go on."

"Well, the setting of the first act is a drawing-room in the Park Avenue apartment of ——"

He read well, gaining in confidence as he went. Toward the close of his first act the theaters in the street below began disgorging their crowds, and he finished above the sudden roar of traffic, the shrill whistle of carriage starters, the cries of exasperated chauffeurs.

"Go on," Fred Hawthorne ordered. Act Two came to an end, silence in the street now, Hawthorne refilled his pipe.

"Go on." And then Act Three, and after that a pause, with the boy waiting breathlessly.

"It's good," Hawthorne said. "A good job, son. One or two places—I'll speak of them later. But on the whole good work, for a first play especially. It gripped me, it held, not many holes in it." He stood. "Congratulations!"

The boy was limp in his chair, limp with relief and happiness.

"There's nobody," he said, "whose opinion I'd respect more. You know. And if you say so, I'm all right."

"You're all right, and that's a fact," Hawthorne smiled. "Somebody will take this piece, I haven't a doubt in the world. It has everything—laughter, suspense, tears—everything." His enthusiasm grew. "Why, you'll get rich out of this thing! Might be a quarter of a million in it, picture rights and all. A cool quarter million!"

He stopped. He was suddenly thinking of a night—long ago.

The boy rose and stepped to the window. The electric sign that proclaimed the new play across the street was cold and lifeless now. Not much of a hit, they said. Would his own title replace it?

"It's not the money I've been thinking of," he said. "But of course it would be nice—to make a lot, I mean. Know what I'd do? I'd travel. I'd write my next abroad somewhere—London maybe. Perhaps I'd offer it for production there. And if I had all the money I needed—there's my mother. I'd buy her a place of her own."

Hawthorne interrupted gently.

"I—I wouldn't spend it yet," he advised. "Wait a bit, son. This is a funny game. Heartbreaking for most of us. Good as your piece is—well, who knows? Luck—luck counts. It might be a long, hard grind."

"I know," the boy nodded. "I'm ready for it. I'll see it through."

"That's the talk! Only—don't get married. Better to fight it out alone. You take my case ——"

"Married! Me! I should say not!"

"Well, I didn't know. You're a nice kid. I thought perhaps—back home—some girl ——"

"No, sir. No girls in mine; not until I've landed."

"That's good. Now you get a lot of copies of this thing. Know what I want to do? I want to get Solly Meyer to read it. That reminds me, I'm back sooner than I expected."

"Yes, that's right; so you are. What brought you?"

(Continued on Page 42)

DODGE BROTHERS
TOURING CAR

The owner experiences a comfortable sense of security in the Touring Car, no matter how congested the traffic or how hazardous the road.

He knows that Dodge Brothers oversize brakes offer a sure grip, and can be depended on to stop the car almost instantly.

He has discovered how promptly and powerfully it will respond when emergency demands a sudden pick-up.

He is aware that the worm type steering apparatus—so vital to safe driving—is composed of case hardened chrome vanadium steel parts.

And, finally, he realizes that the admirable balance and symmetry of the Touring Car translate themselves into ease of control and the steadiness with which it holds the road at high speed.

Why T. I. asked his secretary what he paid for shirts

T. I. Duncan is known as one of the best-dressed men in the Senate—and a keen judge of values.

His secretary was puzzled when he looked up from his desk to find his chief staring at him intently.

"Bartlett," said the Senator suddenly, "I know I pay you a thumping good salary; but, at that, I don't understand how you can afford such expensive shirts. What do they cost you?"

"Just regular prices," laughed Bartlett. "They're Emery Shirts."

"If that's so, I'm going to save a lot on shirts from now on," said Duncan.

Why Emery Shirts are equal to custom-made

Pattern in each shirt perfectly balanced — stripes matched in cuffs, front, etc

Different sleeve lengths. Sleeve placquets (buttoning above the cuff) to prevent gaping sleeve and make cuffs set right.

Pre-shrunk neckbands. Neck-band tab for inserting collar button in back.

Closely-stitched seams. Clear pearl buttons. Unbreakable buttonholes. And many other refinements of finish.

Emery shirts are sold at better class shops—$2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and up. If there is no Emery dealer near you, we will see that you are served promptly on receipt of money order and name of your dealer. Give neckband size, sleeve length and color preferences. W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Emery Shirts

(Continued from Page 40)

"I had a telegram—from Meyer. Wanted to know where he could get hold of a copy of my play. Of course, it may not mean a thing, but—but I'm sort of hoping ——"

"You've got a right to hope," the boy said firmly. "You take it from me, this means a production. And I'm mighty happy for your sake." He patted the older man on the back. "They can't keep a good play down forever, Fred."

"I—I hope you're right."

"I know I am. And—and you'll give him my piece, won't you?"

"I surely will. As soon as my business with him is settled—one way or the other—I'll hand him your script and I'll make him read it."

Holley seized his hand.

"You're a good friend, Fred. I'll not forget."

"I'll tell Solly I believe in it. That'll count."

"And you do believe? You weren't just being kind?"

"No; that's not my idea of kindness. It's good stuff—not great, but good. All the luck in the world, son."

He waited. The boy was pacing his tiny domain, three steps north, three south. Fred Hawthorne waited; he was sort of wishing —— But, no, his play was out of the conversation for good, he saw.

"Thanks," said Holley. "I hope I haven't bored you too much."

"You haven't bored me at all," smiled Hawthorne. "Now you'd better unlock this door. The audience wants to go home."

As he descended through the dark smelly hall to his own room, he was still wishing the boy had said something about his own fortunes—just a word about "luck to you too." It would have helped him through the night. But he knew that would have been too much to ask. This was the show business—every man for himself. Tom Holley was big-hearted, generous; but to expect him to be interested in another man's play on the very night when he had just finished his own—well, Tom was no superman.

He was awake at dawn, and lay there staring at the stained ceiling. The big silver watch beneath his pillow ticked off the seconds slowly but relentlessly. When he had risen and was dressed his heart was racing, his hands cold and clammy. He longed to know, and feared. Somehow he felt one more disappointment would be more than he could bear.

Solly Meyer's offices were in an old brownstone residence long since given over to business. Five times Fred Hawthorne walked past the door, unable to mount the steps. When at last he managed it, Solly had not yet arrived. More suspense. Was it never to end?

He sat on a hard bench in the hall on the second floor, beside him a line of sleepy actors. How often he had sat like this while seasons changed, the years rolled by, hope revived and faded!

Solly came in at last, passed by that wistful bench without a glance. Another wait, and then the little manager reappeared in his doorway, stood coldly surveying the scene. He pointed a stubby finger at Hawthorne.

"I want you," he announced, like a teacher singling out a boy for punishment.

Walking unsteadily, Fred Hawthorne followed the brisk manager into the office.

"A nice kid," he had called Solly twenty-three years ago, but now neither the adjective nor the noun applied. Solly had made money and had spent it freely—on himself. Rolls of fat incased him, but his face had none of the fat man's accustomed geniality. His eyes were hard and glittering, eyes that looked only for profits.

"Business, that's me; business all the time," he often said.

"Well, Solly, I got your wire ——" Hawthorne began.

"Yeah," said Solly. "And I got your answer. Since then you know what we been doing? We been digging, Fred, excavating——Come here."

The room in which they stood was high-ceilinged, enormous. He led the way to a doorway opening on another room which, save for the lack of windows, was much the same. Fred Hawthorne had seen this other room before. It was a morgue; a morgue of hopes and dreams. For there were piled, from floor to paneled ceiling, several thousand manuscripts of plays. Solly never returned a script if he could help it, and so for many years in that dim room the pile had grown and gathered dust, while all over the country playwrights unknown to fame had waited and wondered.

But on this bright August morning the room presented a scene of wild confusion; the pile had been at last disturbed. Evidently madmen had dug in it, deeper and deeper, as though they sought the treasures of King Tut.

Solly waved a hand.

"Know where we found your script? In that far corner, the bottom of the pile. Three thousand plays on top of it, but we dug it out." He returned to his desk, picked up a yellow manuscript. "'Wheels Within Wheels,'" he read. "'A Play in Three Acts, by Frederick Hawthorne. Copyrighted by the Author, June, 1899.' Yes, sir, the bottom of the pile."

"Why not?" Hawthorne smiled. "One of the first plays you got, Solly, when you went into the game long ago."

"Yeah, I guess that explains it," Meyer answered. "Well, we finally found it, but we stirred up an awful lot of dust. My office boy's home with a terrible sore throat. I guess he picked up a germ."

Solly was an old acquaintance, and Hawthorne spoke out.

"If there was any justice in the world, you'd have got the germ yourself," he said.

Meyer laughed.

"Maybe I would, but there ain't any justice, Fred. Say, this thing reads kind of old-fashioned now. You'll have to touch it up for me."

Hawthorne's heart missed a beat.

"What—what you mean, Solly?" he inquired.

"Why, when I do it. I'm going to do it. Haven't I told you?"

Fred Hawthorne sank into a chair. Thus casually, after all these years, the big news came at last. Had he heard aright?

"You—you mean a production, Solly?"

"What do you think I mean? Yes, sir, I'm going to put it on, and I'm going to put it on quick. I've always believed in it—never forgot the story. And the other day somebody was telling me about a play the Friedman boys are all het up about, and the thing's near enough to your piece to be its little brother. So I says to myself—'Aha, I'll beat them to it.' They think they've got a knock-out—I'll puncture it. I'll steal into town ahead of them with your play, and whether we get by or not—maybe we won't; your piece is out of date—we'll anyhow kill them dead. We'll make monkeys of them."

He rubbed his hands gleefully. Hawthorne stared at him. So this was the answer: after twenty-three years of waiting, a production at last; a production prompted by hatred, by business rivalry, by low cunning. It wasn't that Solly had suddenly seen the merits of the piece. It was simply that he wanted to play a mean trick on his competitors. Show business!

"We'll have to hustle," Meyer was saying. "They're rehearsing their piece already. You'll have to sit up nights working this thing over. I've got the actors engaged, and I want the first act tomorrow. We won't play out of town; it's dangerous. We'll open cold on Broadway." He touched a button. "Miss Macy, bring me the contracts for Wheels. Now, Fred, if you want a young man to help you touch this up I got just the fellow. I've talked to him and he'll do it—for half the royalties."

"I've got a man myself," said Hawthorne, "if I need help."

"All right. The main thing is speed. Zip-zip, that's the idea."

He sat down at his desk. Fred Hawthorne tried to realize what was happening. Twenty-three years moldering at the bottom of the pile, and now the main idea was speed. But that was Broadway all the time.

The girl brought the contracts and he read one copy carefully.

"All right?" said Solly, holding a pen.

"All right—except for the advance," Hawthorne told him.

"What's wrong with that? Five hundred dollars. The regular thing."

"I want a thousand."

"You're crazy. I'm telling you, as an old friend ——"

"And I'm telling you, Solly. Twenty-three years you've kept me waiting. You might have produced this while Molly was alive—you might have given her a little comfort and happiness—and now you come along when my best years are gone—late, Solly, late ——" His voice broke. "By God, I'll have a thousand or nothing!" It was the only protest he knew.

Meyer looked impatiently at his watch.

"Well, I was a blamed fool, telling you my reasons, and that I had a cast. However, I'll pay for it. Change that to a thousand and we'll both initial it."

Hawthorne altered the figure and they signed. The manager wrote a check.

"All right, you robber. Will you take this script—or maybe you got a better one?"

"I can get one."

"Good! Get busy! Put in a little up-to-the-minute slang, loosen up the talk—it's stagy. Get the first act to the typist in the morning and tell her I want it at noon. I've called the troupe for one o'clock. Come on, move, Fred, move! Speed, I'm telling you! That Friedman gang might beat us yet."

Still dazed, Fred Hawthorne found himself on Forty-fifth Street. Sold! The play was sold! He had the contract in his pocket. He took out the check —— "Pay to the order F. Hawthorne, one thousand dollars ——"

All real, all true, the big news at last! But late, yes; pretty late. A thousand times he had rehearsed this moment, savored in advance the joy and triumph. But now ——

He glanced up at the tall buildings that surrounded him. If only Molly were waiting in a furnished room somewhere, as she had waited so often in the past! If only he could rush in upon her now, waving his check, crying his news!

"Molly, it's all right! I've sold it! A sable coat, diamonds, a house in the country. It's come true at last, my dear."

But Molly was gone. And Celia—Celia was out there in that distant city. The tidings would reach her by telegraph, and he would not even see her face as she read. Late, pretty late. He walked on, his shoulders bent, his heart heavy.

The mood, however, did not last. There was work to be done; at last he was a part of this great game, he who had been so long on the outside looking in. He paused at a telegraph office and pondered long over his message to Celia, seeking to make it convincing. It would be hard for her to believe. Then he returned to his boarding house to find Tom Holley and enlist his aid.

Two weeks later, on an evening early in September, he went to the station to meet Celia. The end of a most successful season in stock, the promise of greater achievement ahead, and the news of her father's final triumph—all these things had served to make her radiant with happiness and high spirits.

"How's the play coming?" were her first words.

"Fine! Looks mighty good, my dear. I've got a room for you at the house, but if you don't mind we'll stop first at the theater. Look in on a rehearsal."

"I'd love to," Celia said.

"Likely see Tom Holley there," her father continued, in the taxi. "I want to tell you that boy's been good to me. Helped me day and night on the rewriting, and won't take a cent for it. If the play goes over I mean to make him a handsome present."

"You should," the girl agreed. "He must be rather nice."

"He is. Clever too. Just finished his first play, and it's good—a mighty good job. I've given it to Solly and he's promised to read it as soon as our piece is out of the way."

They stopped before Meyer's theater, not yet open for the season, and went in through the front of the house to the dark auditorium. On the dim stage figures moved about and they were speaking lines; lines that had been familiar to Celia Hawthorne for as long as she could remember. The play, the old play, in rehearsal at last! Her eyes filled with sudden tears. Here was the end of that long, long journey: whatever happened, success or failure, the waiting at least was over. Her heart beat faster with relief and thankfulness.

"Celia, I want you to meet Tom Holley. I've told you about him. Tom, this is my girl."

Celia looked up at frank gray eyes and a winning smile, the boy looked down, and both were silent for a moment, clasping hands.

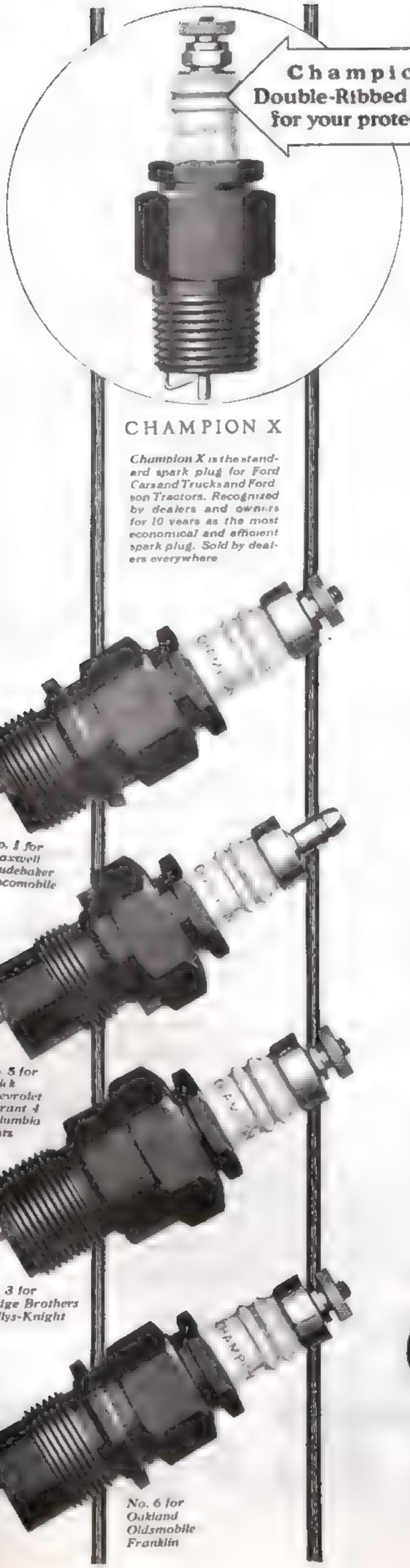
"Father's told me how kind you've been to him. I want to thank you."

"Nothing—nothing at all. It's been fun."

Solly Meyer was shouting for the author, and Fred Hawthorne hurried down the aisle.

"I hear you've written a play too," Celia said. "I hope you won't have to wait

(Continued on Page 45)



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More than 65% of all the spark plugs made are Champions. The actual production of the great Champion factories is more than 125,000 spark plugs every working day.

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In Europe, where the motor car first developed, Champion stands as an unchallenged leader. Mons. Boillot used Champions in the Peugot with which he won the last Grand Prix of the Automobile Club of France.

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In Australia, South Africa, New Zealand and the Far East, dependable Champions contribute efficient ignition to a majority of the motor cars.

Champions are outselling in all Latin American countries, just as they outsell in Canada, where they enjoy an unusual prestige.

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This core was developed and perfected by Champion scientists who are recognized as among the leading ceramic experts of the world.

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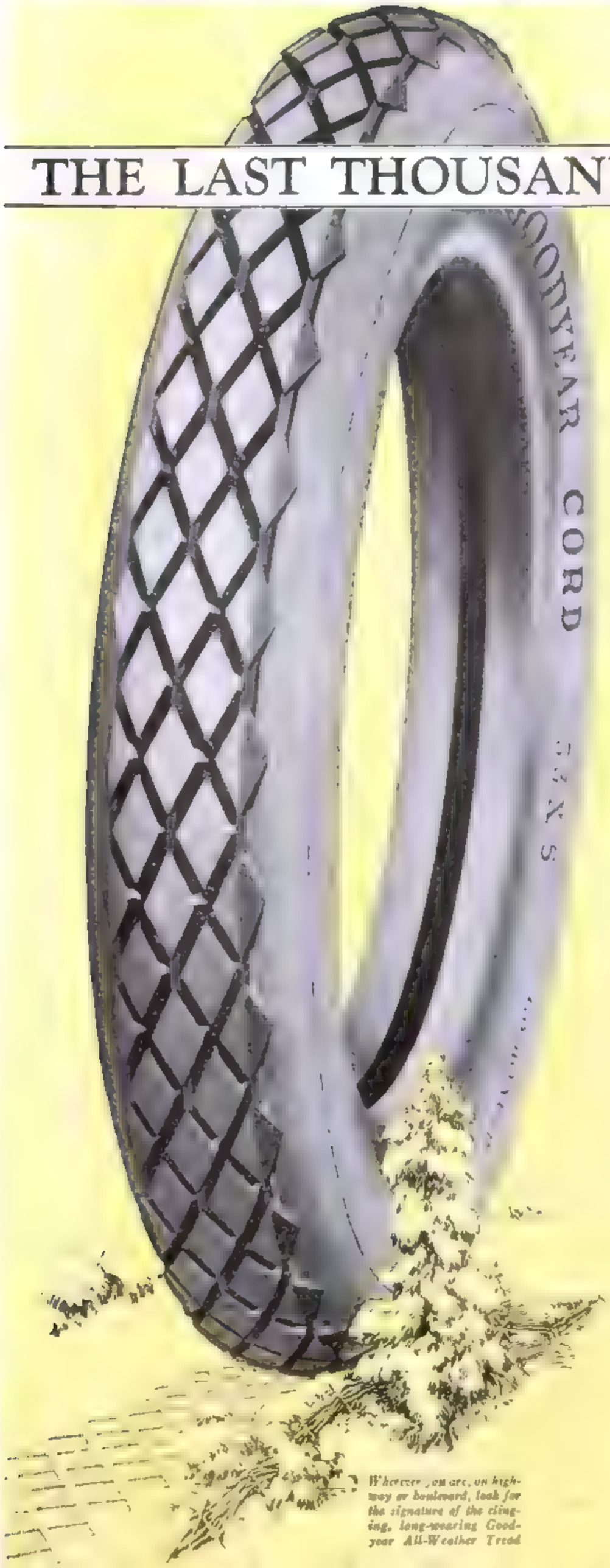

Wherever you are, on highway or boulevard, look for the signature of the clinging, long-wearing Goodyear All-Weather Tread

THE LAST THOUSAND MILES ARE THE HARDEST

Almost any tire looks good in the dealer's display rack.

Almost any tire continues to look good the first few hundred miles of use.

But as the hundreds of miles pile up into the thousands, and month by month the thousands pile up too, the truth comes surely forth.

For a tire, the last few thousand miles are the hardest.

• • •

The last few thousand miles in a Goodyear Tire are as a rule quite outside the reach and ability of the ordinary tire.

They are extra miles—miles given the user by virtue of the extra quality built into the Goodyear product.

For the largest single group of tire-buyers in the world, these extra miles constitute the final reason for preferring Goodyear equipment.

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Every feature, every improvement in this new tire is calculated to insure greater mileage, greater freedom from trouble, greater economy.

The improved rubber compound in the tread, the heavier sidewalls, the stouter ply-unions, the beveled tread feature—all contribute to make this the finest tire Goodyear ever produced.

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When you buy a new tire look beyond the dealer's display rack.

Look beyond it to those important last few thousand miles.

If the tire you buy is the new Goodyear Cord with the beveled All-Weather Tread, you are assured that those last few thousand miles will crown a performance in every way satisfactory.

Buy from your Goodyear Service Station Dealer, who is pledged to help you get from your tires all the mileage built into them at the factory.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 42)

as long as father has—for a production I mean."

"I hope not," he answered. "But if I do I'll see it through. He's had a tough time, your father; but I know now it couldn't have been so bad. Not with you—standing by him through it all."

She glanced up at him with a strange feeling, a feeling that he was the only man in the world. A sudden terror gripped her heart.

"Oh, no," she thought. "Oh, no, no!"

"The wheel of life, revolving," said one of the dim figures on the stage.

III

THE final act of the play, it seemed, was not yet revised, and Celia volunteered to help Tom Holley and her father with the work. The latter, however, soon dropped out; he had said all he had to say about The Wheel of Life. After that the two young people worked long hours together, and Solly Meyer's enthusiasm when they finished was sufficient reward. During the week that followed they sat side by side in the theater, dashing out now and then for a brief lunch or dinner. Occasionally Fred Hawthorne was with them, but oftener they were alone.

They sat together at a table in an inexpensive restaurant on a coolish September night—the tense, thrilling night when the fate of Fred Hawthorne's solitary play was to be decided for all time.

"Shouldn't we go now?" Celia asked.

"In a minute. Look here, you haven't eaten a thing."

"I know—I couldn't."

"Well, I hope I haven't annoyed you. I guess I've dined about as usual. It's a little habit I fell into long ago."

She smiled. "Tom, whatever happens tonight ——"

"None of that talk. What can happen? Success! Riches! Hold the thought!"

"All right, I'll hold it. And when success does come—you'll be to blame. The work you've done on this play ——"

"This is the last time we'll mention it, my girl. Anything I did I was mighty glad to do—for him. And then you came along—and after that I was sorry I wasn't Shakspere. Because—I guess you know——" She looked at him, startled. "Don't be alarmed," he smiled. "I'll just say this: When my zero hour comes—my own first night—I hope you'll be on hand, and I hope your appetite will be just what it was tonight. I mean—I hope you care that much."

She laughed.

"If I am hungry I'll conceal it," she said. "But then I'm sure I shan't be. Come on, let's go."

When they reached Solly Meyer's theater they found everyone who mattered on Broadway gathered there. They climbed to their seats in the last row of the balcony. Below them a buzz of talk, the final notes of the overture—a sudden dreadful silence.

"I wonder where father can be," Celia whispered.

"Want me to find him?" Holley asked.

"No, don't go. Oh, Tom," she gasped. "The curtain!"

There was nothing really wrong with the curtain. It was rising, that was all.

Tom Holley's search, had he made one, would have ended in the narrow alleyway that ran along beside the theater to the stage door. There Fred Hawthorne was pacing up and down, his forehead wet with perspiration, his heart almost literally in his mouth.

Now and then he glanced upward through the lacy network of fire escapes, as though he expected to read the verdict in the stars.

Occasionally—sweet to his ear—a laugh came through the closed doors leading to the auditorium; occasionally—sweeter still—a faint round of applause. Then a long, terrible silence, nauseating him. He went to the stage door and listened; the monotonous chant of the actors revived him.

A longer burst of applause than any that had gone before, and he knew that the first act was finished. In the bright glare on the sidewalk cigarette smokers appeared, gathered in little groups. Their casual chat would in the end settle his destiny; but he dared not listen; he sank back into the alley's friendly gloom.

The sidewalk empty; that deathly silence again; the second act begun. The crucial point in determining the fate of any play, the moment when, to quote Mr. Meyer, "you've got to give 'em sumpin pretty good." Had he anything to offer? he wondered. No, no, nothing; the play was all bad—all of it.

An actor who finished early passed by.

"Hello," he said. "Going fine. Why don't you go inside?"

"I could—couldn't," Hawthorne shuddered.

The actor laughed, lighted a cigarette and hurried away to his club. Fred Hawthorne resumed his pacing. The silence beyond the doors tortured him. A laugh—ah, that was better. But now that damnable silence again. His hand shook so he had difficulty lighting his pipe. And thus the dreadful evening dragged on.

A final round of applause, not any too prolonged, and then the orchestra playing the exit march. Over now, all over, that lifetime adventure that began way back in the days when Celia was a little girl and Molly a handsome Lady Algy. His fate on the knees of the gods. Out in the street, silk hats and diamonds, limousines fighting their way to the curb through a maze of sudden traffic, people wondering where to go for supper. He waited. When he finally dared go to the lobby, there were only a few stragglers about. Celia came forward, took his clammy hand.

"Oh, dad, I think they liked it!"

"'S good," he breathed faintly.

Solly Meyer emerged from the box office. With him came Tom Holley, smiling broadly.

"Hello, stranger," the boy said. "Heard the news? Looks as though you had a hit."

Hawthorne's eyes were on Solly, whose poker face showed nothing.

"What you think, Solly?"

"How the devil should I know? These people liked it, but that don't mean anything. Friends of yours, I guess. The ticket brokers ain't said anything. I'll wait for them—and the newspapers. The next few days'll tell. Goo' night."

Celia and the two men walked slowly toward Broadway.

"Don't you worry, Fred," Holley advised. "It looks good. A—a little old-fashioned perhaps; but then there's plenty of old-fashioned people, even in New York."

"But not among the dramatic critics," Hawthorne reminded him.

"No." They walked on. "It's too bad Meyer didn't give it a better production," the boy continued. "Threw it on—that's what he did. Waited twenty-three years and then rushed it."

"That's show business," said Hawthorne. His tone was lifeless, his spirits sinking fast. He had pictured how it would be after the performance: These two rushing at him madly, wringing his hand, thumping him on the back.

"A knockout! The hit of the century!" Their half-hearted praise was ominous.

"Meyer's not a bad fellow, though," the boy went on. "I don't want to talk about myself at such a time, but Solly called me aside just now. It seems he read my play this afternoon—sort of to take his mind off tonight—and he's keen about it."

"Oh, Tom, not really!" Celia cried.

"Almost too good to be true." He tried to keep the elation out of his voice. "Solly's given it to Wood to cast, and he says they'll go right at it. Promised me a contract in a few days."

They were crossing Broadway now, a dangerous journey amid the after-theater traffic, and conversation was suspended. When they reached the west curb Celia spoke.

"Father, did you hear what Tom said? Meyer's going to do his play."

"That's fine, Tom, fine! All my congratulations!" In his heart he was thinking, "My piece is a flop. Solly knows it already. He's going to replace it with Tom's."

They reached the gloomy boarding house that was their parody of home. In the basement window, where the Washington Hand Laundry displayed an aged dress shirt, a ghostly gaslight was burning. They ascended the short flight of steps, found the front door unlocked and entered. Tom Holley seized the girl's hand and held her back while Fred Hawthorne went on up the stairs.

"Luck in the morning, Fred," the boy called.

"Thanks, son," replied the tired old playwright, and disappeared.

The two young people faced each other, still tense with the evening's emotional strain.

"Oh, Tom, what do you really think?" Celia asked.

"I don't know." Holley shook his head. "It didn't look any too good. All the modern talk we put in it couldn't hide the framework, and that was pretty stale—old-fashioned ——"

"Oh, it would be tragic, tragic!" she cried.

"I know—for him," said the boy. He still held her hand. "I suppose it's selfish of me, but I can't think of him just now. I'm thinking of—us."

"Us?"

He took her in his arms and kissed her, and she who had planned to resist so fiercely resisted not at all.

"I wonder if people ever propose any more," he said, smiling down at her. "Real people I mean, not characters in plays and books. I don't believe they do. They just meet and know, and that's that. You've known from the first, haven't you, Celia, the way I have?"

"I—I'm afraid I have."

"Afraid—I understand. I was afraid myself. I knew I had a battle ahead, and I swore I'd never ask you to go through all that again. Just eat my heart out in silence—you know, the way we great, strong men often do. And then tonight came along and changed everything. The battle's over. Meyer was positive—he really was. Crazy about my piece—the best first play he ever read, take it from him. Talked about the cast. My dear, my dear, I'll buy you everything, a home somewhere up in the hills ——"

She put her hand suddenly on his lips.

"No, no," she said. "Love me. Whatever else you promise, promise that."

He promised, and kissed her again, while the faint gaslight above them flickered wanly.

She went up to her father's room, found him pacing the floor, clouds of smoke about his head.

"I'll wait for the papers," he told her. "I can't sleep. Don't mind me."

If only she could think of something to say, something that would make the waiting easier. She knew, however, that there were no words for a time like this. So presently she returned to her own room on the floor below—and her thoughts were not all of her father as she drifted off to sleep.

He entered her room before she was up and tossed a bundle of papers onto her bed. He seemed to have aged ten years in the night.

"Oh, dad, how are they?"

"Not so good," he answered, and, sitting, buried his face in his hands.

She began to read. Not so good indeed. The critics were mostly young men who considered that literature, dramatic and otherwise, began in 1918, the year they first took notice of it. In The Wheel of Life they had encountered something dating further back; back to the dark ages, and they were gently scornful. One or two of the older men saw merit in the piece, but admitted that whatever chance it might have had was killed by a too hasty production, insufficient rehearsal, old scenery done over.

"Don't you care, dad," Celia said. Her eyes were wet. "They've been wrong lots of times. You know that."

He lifted his head and looked at her. He tried to smile.

"Might as well face facts," he said. "I don't—I don't look for much now." He could not go on.

That night he stood in a doorway across from the theater—the crucial second night. Crowds, crowds, crowds pushing madly by—to other plays. There is no more painful experience for an author than that—to note the vast number of people who might turn in where his piece is playing—and don't. He saw Solly Meyer come out and stand belligerently before the theater, whereat he hurried away, walked the streets. The next night he did not go near The Wheel of Life, but on the following morning, his face sternly set, he went to Meyer's office.

"Well, what you want?" growled Solly when he saw Hawthorne in the doorway.

"I want to know what's doing."

Solly took up a box-office statement.

"Two hundred and seventy-five dollars last night," he said sourly. "Big money, Fred. Not a whisper of a call in the agencies. The brokers won't touch it. Pretty reviews, weren't they? It's a flop, that's what it is. I'm taking it off Saturday."

Hawthorne stared at him dully.

"Henry Friedman called me up yesterday and thanked me for trying out his piece," Solly went on. "They've taken

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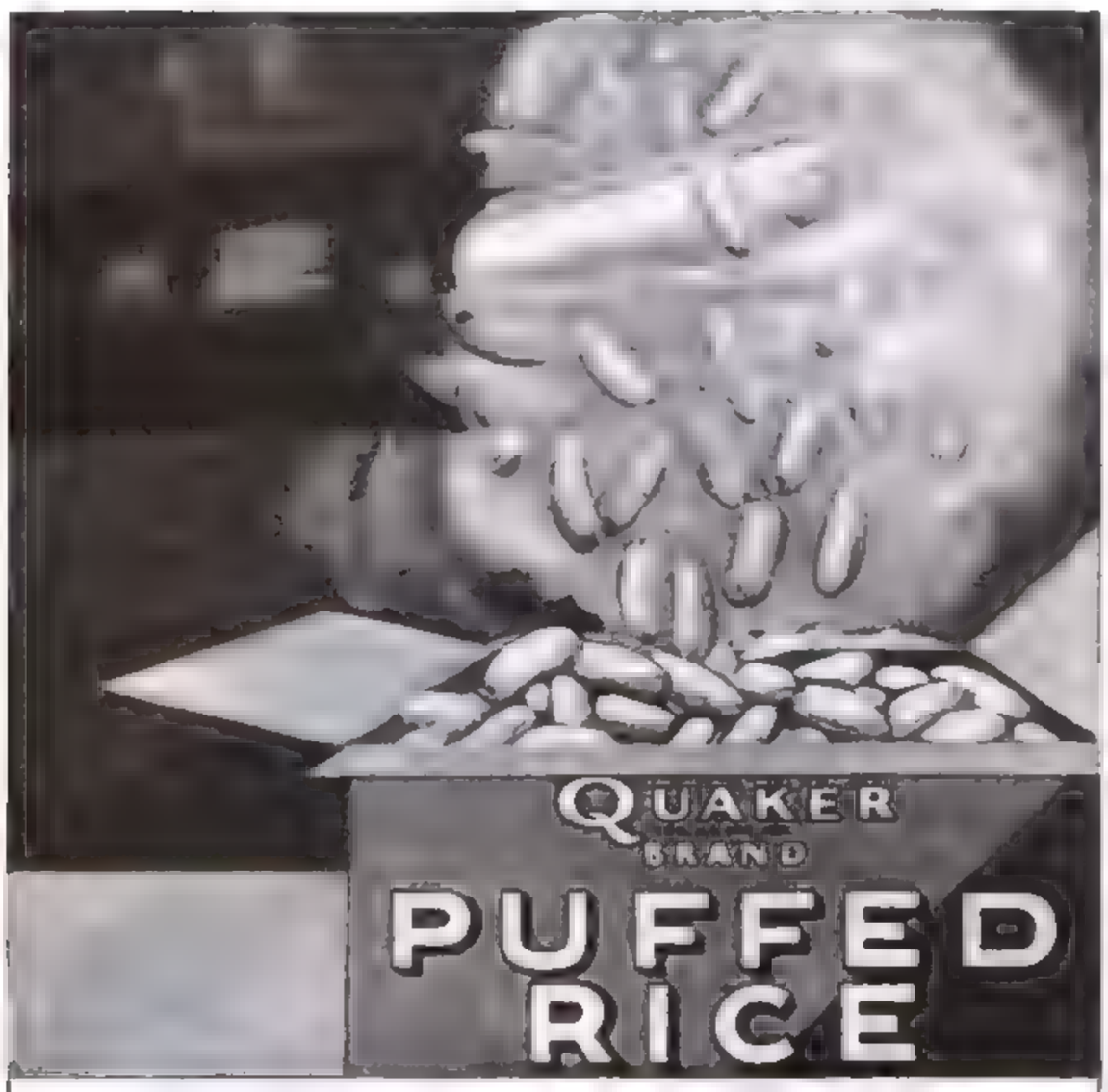

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Wheat and rice grains steam-exploded

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are made by Professor Anderson's great process. They are steam-exploded, shot from guns. Over 125 million food cells in each kernel are broken for easy, complete digestion.

The whole-grain elements are thus fitted to feed.

The finest of cereal dainties

The grains come out as airy puffs, crisp and flaky, 8 times normal size. The taste is much like toasted nuts, due to the fearful heat.

So Puffed Grains make whole grains delightful. Millions of children eat them morning, noon and night. Homes never serve a cereal dainty that compares with these.

Minerals—vitamines—bran

Whole wheat supplies 12 minerals which growing children must have. These include calcium, phosphorus and iron, for lack of which countless children suffer. Wheat also supplies the daily need of bran. Milk supplies the vitamines—all three.

Puffed Wheat—a food confection—makes the milk dish a delight.

Let it supplant foods not so good.

Puffed Rice is the queen of breakfast dainties. Mix it also with all fruits. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children between meals. Let your children revel in these scientific foods.

Quaker Puffed Wheat Quaker Puffed Rice

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A delicious blend of two supreme foods, easy to digest

The Quaker Oats Company

their version off before production. He said I'd proved the idea wasn't worth a nickel. That's what happened. I spent my good money trying out their play."

Still Hawthorne stared at the disappointed Solly. Anger began to well up inside him, he choked, saw red.

"You - you murderer!" he cried. "You've killed my play! If you'd put it on when you should - years ago before it got out of date —— But, no, you didn't; you waited. You waited until now, until you saw a chance to take a dirty slap at somebody, and then you threw it on; threw it on, never gave it a chance. My play—all I had—my play that was to keep me in my old age."

He stood up, pointed an accusing finger. "Murderer! I mean it!"

Solly turned a rich purple.

"That'll be about all from you. Get out of here! Who ever told you you could write a play?"

"Lots of people. Good judges too."

"Yeah, liars. All of 'em. Get out! I'm busy!"

Hawthorne pulled himself together, walked with dignity to the door. As Meyer stared at his shabby back, his mind suddenly traveled the long road that led to the beginning of things.

"I'm sorry, Fred," he said—to his own surprise.

"I'm sorry too," said Hawthorne, without turning.

In the doorway he passed Sam Wood, who staged the Meyer productions. Wood stared at him coldly, didn't even nod. He never knew the author of a failure.

"Whew!" said Solly as the door closed on Hawthorne. "You should have heard, Sam, the names he called me! And me out a cool ten thousand on his play!"

"You should worry what he says," Wood told him. "And as for the ten, maybe after this you'll listen to me."

He tossed a blue-backed manuscript down on Meyer's desk. "What's got into you, anyhow, S. M.? Trying to throw your money away?"

"What you mean, Sam?"

"I read that last night. It's rotten."

"It read good to me."

"Then you need a guardian. Flabby love interest, unhappy ending, not a nickel in it. I'm telling you."

"W-well, do you think so, Sam?" Solly had, like most managers, alight confidence in his own judgment. "I—I didn't know. It's the new style play, Sam. The public taste is changing."

"Nonsense!" sneered Sam. "The old public is still there, and it still wants what it's always wanted—hokum." He took another script from his pocket. "I've got Wilbur's new piece here, and you can take it from me it's sure-fire—it's safe. My advice is to grab it, and grab it quick. Every manager in town wants it."

"Well, I would have to read it."

"Oh, sure." Wood got up. "And while you're reading it, I'll go out and get Wilbur and bring him here. My guess is you'll be ready to sign up the minute he comes through that door."

"All right, Sam. Get hold of him. I'll have enough of it read when you come back to know if I want it."

"You'll want it," Wood said, and disappeared.

Before he began his arduous task, Solly picked up from his desk the first manuscript Wood had discussed. Rising, he went to the doorway of the morgue and tossed it into the far corner of the room. The confusion within reminded him; he pressed a button for his office boy.

"Your throat all right again?" he asked when the lad appeared.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want you to straighten up that room. Pile them all up the way they was before. Neat, now!"

The boy sighed. "Yes, sir."

Solly sat at his desk and prepared to read. In the dim room beyond the boy began to pile, script on script, hope on hope. The dust of the ages strangled him, but he went on. And underneath all the rest lay Thrown Away, by Thomas Holley, its title amply justified.

Celia and Tom, returning from a late breakfast, found Fred Hawthorne sitting in his room. They entered gayly, but at sight of him their high spirits evaporated suddenly.

"Why, dad, what's up?" the girl inquired.

He took his hands from his face and looked at her.

"It's all over, Celia. The play comes off Saturday. A flop."

"Dad! What can I say!"

"Oh, it's all I could expect. Solly Meyer! He killed it! It was a good play, wasn't it, Tom?"

"It sure was, Fred," the boy said gently.

(Continued on Page 48)

PHOTO BY PUTNAM STUDIOS. COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Zion Canyon From Observation Point, Zion National Park, Utah

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

This Season's Specials

LEADERSHIP of the motion picture industry has been accorded to First National by the exhibitors of America. That's the most coveted honor in the whole business, going naturally to the company adjudged to have the biggest assemblage of stars, directors and productions for the year

Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Richard Barthelmess, Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Katherine MacDonald, Sylvia Breamer, Virginia Brown Faire, Lionel Barrymore and Barbara La Marr are among the stars who will entertain in First National pictures, while the directorial list includes Edwin Carewe, George Fitzmaurice, Frank Borzage, Frank Lloyd, Thomas H. Ince, John M. Stahl, Richard Walton Tully, John S Robertson, Maurice Tourneur and Henry King, all of whom are acknowledged masters of screen art.

Important stage successes scheduled for picturization are "The Bird of Paradise," "Anna Christie," "Potash and Perlmutter," "The Bad Man," "Secrets," "Why Men Leave Home," "Lines of the Field" and "Her Temporary Husband." Just as promising is the list of best-sellers among current fiction: Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen," Warner Fabian's "Flaming Youth," "Ponjola," by Cynthia Stockley, "The Sea Hawk," by Rafael Sabatini, "Lord of Thundergate," by Sidney Herschel Small, and Hulbert Footner's "The Huntress."

Other production highlights will be Norma Talmadge in "Ashes of Vengeance," Constance Talmadge in "Dulcy," Richard Barthelmess in "The Fighting Blade," Samuel Goldwyn's presentation of the special George Fitzmaurice production, "The Eternal City," and John M. Stahl's picture, "The Wanters," designed to surpass even "The Dangerous Age" in popular appeal.

A production program so imposing merits leadership for the sponsoring company and shows what can be achieved when screen craftsmen are given freedom for artistic expression.

Just to make sure that you'll see them all, why not bring these pictures to the attention of the manager of the theatre you patronize?

A $9,500 Hair-cut

IF YOU were a raving beauty—

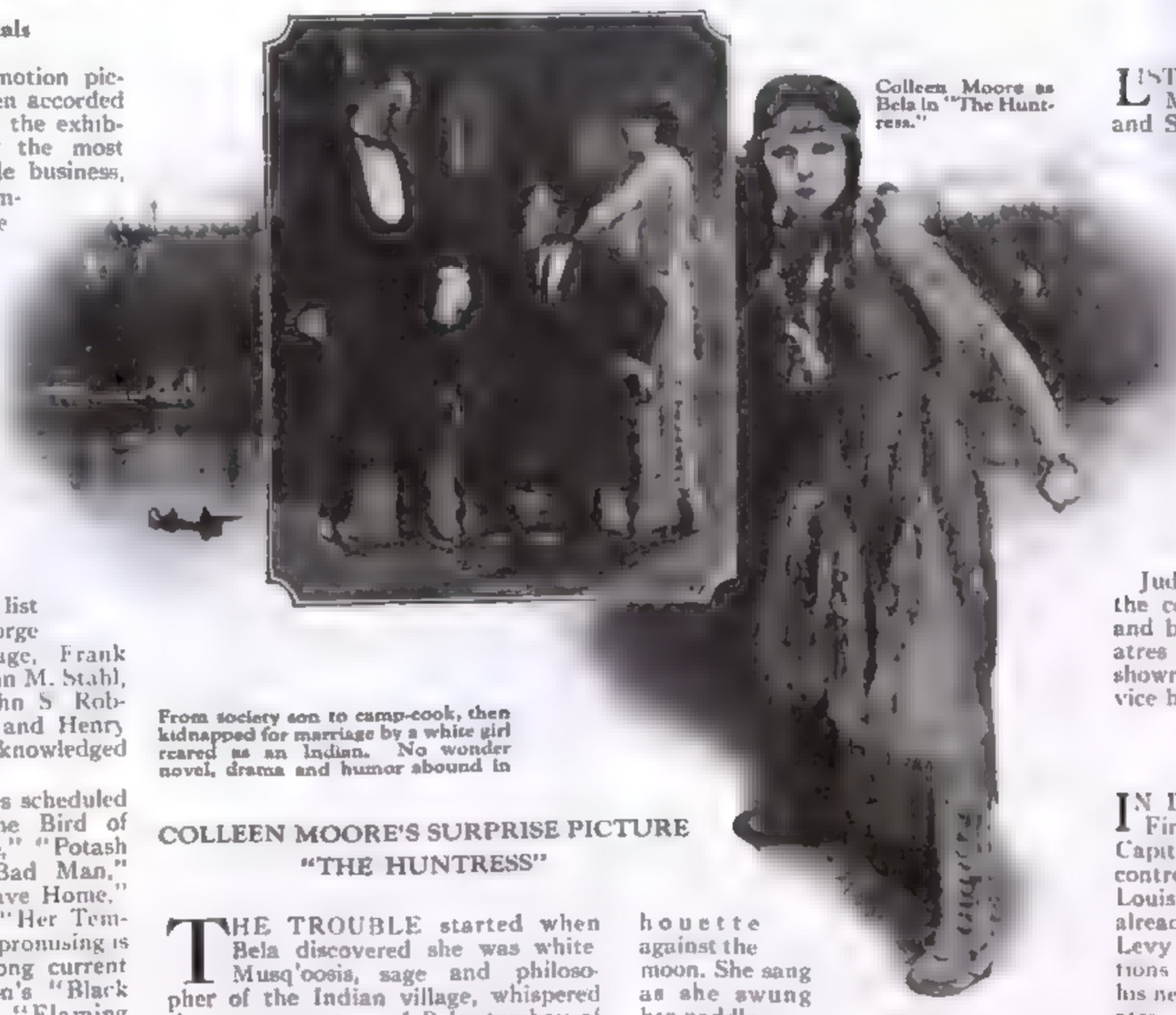
If your wealth of blonde hair were the envy of every feminine eye—

And if you were asked to name a price to have your hair cut off—

How much would you demand?

Anna Q. Nilsson, the screen's most beautiful blonde, asked $9,500. And that figure she was paid by Sam E. Rork, the producer who engaged her for "Ponjola," wherein her rôle is that of a woman masquerading as a man.

A barber was called to the studio. In a few minutes there were glorious curls everywhere except upon Miss Nilsson's head. She left the chair with her hair clipped as short as a boy's. And when she arrived on the lot in masculine attire, someone murmured, "The Prince of Wales!" That striking resemblance is one of the off-stage surprises which await you in "Ponjola." Ruth Clifford and Claire du Brey are the latest additions to the cast.



Colleen Moore as Bela in "The Huntress."

From society son to camp-cook, then kidnapped for marriage by a white girl reared as an Indian. No wonder novel, drama and humor abound in

COLLEEN MOORE'S SURPRISE PICTURE "THE HUNTRESS"

THE TROUBLE started when Bela discovered she was white Musq'oosis, sage and philosopher of the Indian village, whispered the great secret; and Bela, tomboy of the tribe, found a new ambition. A white man's daughter could marry a white man—if one were to be found. She gazed at her brown-faced admirers, and fled. There must be a white husband somewhere!

Suddenly she found four. Peering into a cabin, Bela watched them—three rough land-prospectors quarreling over a game of craps, while the fourth juggled flapjacks at a cook stove. He seemed a poor cook and promised to make a good husband. But when Bela walked in her matrimonial prospects grew overwhelmingly. The three men she didn't want, wanted her; but Gladding, the cook, who had the natural prejudices of New York society parents to consider, and whose regard for the "great open spaces" had shrunk through sad experience, was in no mood for marriage. Taking his blanket he went out to sleep on a lake shore.

When he awakened he was lying in a canoe, roped hand and foot, while in the stern Bela was a swaying silhouette against the moon. She sang as she swung her paddle.

"We are going to the island in the middle of this lake. I'm going to keep you prisoner until you agree to marry me!" she announced

Few pictures get away to such a surprising start as does "The Huntress," starring Colleen Moore. And fewer pictures still maintain so entertaining a current of drama, humor, thrill and the unexpected. Author Hulbert Footner supplied that, but to Miss Moore go honors for a delightful interpretation of Bela, the white-Indian girl. With that rôle she fittingly signalized her ascent to stardom; for little Bela has a way of getting close to the emotions. Wanting to love her, you simply can't understand why that kidnapped cook doesn't feel the same way. At first he's a scared, bashful city boy, as Lloyd Hughes plays him—then suddenly a fighting demon let loose among his tormentors. And that's a fight.

Walter Long, Russell Simpson and Charles E. Anderson are other well-known players in a picture which Director Lynn Reynolds has made purely for all-round enjoyment. And if you're interested in wonderful lake and mountain backgrounds you'll find them here, a whole show in themselves.

Do you recognize them? Well, they're Owen Moore and Virginia Brown Faire in Oriental make-up for "Thundergate." Sylvia Breamer is another star to be seen in this drama of East and West.

All Want "The Wanters"

FIVE thrilling days filming railroad scenes completed John M. Stahl's task of screening "The Wanters"—an apt title for an entertaining exposé of society climbers. Promising all the subtleties and deftness of "The Dangerous Age," plus a score of stars, "The Wanters" seems to have everything necessary to make us all want it.

Via Wireless

LISTEN in on this radio to J. K. McDonald, producer of "Penrod and Sam," from the *Leviathan* on her trial trip.

YOUR PENROD AND SAM, FULL OF BUBBLING HUMOR AND TENDER HOME PATHOS, DELIGHTED ALL LAST NIGHT. A WHOLESOME PRODUCTION. SHOULD BE SEEN AND ENJOYED BY EVERY AMERICAN FAMILY. SENATORS BALL, ODDIE, TOWNSEND, FLETCHER, CONGRESSMEN BRITTEN, LEHLBACH, DARROW, SNELL, VESTAL, MADDEN.

Judging by the way critics all over the country are praising the picture, and by the crowds that are filling the theatres wherever "Penrod and Sam" is shown, that piece of legislatorial advice had made a hit.

Where Do You Live?

IN DETROIT? Fine. You can see First National pictures first at the Capitol, Adams or Madison Theatre controlled by Mr. J. H. Kunsky. In Louisville? Then most likely you've already enjoyed the way Colonel Fred Levy presents First National attractions at the National Theatre, and at his new house, the New Kentucky Theatre, Lexington, Ky., as well. In Indianapolis? Well, of course you know the Circle Theatre, owned by Mr. Robert Lieber, who, incidentally, is President of Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

One fact strikes me often in my travels. First National attractions seem to have preference over all other productions in the high-class—or, as they say in the show business—Big-Time houses.

Have You Seen Them Yet?

THE MONTH'S six best-sellers of the screen are "Trilby," with Andree Lafayette; Maurice Tourneur's surprise production, "The Brass Bottle"; "Children of Dust," by Frank Borzage, who also made "Humoresque"; Booth Tarkington's "Penrod and Sam"; "Wandering Daughters" and "The Girl of the Golden West."

What the Critics Say

"IN 'Children of Dust,' Borzage unleashed a volley of parenthood pathos that bids fair to surpass that so uniquely depicted in his great success 'Humoresque.' Shot through with phases of life that the average person can understand and appreciate, sparkling with human interest and interspersed with just enough humorous twists, 'Children of Dust,' has attained a pinnacle in filmdom that is individually all its own."—*The Cincinnati Post.*

"'Wandering Daughters' is a corking good picture story devoid of the usual mawkish film sentimentality. And for this the movie-goer should take a rising vote of thanks to James Young, the director of the film version of Dana Burnet's book. . . . We hope you enjoy it—we did!"—*Don Allen in New York Evening World.*

All of which prompts this scribe almost to exult, "I told you so!"

—*John Lincoln.*

A Real Efficiency Food—Sauerkraut

ONE of the largest banking institutions in the United States maintains its own cafeteria, where every business day one thousand employes eat lunch.

The menu is planned by a domestic science expert. Foods are selected not alone for their appetizing qualities but also with careful consideration of their nutritive and health values.

And one of the most popular dishes, on the menu regularly three times a week, is sauerkraut.

In a great Chicago mail order house all employes, from the president down to the messenger boys, eat lunch in a great cafeteria serving 7500 to 8500 a day.

Here also the daily menu is given careful consideration by food experts. The workers are fed for health and efficiency. And sauerkraut is on the menu the year 'round.

These great institutions demand efficiency. They have proved that it pays to do everything in their power to promote the physical and mental well-being of their workers. And their experts know that food has much to do with efficiency.

Sauerkraut is a real efficiency food, because it provides the bulk and its lactic ferments have a tendency to keep the intestinal tract clean and free from harmful germs. This means clearer brains and healthier bodies.

The facts about the value of this simple vegetable food as a natural regulator and conditioner are interesting. Mail this coupon for your free copy of "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with many new recipes for preparing this delicious favorite.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at grocery stores, meat markets, delicatessen stores.)

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

Send for This Interesting Booklet— FREE

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Clyde, Ohio

Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

Name

Address

City and State

(Continued from Page 46)

"A good play, and he killed it. Well, I've got to face it. A thousand dollars, that's all I get. Once it looked like a quarter of a million—and now it's a thousand. Not enough to bury me, and I was counting on that. I'm old now, I won't last long—and not enough to bury me."

"Nonsense, father," Celia said.

He frightened her. She had never seen him so utterly hopeless. Tom Holley went over and patted him on the back.

"It's hard lines, Fred," he said. "I tell you what we'll do. We won't sit here and worry. We'll all go down to the Battery and get on a boat—Coney, or some place. We'll forget the theater."

Hawthorne shook his head.

"You two go. I can't."

They urged, pleaded, and finally won his half-hearted assent. As they were about to start, the frowzy landlady appeared at Hawthorne's door.

"You're wanted on the telephone, Mr. Hawthorne," she announced.

Through Hawthorne's limp body life began to flow. He stood erect; a sudden interest in life shown in his eyes.

"The telephone!" He hurried away.

"Poor fellow!" said Holley. "This is a blow, of course."

"I never saw him so unhappy," Celia answered. "But no wonder—his last prop gone."

When Fred Hawthorne returned, however, his face belied his daughter's words. He beamed.

"It was Solly," he cried. "Solly wants one of my copies of the play."

"Dad! What for?"

"The Argonaut Films just called up. They think there might be a picture in it. By golly, I clean forgot." He was frantically fumbling in his trunk. "The pictures—sure! We're not through yet. You know what that means—twenty-five thousand—fifty thousand maybe." He was in the doorway, all energy, enthusiasm, hope. "You young folks go along. I can't go, of course. I got to follow this up. Solly says it looks mighty promising."

They heard his blithe step on the stair, hurrying on; hurrying on towards Broadway with a copy of the play beneath his arm.

"He's wonderful," Holley laughed. "Down one minute, up the next. But what a life!" He saw that Celia's face was suddenly grave. "Don't you worry, dear. It will be different with us. And that reminds me, I guess there's no reason for our excursion now. I'd better not go, because Meyer told me to come in and see him this afternoon."

IV

CELIA sat at her window—second floor rear—gazing out. No marigolds, no cosmos, no frail old lady; but instead a rather intimate glimpse into the home life of certain New Yorkers. She was not thinking of the scene before her, however; she was thinking of two men who were chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of success on Broadway. It was well past six, and neither had returned.

A step sounded behind her—a firm, brisk, youthful step. Tom's? So she supposed, then turned and saw her father. No caption was needed; the picture told the story. He had won.

"Hello, my dear!" he cried. "Great news! Just left the Argonaut office. We signed the contracts ten minutes ago. Sold, Celia, sold! Sold to the movies—The Wheel of Life!"

"Oh, dad, how wonderful!"

He strode up and down on the faded green carpet. His air was that of a conqueror.

"Isn't it always the way things happen in this game? Just when my heart was broken, just when things looked blackest ——"

"How much?" Celia inquired.

He paused, deflated a little.

"Well, now, of course—the play's a failure, and we couldn't expect a big figure. All the movie men have looked at it, and it seemed best to close at once. I'll admit—er—it might have been more; but eight thousand's not so bad. Four for me, four for Solly. I've got the check. Four thousand I didn't expect—five in all. Five thousand out of the Wheel after all these years. Not so bad, eh, Celia?"

"Not bad at all," she said, smiling.

"Only one thing worrying me," he went on. "What'll I do now? I'll feel sort of lost without the old script under my arm; I will, indeed. Well, maybe I'll go back to managing a company for somebody. I'll look round. That's in the future. Tonight I'm just going to gloat. By the way, where's Tom? Tom ought to hear this."

"He hasn't come in yet. He was to see Meyer this afternoon. Solly didn't say anything—about Tom's play?"

"Not a word. I meant to speak of it, but I forgot. Say—you and Tom—it sort of seems to be all fixed up between you?"

Celia nodded.

"We'd have told you sooner, but you've had so much on your mind. He's asked me to marry him, and I ——"

"Yes? How about you?"

"I'm very fond of him."

Hawthorne nodded approvingly.

"Fine! I've seen it coming, and I say fine! He's got a big future, that boy has. His first play snapped up in a minute ——" He stopped. In the dusky hallway outside he saw the figure of Tom Holley, moving slowly along. "Hey, Tom, great news! I've sold the Wheel to the pictures. Come in here! Why, what's the matter, boy?"

Tom Holley entered. His face was deathly pale. Celia felt a little catch at her heart. An old sensation, often felt before.

"Oh, nothing," said the boy; "nothing. My first throw-down, that's all. I saw Meyer's secretary this afternoon and it's all off. He isn't going to do my piece. It's in that room—buried deep—three thousand manuscripts on top."

He sank into a chair. There wasn't a laugh in him now. Fred Hawthorne went over and patted him on the shoulder.

"Brace up, son," he said. "Brace up." How different from the morning; life like a seesaw; now it was the boy who was down. "It's tough—I know how tough it is. None better."

"It seemed settled," Holley muttered, "all fixed. I was a fool to believe, but I suppose I'll learn pretty soon."

"That's the talk," Hawthorne approved. "It's the first time, and that's the worst. But you'll get over it. It's the sort of thing we've got to get used to in our game."

"I don't mind so much for myself," Holley said. "But I've dragged Celia into it, and she must be pretty well fed up on this sort of thing. I've asked her to marry me, Fred, maybe she's told you. Well, I've been walking the streets, thinking it over." He lifted his eyes and looked at the girl, who sat, silent, motionless, by the window. "It's all right, Celia," he said. "You've heard enough such stories as the one I've got to tell tonight. You're free."

She did not answer for a moment.

"That's sweet of you, Tom," she said at last.

"Wait a minute," said Fred Hawthorne, picking up his hat. "This is something for you two to decide—without a third party present. Besides, I've got a dinner engagement." He moved to the door. "I will say this: I wouldn't let one disappointment bother me. You take my case. I stuck. I saw it through. Year after year—but I put it over at the finish. Got my production—five thousand dollars—not all I expected; but something, something. And if I had my life to live over, I guess I'd do it again. Besides, it'll be different with Tom. He's got more plays up his sleeve—not a one-play man like me. He can sit down now and write another and a better one, and while he writes—by golly, I've got it—while he writes I'll peddle. I'll peddle his plays. Been wondering what to do with myself—felt sort of lost—but this solves it. I'll peddle and I'll sell. I know the game. This fellow I'm going to dinner with tonight—wouldn't be surprised if I could interest him." He turned to Tom. "Where," he inquired, "can I get hold of a copy of your play?"

For the first time since he left Meyer's office the boy smiled.

"There's one on my table," he said.

"Good!" Fred Hawthorne jammed his hat down on his head. "I'll get it. I may have news for you by midnight." And he dashed out the door and up the stairs.

Celia rose and stood by the boy's chair.

"Tom, you said I was free ——"

"Yes, if you want to be."

"And if I don't?"

"Celia!" He seized her hand.

"I thought for a moment," she said, "that I couldn't stand it. Beginning all over again, I mean. But only for a moment. I know now—it's no good to let me go. Because I won't. I'm fond of you—and that's that."

"That's everything," he told her. He kissed her hand. They heard Fred Hawthorne passing through the hall. He was whistling loudly, hopefully. The sound of his footsteps died away.

"If you like, I'll marry you tomorrow," said the girl. "Meyer's offered me a part in a road company. We go out next week."

"I'll never touch a penny of yours," he told her.

"No. But, at least, I can take care of myself."

"It won't be long," he said.

He stood up, smiling.

"I was knocked cold for a minute, but I'm all right now. Why, everything's going to be fine. It's like he said I've got a hundred plays in my head. Luck's just around the corner, and when it comes—everything you want, my dear ——"

"The first rule of our life together," she broke in. "I'm making it now, Tom. No promises—except the one."

"The one—I know—to love you. Always. I couldn't stop, not if I tried."

Fred Hawthorne was hurrying up Broadway. His step was blithe, his heart light. Under his arm he carried a manuscript, and now and again he patted it lovingly.

"Fortune!" he thought. "Fortune! A quarter of a million! A cool quarter of a million—with the picture rights!"

HAD A HORSE

(Continued from Page 11)

against almost every animal of mark—the one horse that Polman never interfered with, for if interrupted in his training he ran all the better; who seldom won, but was almost always placed—the sort of horse that handicappers pivot on.

"But," said Pulcher, "try her with The Shirker, and the first stable money will send her up to tens."

"That 'orse is so darned regular. We've got to throw a bit of dust first, Jimmy. I'll go over and see Polman."

In Jimmy's withered chest a faint resentment rose—it wasn't George's horse—but it sank again beneath his friend's bulk and reputation.

The bit of dust was thrown at the ordinary hour of exercise over the Long Mile on the last day of August—the five-year-old Hangman carrying eight stone seven, the three-year-old Parrot seven stone five; what Calliope was carrying nobody but Polman knew. The forethought of George Pulcher had secured the unofficial presence of the press. The instructions to the boy on Calliope were to be there at the finish if he could, but on no account to win. Jimmy and George Pulcher had come out overnight. They sat together in the dogcart by the clump of bushes which marked the winning post, with Polman on his cob on the far side.

By a fine warm light the three horses were visible to the naked eye at the start dip down by the start. And, through the glasses, invested in now that he had a horse, Jimmy could see every movement of his mare with her blazed face rather on her toes, like the bright chestnut and bit o' blood she was. He had a pit-patting in his heart, and his lips were tight pressed. Suppose she was no good after all, and that young Cocoon had palmed him off a pup! But mixed in with his financial fear was an anxiety more intimate, as if his own value were at stake.

From George Pulcher came an almost excited gurgle.

"See the tout! See 'im behind that bush. Thinks we don't know 'e's there, wot oh!"

Jimmy bit into his cheroot. "They're running," he said.

Rather wide, the black Hangman on the far side, Calliope in the middle, they came sweeping up the Long Mile. Jimmy held his tobaccoed breath. The mare was going freely a length or two behind—making up her ground! Now for it!

Ah! She 'ad the 'Angman beat, and ding-dong with this Parrot! It was all he could do to keep from calling out. With a rush and a cludding of hoofs they passed—the

(Continued on Page 50)

Changing—changing—changing—
to *"Give me Gargoyle Mobiloil"*

AND WHY!

The typical American motorist realizes today as never before that "Give me a Quart of Oil" does not insure either a trouble-free engine or low operating and maintenance costs.

And so motorists in larger numbers than ever before are asking for Gargoyle Mobiloil. They have discovered that real economy depends not upon cost per quart, or per gallon, *but upon cost-per-mile and cost-per-year.* They refuse to pour "just oil" into their crankcases because they know it results in at least 50% of all engine troubles.

Result: There are more specific requests for Gargoyle Mobiloil than for any three other oils combined. The sale of Gargoyle Mobiloil is more national in its scope than the combined sales of any other two oils.

A marked swing to the purchase of Gargoyle Mobiloil in the sealed containers is reported by garage men.

A marked majority of automobile engineers and service managers approve Gargoyle Mobiloil as correct for the cars in which they are interested.

In short, America is waking up to the necessity of scientific, economical lubrication. And once awake, motorists turn to the Chart of Recommendations—find the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for their cars—*and then make sure that they get it.*

By-product oils won't do

The growing change to "Give me Gargoyle Mobiloil" has been hastened also by the motorist's knowledge that 9 out of 10 oils are mere gasoline by-products.

And motorists know that behind Gargoyle Mobiloil is a distinct policy of specialization. Gargoyle Mobiloil is produced by *lubrication* specialists and from crude stocks chosen for their lubricating value.

"Give me Gargoyle Mobiloil" means "Give me specialized lubrication."

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)* · Boston · Chicago · Philadelphia · Detroit
Pittsburgh · Indianapolis · Minneapolis · Rochester · Kansas City, Kan.
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Fair Retail Price
30c a Quart

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit.

Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil

Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest, and the Far West.

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

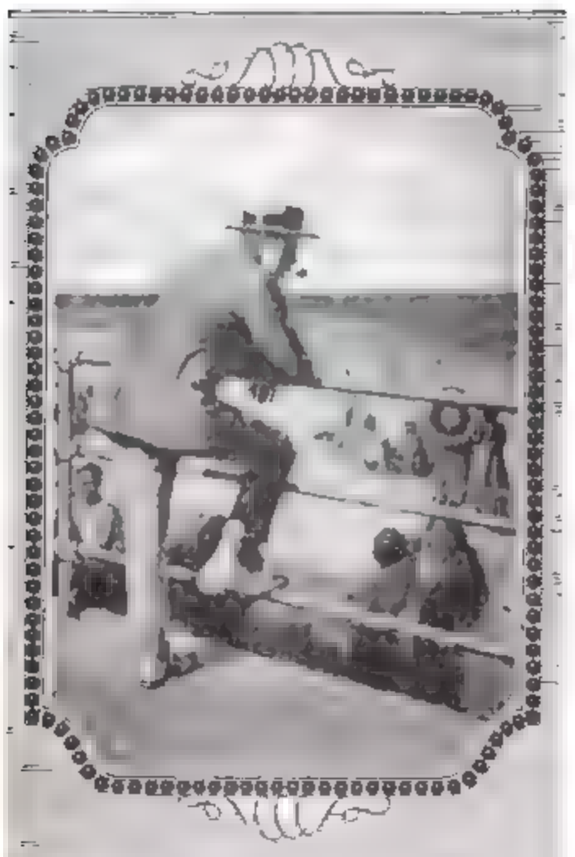
How to Read the Charts

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1923		1922		1921		1920		1919	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet (4 cyl.)									A	A
" (Copper Cooled)	A	Arc								
" Mod. 490, 1-ton Del.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models									A	Arc
Cleveland	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc		
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dep. Elder (2½ ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Dodge	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Dodge Brothers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Dort	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc		
Duesenberg	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Elcar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	A	A	A						
Federal Mod. X-5	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
"	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	BB	B	BB	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gar Wood	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Garford	A	A	A	A	A	A			A	Arc
" (2-3½ ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
G M C (K15)							B	A		
" K16, K41, K51, K101	B	A	B	A	B	A				
" All Other Models							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Grant (Conv. Eng.)							Arc	Arc		
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Hal	A	A								
Hupp	A	A	A	A	A	A				
"	A	A	A	A	A	A				
"	A	A	A	A	A	A				
"



Monito
SOCKS

For Every Occasion

SUMMER demands a wider variety of styles and colors, plus comfort and durability, for which the name Monito is famous.

For business, dress or sport wear the man who buys Monito has many styles from which to choose—each the specialized product of exclusive makers of men's socks.

Ask your haberdasher to show you style 417. You'll particularly value the neat tailored ankle—a new feature of the Monito line for summer.

Look for the golden Moor's head on each pair

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MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., Inc
HARRISBURG PA
Makers of Mens Socks Exclusively

(Continued from Page 48.

blazed nose just behind the Parrot's bay nose—dead heat all but, with the Hangman beat a good length!

"There 'e goes, Jimmy! See the blank scuttlin' down the 'ill like a blinkin' rabbit. That'll be in tomorrow's paper, that trial will. Ah! but 'ow to read it—that's the point."

The horses had been wheeled and were sidling back; Polman was going forward on his cob.

Jimmy jumped down. Whatever that fellow had to say, he meant to hear. It was his horse! Narrowly avoiding the hoofs of his hot fidgeting mare, he said sharply "What about it?"

Polman never looked you in the face; his speech came as if not intended to be heard by anyone.

"Tell Mr. Shrewin how she went."

"Had a bit up my sleeve. If I'd hit her a smart one, I could ha' landed by a length or more."

"That so?" said Jimmy with a hiss. "Well, don't you hit her; she don't want hittin'. You remember that."

The boy said sulkily "All right!"

"Take her home," said Polman. Then, with that reflective averted air of his he added: "She was carrying eight stone, Mr. Shrewin; you've got a good one there. She's the Hangman at level weights."

Something wild leaped up in Jimmy—the Hangman's form unrolled itself before him in the air—he had a horse—he damn well had a horse!

IV

BUT how delicate is the process of backing your fancy! The planting of a commission—what tender and efficient work before it will flower! That sixth sense of the racing man, which, like the senses of savages in great forests, seizes telepathically on what is not there, must be dulled, duped, deluded.

George Pulcher had the thing in hand. One might have thought the gross man incapable of such a fairy touch, such power of sowing with one hand and reaping with the other. He intimated rather than asserted that Calhope and the Parrot were one and the same thing. "The Parrot," he said, "couldn't win with seven stone—no use thinkin' of this Cal'hope."

Local opinion was the rock on which, like a great tactician, he built. So long as local opinion was adverse, he could dribble money on in London; the natural jump-up from every long shot taken was dragged back by the careful radiation of disparagement from the seat of knowledge.

Jimmy was the fly in his ointment of those baling early weeks while snapping up every penny of long odds, before suspicion could begin to work from the persistence of inquiry. Half a dozen times he found the little cuss within an ace of blowing the gaff on his own blinkin' mare; seemed unable to run his horse down; the little beggar's head was swellin'! Once Jimmy had even got up and gone out, leaving a gin and bitters untasted on the bar. Pulcher improved on his absence in the presence of a London tout.

"Saw the trial meself! Jimmy don't like to think he's got a stiff 'un."

And next morning his London agent snapped up some thirty-threes again.

According to the trial the mare was the Hangman at seven stone two, and really hot stuff—a seven-to-one chance. It was none the less with a sense of outrage that, opening the Sporting Life on the last day of September, he found her quoted at a hundred to eight. Whose work was this?

He reviewed the altered situation in disgust. He had invested about half the stable commission of three hundred pounds at an average of thirty to one, but now that she had come in the betting he would hardly average tens with the rest. What fool had put his oar in?

He learned the explanation two days later. The rash, the unknown backer was Jimmy! He had acted, it appeared, from jealousy; a bookmaker—it took one's breath away!

"Backed her on your own, just because that young Cocoon told you he fancied her!"

Jimmy looked up from the table in his "office," where he was sitting in wait for the scanty custom of the long vacation.

"She's not his horse," he said sullenly. "I wasn't going to have him get the cream."

"What did you put on?" growled Pulcher.

"Took five hundred to thirty, and fifteen twenties."

"An' see what it's done—knocked the bottom out of the commission. Am I to take that fifty as part of it?"

Jimmy nodded.

"That leaves an 'undred to invest," said Pulcher, somewhat mollified. He stood, with his mind twisting in his thick still body. "It's no good waitin' now," he said. "I'll work the rest of the money on today. If I can average tens on the balance, we'll 'ave six thousand three hundred to play with and the stakes. They tell me Jenning fancies this Diamond Stud of his. He ought to know the form with Cal'liope, blast him! We got to watch that."

They had! Diamond Stud, a four-year-old with eight stone two, was being backed as if the Cambridgeshire were over. From fifteens he advanced to sevens, thence to favoritism at fives. Pulcher bit on it. Jenning must know where he stood with Calliope! It meant—it meant she couldn't win! The tactician wasted no time in vain regret. Establish Calliope in the betting and lay off. The time had come to utilize The Shirker.

It was misty on the Downs—fine-weather mist of a bright October. The three horses became spectral on their way to the starting point. Polman had thrown the Parrot in again, but this time he made no secret of the weights. The Shirker was carrying eight seven, Calliope eight, the Parrot seven stone.

Once more, in the cart, with his glasses sweeping the bright mist, Jimmy had that pit-patting in his heart. Here they came! His mare leading—all riding hard—a genuine finish! They passed—The Shirker beaten a clear length, with the Parrot at his girth.

Beside him in the cart, George Pulcher mumbled, "She's The Shirker at eight stone four, Jimmy!"

A silent drive big with thought back to a river inn; a silent breakfast. Over a tankard at the close the Oracle spoke.

"The Shirker, at eight stone four, is a good 'ot chance, but no cert, Jimmy. We'll let 'em know this trial quite open, weights and all. That'll bring her in the betting. And we'll watch Diamond Stud. If he drops back we'll know Jenning thinks he can't beat us now. If Diamond Stud stands up, we'll know Jenning thinks he's still got our mare safe. Then our line'll be clear: we lay off the lot, pick up a thousand or so, and 'ave the mare in at a nice weight at Liverpool."

Jimmy's smudged-in eyes stared hungrily.

"How's that?" he said. "Suppose she wins!"

"Wins! If we lay off the lot, she won't win."

"Pull her!"

George Pulcher's voice sank half an octave with disgust.

"Pull her! Who talked of pullin'? She'll run a bye, that's all. We shan't ever know whether she could 'a' won or not."

Jimmy sat silent; the situation was such as his life during sixteen years had waited for. They stood to win both ways with a bit of handling.

"Who's to ride?" he said.

"Polman's got a call on Docker. He can just ride the weight. Either way he's good for us—strong finisher, and a rare judge of distance; knows how to time things to a *t*. Win or not, he's our man."

Jimmy was deep in figures. Laying off at sevens, they would still win four thousand and the stakes.

"I'd like a win," he said.

"Ah!" said Pulcher. "But there'll be twenty in the field, my son; no more uncertain race than that bally Cambridgeshire. We could pick up a thou, as easy as I pick up this pot. Bird in the 'and, Jimmy, and a good 'andicap in the bush. If she wins, she's finished. Well, we'll put this trial about and see 'ow Jenning pops."

Jenning popped amazingly. Diamond Stud receded a point, then reëstablished himself at nine to two. Jenning was clearly not dismayed.

George Pulcher shook his head and waited, uncertain still which way to jump. Ironical circumstance decided him.

Term had begun; Jimmy was busy at his seat of custom. By some miracle of guardianly intervention, young Colquhoun had not gone broke. He was up again, eager to retrieve his reputation, and that little brute, Jimmy, would not lay against his horse! He merely sucked in his cheeks and answered, "I'm not layin' my own 'orse." It was felt that he was not the man he had been; assertion had come into his manner, he was better dressed. Someone had seen him at the station looking quite a toff in a blue box-cloth coat standing well out from his wisp of a figure, and with a pair of brown race glasses slung over the shoulder. All together the little brute was getting too big for his boots.

And this strange improvement hardened the feeling that his horse was a real good thing. Patriotism began to burn in Oxford. Here was a snip that belonged to them, as it were, and the money in support of it, finding no outlet, began to ball.

A week before the race—with Calliope at nine to one, and very little doing—young Colquhoun went up to town, taking with him the accumulated support of betting Oxford. That evening she stood at sixes. Next day the public followed on.

George Pulcher took advantage. In this crisis of the proceedings he acted on his own initiative. The mare went back to eights, but the deed was done. He had laid off the whole bally lot, including the stake money. He put it to Jimmy that evening in a nutshell. "We pick up a thousand, and the Liverpool as good as in our pocket. I've done worse."

Jimmy grunted out "She could 'a' won."

"Not she. Jenning knows—and there's others in the race. This Wasp is goin' to take a lot of catchin', and Deerstalker's not out of it. He's a hell of a horse, even with that weight."

Again Jimmy grunted, slowly sucking down his gin and bitters. Sullenly he said, "Well, I don' want to put money in the pocket of young Cocoon and his crowd. Like his impudence, backin' my horse as if it was his own."

"We'll 'ave to go and see her run, Jimmy."

"Not me," said Jimmy.

"What! First time she runs! It won't look natural."

"No," repeated Jimmy. "I don't want to see 'er beat."

George Pulcher laid his hand on a skinny shoulder.

"Nonsense, Jimmy. You've got to, for the sake of your reputation. You'll enjoy seein' your mare saddled. We'll go up over night. I shall 'ave a few pound on Deerstalker. I believe he can beat this Diamond Stud. And you leave Docker to me; I'll 'ave a word with him at Gatwick tomorrow. I've known 'im since he was that 'igh; an' 'e ain't much more now."

"All right!" growled Jimmy.

■

THE longer you can bet on a race the greater its fascination. Handicappers can properly enjoy the beauty of their work; clubmen and oracles of the course have due scope for reminiscence and prophecy; bookmakers in lovely leisure can indulge a little their own calculated preferences, instead of being hurried to soulless conclusions by a half hour's market on the course; the professional backer has the longer in which to dream of his fortune made at last by some hell of a horse—spotted somewhere as interfered with, left at the post, running green, too fat, not fancied, backward—now bound to win this race. And the general public has the chance to read the horses' names in the betting news for days and days; and what a comfort that is!

Jimmy Shrewin was not one of those philosophers who justify the great and growing game of betting on the ground that it improves the breed of an animal less and less in use. He justified it much more simply—he lived by it. And in the whole of his career of nearly twenty years since he made hole-and-corner books among the boys of London, he had never stood so utterly on velvet as that morning when his horse must win him five hundred pounds by merely losing. He had spent the night in London anticipating a fraction of his gains with George Pulcher at a music hall. And, in a first-class carriage, as became an owner, he traveled down to Newmarket by an early special. An early special key turned in the lock of the carriage door, preserved their numbers at six, all professionals, with blank, rather rolling eyes, mouths shut or slightly fishy, ears to the ground; and the only natural talker a red-faced man, who had been at it thirty years. Intoning the pasts and futures of this hell of a horse or that, even he was silent on the race in hand; and the journey was half over before the beauty of their own judgments loosened tongues thereon. George Pulcher started it.

"I fancy Deerstalker," he said.

"Too much weight," said the red-faced man. "What about this Cal'liope?"

(Continued on Page 52)

The Court Sees Its Public Duty

"How good is your eyesight?" snapped the opposing lawyer unexpectedly.

"Never had the least trouble with it," boasted the plaintiff, Jackson.

His suit for damages had seemed as good as won. The evidence had shown that he was driving slowly—under twenty miles an hour—and that the other car, coming out of a side street, must have been going at an excessive rate of speed, or Jackson would have seen it sooner. Judge and jury were favorably impressed.

But then came the question: "Are you willing to have your eyes examined here and now and let the result be read in court?"

"Of course, I am," he laughed.

The eyesight test revealed that he was suffering from a high degree of astigmatism. The vision of his right eye was but 40% of normal, and his left 20%. Yet for 9 years, he had been driving a high-powered car through crowded streets.* Small wonder that the other car looked like a blurred section of fence.

Said the Judge in his charge to the jury:

"You will find against this plaintiff if you accept the testimony of the expert that the plaintiff's eyes were dangerously below normal and that his failure to have them attended to constituted contributory negligence on his part. You will not be swayed by the fact that he was driving slowly, or that the defendant was grossly exceeding the speed limit. If you accept the expert's testimony you must bring in a verdict against the plaintiff."

This plaintiff merely succeeded in proving that he himself was a menace to the public safety. Men like him are largely responsible for the crippling and killing of human beings in the streets we all must use.

Make sure that the eyes behind the steering wheel are seeing all—not one-half or one-third—of the road. You never know whether they are good or bad until you have had them tested. Have your eyes examined today.

**Actual description of a poor-sighted motorist, a case that recently came under observation in Detroit, Mich. He, too, thought his sight was good. Now he wears glasses which correct his vision to 90%*

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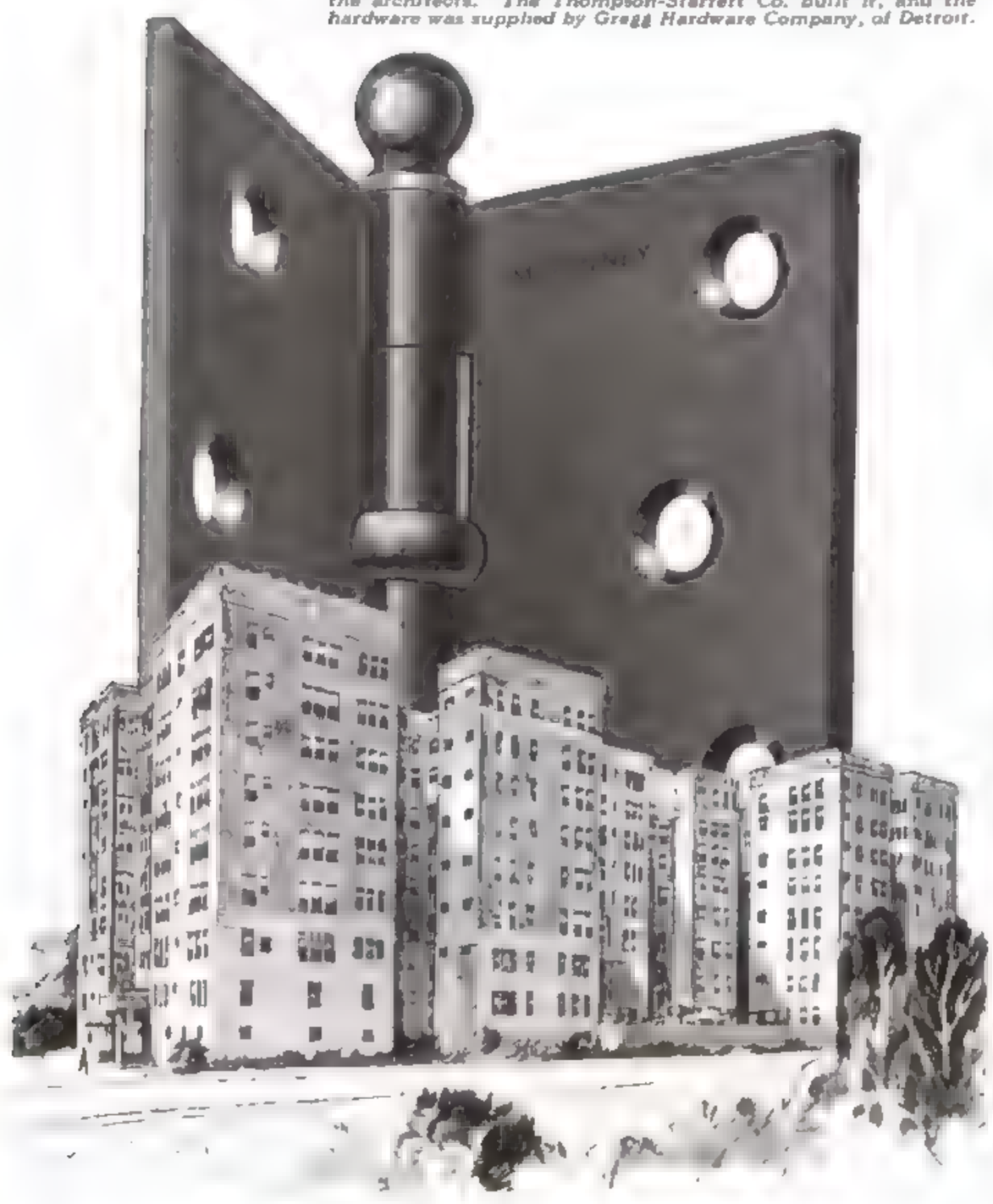

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(Continued from Page 50)

"Ah!" said Pulcher. "D'you fancy your mare, Jimmy?"

With all eyes turned on him, lost in his blue box-cloth coat, brown bowler and cheroot smoke, Jimmy experienced a subtle thrill. Addressing the space between the red-faced man and Pulcher, he said, "If she runs up to 'er looks."

"Ah!" said Pulcher, "she's dark—nice mare, but a bit light and shelly."

"Lopez out o' Calendar," muttered the red-faced man. "Lopez didn't stay, but he was the hell of a horse over seven furlongs. The Shirker ought to 'ave told you a bit."

Jimmy did not answer. It gave him pleasure to see the red-faced man's eye trying to get past, and failing.

"Nice race to pick up. Don't fancy the favorite meself; he'd nothin' to beat at Ascot"

"Jenning knows what he's about," said Pulcher.

Jenning! Before Jimmy's mind passed again that first sight of his horse, and the trainer's smile, as if he—Jimmy Shrewin, who owned her—had been dirt. Tike! To have the mare beaten by one of his! A deep, subtle vexation had oppressed him at times all these last days since George Pulcher had decided in favor of the mare's running a bye. He took too much on himself! Thought he had Jimmy Shrewin in his pocket! He looked at the block of crimson opposite. Aunt Sally! If George Pulcher could tell what was passing in his mind!

But driving up to the course he was not above sharing a sandwich and a flask. In fact his feelings were unstable and gusty—sometimes resentment, sometimes the old respect for his friend's independent bulk. The dignity of ownership takes long to establish itself in those who have been kicked about.

"All right with Docker," murmured Pulcher, sucking at the wicker flask. "I gave him the office at Gatwick."

"She could 'a' won," muttered Jimmy.

"Not she, my boy; there's two at least can beat 'er."

Like all oracles, George Pulcher could believe what he wanted to.

Arriving, they entered the grand-stand inclosure, and over the dividing railings Jimmy gazed at the Cheap Ring, already filling up with its usual customers. Faces and umbrellas—the same old crowd. How often had he been in that Cheap Ring, with hardly room to move, seeing nothing, hearing nothing but "Two to one on the field!" "Two to one on the field!" "Threes Swordfish!" "Fives Alabaster!" "Two to one on the field!"

Nothing but a sea of men like himself, and a sky overhead. He was not exactly conscious of criticism, only of a dull glad-I'm-shut-of-that-lot feeling.

Leaving George Pulcher deep in conversation with a crony, he lighted a cheroot and slipped out on to the course. He passed the Jockey Club inclosure. Some early toffs were there in twos and threes, exchanging wisdom. He looked at them without envy or malice. He was an owner himself now, almost one of them in a manner of thinking. With a sort of relish he thought of how his past life had circled round those toffs, slippery, shadowlike, kicked about; and now he could get up on the Downs away from toffs, George Pulcher, all that crowd, and smell the grass, and hear the bally larks, and watch his own mare gallop!

They were putting the numbers up for the first race. Queer not to be betting, not to be touting around; queer to be giving it a rest! Utterly familiar with those names on the board, he was utterly unfamiliar with the shapes they stood for.

"I'll go and see 'em come out of the paddock," he thought, and moved on, skimpy in his bell-shaped coat and billycock with flattened brim. The clamor of the Rings rose behind him while he was entering the paddock.

Very green, very peaceful there; not many people yet! Three horses in the second race were being led slowly in a sort of winding ring; and men were clustering round the farther gate where the horses would come out. Jimmy joined them, sucking at his cheroot. They were a picture! Damn it, he didn't know but that 'orses laid over men! Pretty creatures!

One by one they passed out of the gate, a round dozen. Selling platers, but pictures, for all that!

He turned back towards the horses being led about; and the old instinct to listen took him close to little groups. Talk was all of the big race. From a tall toff he caught the word "Calliope."

"Belongs to a bookie, they say."

Bookie! Why not? Wasn't a bookie as good as any other? Ah! And sometimes better than these young snobs with everything to their hand! A bookie—well, what chance had he ever had?

A big brown horse came by.

"That's Deerstalker," he heard the toff say.

Jimmy gazed at George Pulcher's fancy with a sort of hostility. Here came another—Wasp, six stone ten, and Deerstalker nine stone—bottom and top of the race!

"My 'orse'd beat either o' them," he thought stubbornly. "Don't like that Wasp."

The distant roar was hushed. They were running in the first race! He moved back to the gate. The quick clamor rose and dropped, and here they came—back into the paddock, darkened with sweat, flanks heaving a little!

Jimmy followed the winner, saw the jockey weigh in.

"What jockey's that?" he asked.

"That? Why, Docker!"

Jimmy stared. A short, square, bow-legged figure, with a hardwood face!

Waiting his chance, he went up to him and said, "Docker, you ride my 'orse in the big race."

"Mr. Shrewin?"

"The same," said Jimmy. The jockey's left eyelid drooped a little. Nothing responded in Jimmy's face. "I'll see you before the race," he said.

Again the jockey's eyelid wavered; he nodded and passed on.

Jimmy stared at his own boots; they struck him suddenly as too yellow and not at the right angle. But why, he couldn't say

More horses now—those of the first race being unsaddled, clothed and led away. More men; three familiar figures—young Cocoon and two others of his Oxford customers.

Jimmy turned sharply from them. Stand their airs? Not he! He had a sudden sickish feeling. With a win he'd have been a made man—on his own! Blast George Pulcher and his caution! To think of being back in Oxford with those young bloods jeering at his beaten horse! He bit deep into the stump of his cheroot, and suddenly came on Jenning standing by a horse with a star on its bay forehead. The trainer gave him no sign of recognition, but signed to the boy to lead the horse into a stall, and followed, shutting the door. It was exactly as if he had said, "Vermin about!"

An evil little smile curled Jimmy's lips. The tike!

The horses for the second race passed out of the paddock gate, and he turned to find his own. His ferreting eyes soon sighted Polman. What the cat-faced fellow knew or was thinking, Jimmy could not tell. Nobody could tell.

"Where's the mare?" he said.

"Just coming round."

No mistaking her; fine as a star, shiny-coated, sinuous, her blazed face held rather high! Who said she was shelly? She was a picture! He walked a few paces close to the boy.

"That's Calliope. . . . H'm! . . . Nice filly! . . . Looks fit. . . . Who's this James Shrewin? . . . What's she at? . . . I like her looks."

His horse! Not a prettier filly in the world!

He followed Polman into her stall to see her saddled. In the twilight there he watched her toilet—the rub-over, the exact adjustments, the bottle of water to the mouth, the buckling of the bridle—watched her head high above the boy keeping her steady with gentle pulls of a rein in each hand held out a little wide, and now and then stroking her blazed nose; watched her pretense of nipping at his hand. He watched the beauty of her, exaggerated in this half-lit isolation away from the others, the life and litheness in her satin body, the willful expectancy in her bright soft eyes.

Run a bye! This bit o' blood—this bit o' fire! This horse of his! Deep within that shell of blue box cloth against the stall partition a thought declared itself: "I'm damned if she shall! She can beat the lot!"

The door was thrown open, and she led out. He moved alongside. They were staring at her, following her. No wonder! She was a picture, his horse—his! She had gone to Jimmy's head.

(Continued on Page 54)

TRADE MARK

This Gold Button
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Real Silk Service Representative

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THE tremendous demand for REAL SILK Guaranteed Hosiery, in three years, has made our mills the largest of their kind in the world. This success has bred many imitators who are today impersonating our authorized representatives and pretending to sell silk hosiery "direct from the mills."

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The astounding success of REAL SILK Guaranteed Hosiery is due to its remarkably fine quality and its unusually low price. The unusually low price is made possible by importing our silk direct from Japan; by manufacturing in great volume and performing every process right in our own mills, and by selling ***direct from the mills to the wearer.***

Our service representative calls at your home, ***and in this one respect only,*** can he be imitated. He is a resident of your city, permanently assigned to your neighborhood. His high qualifications, excellent character, and technical training in the care of silk hosiery enables him to render you a valuable service. He can always be reached through the nearest local Real Silk Service Office, over two hundred of which we maintain throughout the country. The hosiery which he offers you is ***guaranteed.***

❖ ❖ ❖

Our representative shows you samples and takes your order at ***Mill prices.*** Your hosiery is then mailed to you parcel post, ***c. o. d.,*** direct from the U. S. Post Office branch in our Mills.

❖ ❖ ❖

At the top of this page is an enlarged reproduction of the gold button worn by ***every*** Real Silk representative. It is the mark of trustworthiness and stands for silk hosiery service. Whenever anyone comes to your door, offering silk hosiery, ask to see this button. It protects you against ***imitators.***

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WATSON
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Continued from Page 52

They passed Jenning with Diamond Stud waiting to be mounted. Jimmy shot him a look. Let the —— wait!

His mare reached the palings and was halted. Jimmy saw the short square figure of her jockey, in the new magenta cap and jacket—his cap, his jacket! Beautiful they looked, and no mistake!

"A word with you," he said.

The jockey halted, looked quickly round.

"All right, Mr. Shrewin. I know."

Jimmy's eyes smoldered at him. Hardly moving his lips he said intently: "You damn well don't! You'll ride her to win. Never mind him! If you don't, I'll have you off the turf. Understand me! You'll damn well ride 'er to win."

The jockey's jaw dropped.

"All right, Mr. Shrewin."

"See it is!" said Jimmy with a hiss.

"Mount, jockeys!"

He saw magenta swing into the saddle. And suddenly, as if smitten with the plague, he scuttled away.

VI

HE SCUTTLED to where he could see them going down seventeen. No need to search for his colors; they blazed, like George Pulcher's countenance, or a rhododendron bush in sunlight, above that bright chestnut with the white nose, curvetting a little as she was led past.

Now they came cantering—Deerstalker in the lead.

"He's a hell of a horse, Deerstalker," said someone behind.

Jimmy cast a nervous glance around. No sign of George Pulcher!

One by one they cantered past, and he watched them with a cold feeling in his stomach.

The same voice said, "New colors! Well, you can see 'em; and the mare too. She's a showy one. Calliope? She's goin' back in the bettin', though."

Jimmy moved up through the Ring.

"Four to one on the field!" "Six Deerstalker!" "Sevens Magistrate!" "Ten to one Wasp!" "Ten to one Calliope!" "Four to one Diamond Stud!" "Four to one on the field!"

Steady as a rock, that horse of Jenning's, and his own going back!

"Twelves Calliope!" he heard just as he reached the stand. The telepathic genius of the Ring missed nothing—almost!

A cold shiver went through him. What had he done by his words to Docker? Spoiled the golden egg laid so carefully? But perhaps she couldn't win, even if they let her! He began to mount the stand, his mind in the most acute confusion.

A voice said, "Hullo, Jimmy! Is she going to win?"

One of his young Oxford sparks was jammed against him on the stairway!

He raised his lip in a sort of snarl, and, huddling himself, slipped through and up ahead. He came out and edged in close to the stairs, where he could get play for his glasses. Behind him one of those who improve the shining hour among backers cut off from opportunity was intoning the odds a point shorter than below: "Three to one on the field." "Fives Deerstalker." "Eight to one Wasp."

"What price Calliope?" said Jimmy sharply.

"Hunderd to eight."

"Done!" Handing him the eight, he took the ticket. Behind him the man's eyes moved fishily, and he resumed his incantation:

"Three to one on the field. Three to one on the field. Six to one Magistrate."

On the wheeling bunch of colors at the start Jimmy trained his glasses. Something had broken clean away and come half the course—something in yellow.

"Eights Magistrate. Eight to one Magistrate," drifted up.

So they had spotted that! Precious little they didn't spot!

Magistrate was round again, and being ridden back. Jimmy rested his glasses a moment, and looked down. Swarms in the Cheap Ring, Tattersalls, the Stands—a crowd so great you could lose George Pulcher in it. Just below, a little man was making silent frantic signals with his arms across to someone in the Cheap Ring. Jimmy raised his glasses. In line now—magenta third from the rails!

"They're off!"

The hush, you could cut it with a knife! Something in green away on the right—Wasp! What a bat they were going! And a sort of numbness in Jimmy's mind cracked suddenly; his glasses shook; his thin weasly face became suffused, and quivered. Magenta—magenta—two from the rails! He could make no story of the race such as he would read in tomorrow's paper—he could see nothing but magenta.

Out of the dip now, and coming fast green still leading—something in violet, something in tartan, closing.

"Wasp's beat!" "The favorite—the favorite wins!" "Deerstalker—Deerstalker wins!" "What's that in pink on the rails?"

It was his in pink on the rails! Behind him a man went suddenly mad.

"Deerstalker—Come on with 'im, Stee! Deerstalker'll win—Deerstalker!"

Jimmy sputtered venomously: "Will 'e? Will 'e?"

Deerstalker and his own out from the rest—opposite the Cheap Ring—neck and neck—Docker riding like a demon.

"Deerstalker! Deerstalker!" "Calliope wins! She wins!"

His horse! They flashed past—fifty yards to go, and not a head between 'em!

"Deerstalker! Deerstalker!" "Calliope!"

He saw his mare shoot out—she'd won!

With a little queer sound he squirmed and wriggled on to the stairs. No thoughts while he squeezed, and slid, and hurried—only emotion—out of the Ring, away to the paddock. His horse!

Docker had weighed in when he reached the mare. All right! He passed with a grin. Jimmy turned almost into the body of Polman standing like an image.

"Well, Mr. Shrewin," he said to nobody, "she's won."

"Damn you!" thought Jimmy. "Damn the lot of you!" And he went up to his mare. Quivering, streaked with sweat, impatient of the gathering crowd, she showed the whites of her eyes when he put his hand up to her nose.

"Good girl!" he said, and watched her led away.

"Gawd! I want a drink!" he thought.

Gingerly, keeping a sharp lookout for Pulcher, he returned to the stand to get it, and to draw his hundred. But up there by the stairs the discreet fellow was no more. On the ticket was the name O. H. Jones, and nothing else. Jimmy Shrewin had been welshed! He went down at last in a bad temper. At the bottom of the staircase stood George Pulcher. The big man's face was crimson, his eyes ominous. He blocked Jimmy into a corner.

"Ah!" he said. "You little crow! What the 'ell made you speak to Docker?"

Jimmy grinned. Some new body within him stood there defiant. "She's my 'orse," he said.

"You Gawd-forsaken rat! If I 'ad you in a quiet spot I'd shake the life out of you!"

Jimmy stared up, his little spindle legs apart, like a cock sparrow confronting an offended pigeon.

"Go 'ome," he said, "George Pulcher, and get your mother to mend your socks. You don't know 'ow! Thought I wasn't a man, did you? Well, now you damn well know I am. Keep off my 'orse in future."

Crimson rushed up on crimson in Pulcher's face; he raised his heavy fists. Jimmy stood, unmoving, his little hands in his bell-coat pockets, his withered face upraised. The big man gulped as if swallowing back the tide of blood; his fists edged forward and then—dropped.

"That's better," said Jimmy. "Hit one of your own size."

Emitting a deep growl, George Pulcher walked away.

"Two to one on the field—I'll back the field. Two to one on the field." "Threes Snowdrift—Fours Iron Dook."

Jimmy stood a moment mechanically listening to the music of his life; then, edging out, he took a fly and was driven to the station.

All the way up to town he sat chewing his cheroot with the glow of drink inside him, thinking of that finish, and of how he had stood up to George Pulcher. For a whole day he was lost in London, but Friday saw him once more at his seat of custom in the Corn.

Not having laid against his horse, he had had a good race in spite of everything; yet, the following week, uncertain into what further quagmires of quixotry she might lead him, he sold Calliope.

But for years, betting upon horses that he never saw, underground like a rat, yet never again so accessible to the kicks of fortune, or so prone before the shafts of superiority, he would think of the Downs with the blinkin' larks singin', and talk of how once he—had a horse.

SOMEWHERE, leagues ahead, is the port of destination. Between are mile on mile of heaving billows that ceaselessly slip astern.

Between are all the uncertainties of time and chance, fair weather with favorable winds and a foaming wake, or a shrieking gale and mountainous seas that snatch at scudding, low, black clouds.

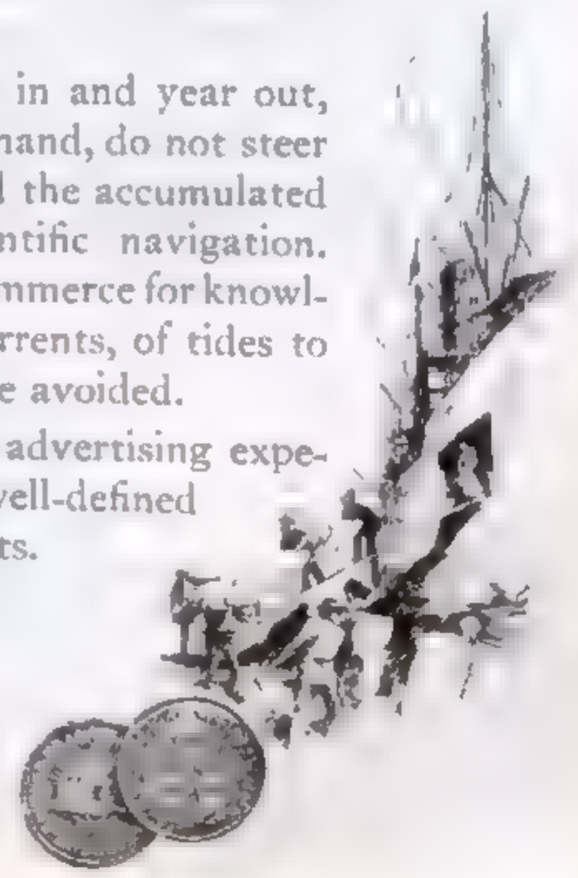
The ship, a mere speck afloat in the surrounding immensity of ocean, plows steadily on toward her port. For the captain, by the aid of sextant, chronometer and chart, lays his course straight to the harbor where a market welcomes his cargo.

The coasts of business are forever being strewn with wrecks of products that put to sea for Port Acceptance with only a compass and log to sail by.

In the first bit of thick weather they are blown off the course. Some, forced to run before a sudden hurricane, discover themselves on a dangerous lee shore. Some, hopelessly lost in fogs, drift out of the trade channels and onto hidden reefs. Some lie becalmed in the great, stagnant sea of Sargasso.

Captains of products that ply, year in and year out, between the ports of Supply and Demand, do not steer by dead-reckoning. They employ all the accumulated knowledge and discoveries of scientific navigation. They study the charts of the seas of commerce for knowledge of harbors, of advantageous currents, of tides to be awaited, of shoals and ledges to be avoided.

Profiting by the charted records of advertising experience, they lay their courses over well-defined trade routes, direct to known markets.



N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK — BOSTON
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NO BUSINESS ABILITY

(Continued from Page 15)

"What do you mean, set the stage?"

"Well, he's read up on artists. He's told me enough so that I know what he expects. You must humor him, Hal. I want you to put on a velvet jacket and a Windsor tie, get out that old mandolin you used to plunk back in 1911, and fetch forth that—what the devil do you call it?—that plaster-of-Paris lay figure that every artist is supposed to have. Give the place a bohemian look, Hal. Put away that cursed checkbook! If my boss ever saw that thing here he'd know you were no artist whatsoever. And if he asks you about your life in Paris, tell him you studied under Bouguereau."

"Bouguereau was under the daisies before I got out of high school, you poor simpleton!"

"Makes no difference! You studied under Bouguereau. Pryor knows that name. He also knows Rosa Bonheur, Michelangelo and Titian—but, of course, you couldn't have studied under them."

"Say, your boss must be an ass," commented Britridge with deep feeling.

"Not in the least. Anything but. He's a real, all-wool product, a business man and a gentleman. Only he hasn't cultivated artists, that's all, and he's afflicted with several mistaken notions about the modern world. But you'll like him. Also you'll like Mary—or Molly, as her father calls her."

Britridge groaned deeply and solemnly. "For you, George! I will be the goat for your sake. Give me two hours to get ready. There's an element of humor in it that isn't so bad at all, at all. I suppose I better move that steel filing cabinet into the kitchenette. Should I give 'em a luncheon? I can get some chicken à la King from the Brevoort, and ——"

"Great Scott, no! Do you want to ruin the picture? On the contrary, you simple mule, you might have a half pound of bologna sausage and some pretzels lying around."

"Never!"

"Yes. This time! B. Pryor likes to believe that artists are improvident rakes. By the way, you look too healthy this morning. Couldn't you contrive to look as though you'd been staying up as late as midnight?"

"I Don't Want to Hear Any Proposition—Not Now. I Want to Know About This—This—What the Devil Do You Call It?"

"Enough is enough, old sport!" cried Britridge. "Make it quarter after one, and I'll see it through like a good egg that I am. Only leave the gal behind if you can. Women is suspicious—and she might penetrate the make-up."

They came punctually at one-fifteen. To the relief of George Hooke, Mr. Britridge had done the thing well and duly. He must have canvassed half New York to get the velvet jacket. Very likely he recalled, at a convenient moment, that these may be obtained from photographers, who are nowadays the only care-free bohemian cut-ups.

"Harold," said Hooke, "I want you to meet my employer, Mr. Pryor, of Port Pleasant. Miss Pryor, Mr. Britridge."

Mr. Harold Britridge bowed deeply, so deeply that he almost lost his balance. He was afflicted, for the moment, by an inability to recall whether deep bowing had been practiced in the Latin Quarter in 1914, or whether he had confused it with Constantinople and the Turkish salaam.

But the bow, accompanied by the general rakish appearance of the artist, went off perfectly. Mr. B. Pryor returned the bow soberly. When in Rome, Mr. Pryor was willing to imitate each and every Roman citizen.

Miss Molly Pryor held out a frank hand, swept the whole studio with a glance which included the artist himself, sat down on an indicated divan, and spoke no more. But in the instant when their eyes met, Harold Britridge felt both pleased and embarrassed. He was pleased because she wasn't what he expected. He was embarrassed because, when he looked briefly into her eyes, he had a sinky feeling that if he were going to deceive this young woman he would have to study under Harry Houdini.

But Molly Pryor spoke no more, except to nod and reply to a few perfunctory remarks. She glanced at the velvet jacket and the Windsor tie now and again, and a queer, evanescent smile crept along her lips. Her nose, which was a challenging little nose, quivered slightly when her father asked:

"I suppose, Mr. Britridge, you fellows had great times when you studied in Paris."

Mr. Britridge saw that small feminine nose quiver, and he almost literally kicked his own shins with chagrin. But he had to stave off the blushes, and reply rakishly, with a Gallic shrug of the shoulders which came near splitting the seams of the borrowed velvet jacket, "Oh, rather, Mr. Pryor."

The visit was a huge success. Mr. Benjamin Pryor now knew that he knew artists. He confided to his advertising manager, when they got back to the hotel, that artists were a good sort, rather dissipated, and, of course, fellows of no business ability—but a good sort. He liked Britridge, he said.

"Didn't you feel that he had a sort of charm, in spite of everything, Molly?"

"Yes, I did—a little," acknowledged the daughter frankly. "But he should have someone tie his necktie for him."

"Oh, artists are like that, Molly," explained Mr. Pryor.

"Are they?" asked Miss Pryor innocently.

It occurred to her to ask whether artists also were the kind of people who kept brand-new typewriters of the latest model—one of which Mr. Britridge had failed wholly to conceal under a window seat near the divan on which Molly had sat. Likewise, she might have queried if artists in velvet jackets and poverty-stricken circumstances indulge themselves in a set of India-paper encyclopedias, which had only been approximately covered up with a Persian prayer rug which might itself be worth a couple hundred and fifty dollars—as Miss Pryor knew rugs. But these questions she kept to herself.

The more Harold Britridge thought about the wheat meal for invalids, in the hours after his guests had gone away, the more ridiculous it seemed to him. A hundred comic pictures crowded into his mind. He couldn't get away from the notion of a doctor, with a two-foot beard, holding out a spoonful of the horrible stuff toward a moribund person in bed. After a few hours of cheerlessly snickering contemplation, he frankly gave it up. Mr. Britridge did just that.

Just before noon next day, however, the studio bell rang.

Britridge opened the door—and faced Miss Mary Pryor. She had a square parcel under one arm.

"How do you do?" inquired Britridge stupidly.

"Very well, thank you."

This was so utterly idiotic that they both began to laugh. Then the young woman spoke very hastily.

"I hope you'll forgive my calling, Mr. Britridge. It's on business. It's about that picture you are going to do for my father. And that's none of my business, either. My father doesn't know I'm here. He wouldn't like it, at all, if he knew. And yet I just had to come. If I could only explain."

"Won't you come in?" asked Mr. Britridge.

She hesitated. "Is it proper? I don't want to be silly, but honestly I don't know about such things. And I'm afraid I don't stop to consider them. I wanted to talk with you about the picture, so I just came along."

"It's entirely proper, Miss Pryor. But if you'd feel better about it, there's a very estimable Irish lady scrubbing the stairs one flight up, and I could have her in."

She looked at him. Gone was the velvet jacket. Gone was the Windsor tie. Quite gone was the rakish air. There was a something—a something artistic-looking about him, to be sure; but the whole effect was that of modern cleanness and respectability.

"I'll come in, thank you," she said quickly.

"I do want to make it clear to you, Mr. Britridge," she began, after she had seated herself in a comfortable chair, "that I'm not just an ordinary bore, wasting your time without excuse. As I say, my father probably wouldn't like it at all if he knew I were here. But I have a little—more than a little—interest in this wheat meal for invalids. I know something about it which my father doesn't know, or won't believe. I have a plan about it that must come true."

"Very mysterious, and very interesting, Miss Pryor," said Britridge with genuine enthusiasm. "Please tell me. I haven't thought of any subject for the picture. It's—well, a little out of my line."

"Of course it is—the way father thinks of it. Mr. Britridge, I'm going to be very forward and impudent. Have you a chafing dish?"

Britridge opened his eyes wide and blinked. "Why—yes."

"I was sure you would have, or I should have bought one and brought it along. Would you mind my using it? It won't take very long, and if you like surprises it may be worth the trouble. Can you give me just a few minutes?"

"I can give you all day, Miss Pryor. I want to. You've—well, you've dramatized this mystery wonderfully. I'm on tiptoe."

"That's so good of you. I'm taking a big risk of being a pest—and hoping that you'll be patient." She was untying the string of her parcel. First she produced from it a carton with a drab wrapper. She held it up. "That's the wheat meal, Mr. Britridge. Doesn't it give you a shiver to look at it? Isn't it funereal?"

Britridge nodded. "Without wanting to agree with you too strongly, it reminds me of a wreath of artificial flowers with heliotrope ribbon."

"Yes. It's awful."

Miss Pryor poured a generous portion of the crisp-looking meal into the boiling water, a few minutes after, put on the cover of the dish, and took from her parcel a small bottle of cream and some old-fashioned brown sugar—the kind of sugar which was once called Demerara sugar.

"She's going to make me eat that stuff!" suddenly thought Britridge. And then he added, in his thoughts, "I wonder if that young woman couldn't make me eat anything." He chuckled at the novelty of the proceedings. This, he thought, was the stuff of which real adventure is made—the unexpected, the unexampled and the bizarre.

"Now you don't have to eat more than a spoonful if you don't wish," said Mary Pryor, with a smile of gratitude in advance. "But as a sporting thing I'm asking you to try that one spoonful. If you'll let me have two small dishes I'll eat some, too, to show that it's quite safe. There! Thank you. Now a little cream, not too much; and a little sugar, also not too much. Will you try it?"

She held the saucer out to him, and Britridge seized it. He took a generous spoonful and ate it slowly and assayingly. A surprised look came upon his face. He took another spoonful. And another. Before another word was spoken he had finished the porridge.

Then he held forth the empty dish and said, "More!"

"Just to gratify my foolish whim, perhaps?"

"Not in the least. It's great! That flavor—it's—I don't know—different from anything I ever tasted—something queer about it. More! Oliver Twist asks for more!"

The color flowed liberally into her soft cheeks, and her eyes glistened. "Not any more yet. Now I must tell you, Mr. Britridge, it was I who discovered that this stuff was not medicine. For seventy years people have been taking it as medicine. My grandfather thought it was medicine. My father thinks it's medicine. It was invented by my grandfather's brother, and I sometimes wonder just what he intended it to be. But the question is, Isn't it the best breakfast cereal you ever tasted?"

"It makes the rest of them seem like sawdust!" responded Britridge heartily. "I mean it! Why, it's a fortune! It's a gold mine! You—you—why, I hate to think of

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Gold!
—in your telephone

"SPEECH is silvern, silence is golden", says the adage—but you can't get the men who made your telephone to believe it. They know that gold in the telephone assists in the perfect transmission of speech.

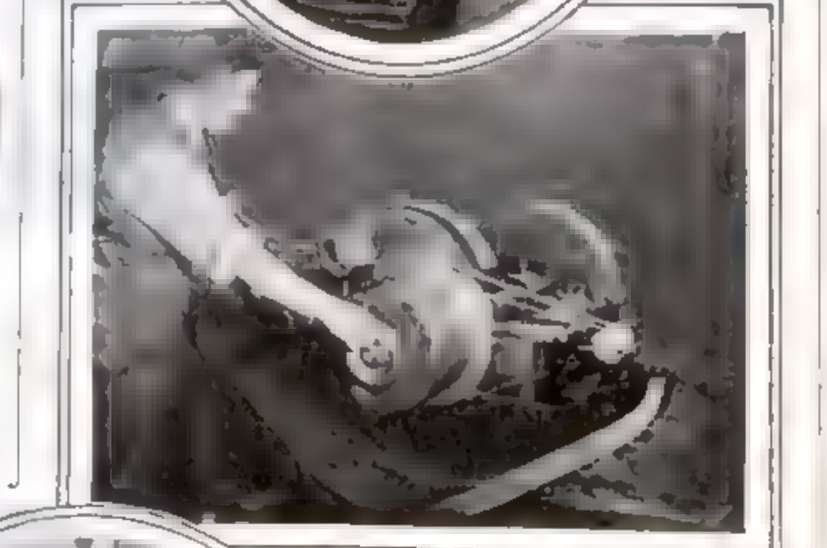
It is a fact that a mixture of gold, silver and platinum is used in this instrument. So fine are the materials and careful the workmanship that you would think a telephone some masterpiece of the jeweler's art.

But if you consider its strength of construction and remarkable lasting quality, your telephone seems as though hammered out on a blacksmith's forge!

GOLDEN CUP CAKES: Nothing light about these cakes of solid gold. The jars contain precious metal too—gold in the central jar and gold and platinum particles in the other two—salvaged from old telephones at a saving of many thousand dollars a year.

PRETTY COSTLY VOICE CULTURE: Pouring the mixture of platinum, gold and silver which is to play a part in telephone conversations.

RIBBONS OF PRECIOUS METAL: A feature of this metal valuable to the telephone is its power to resist corrosion and wear—and so keep smooth the path of the voice currents.

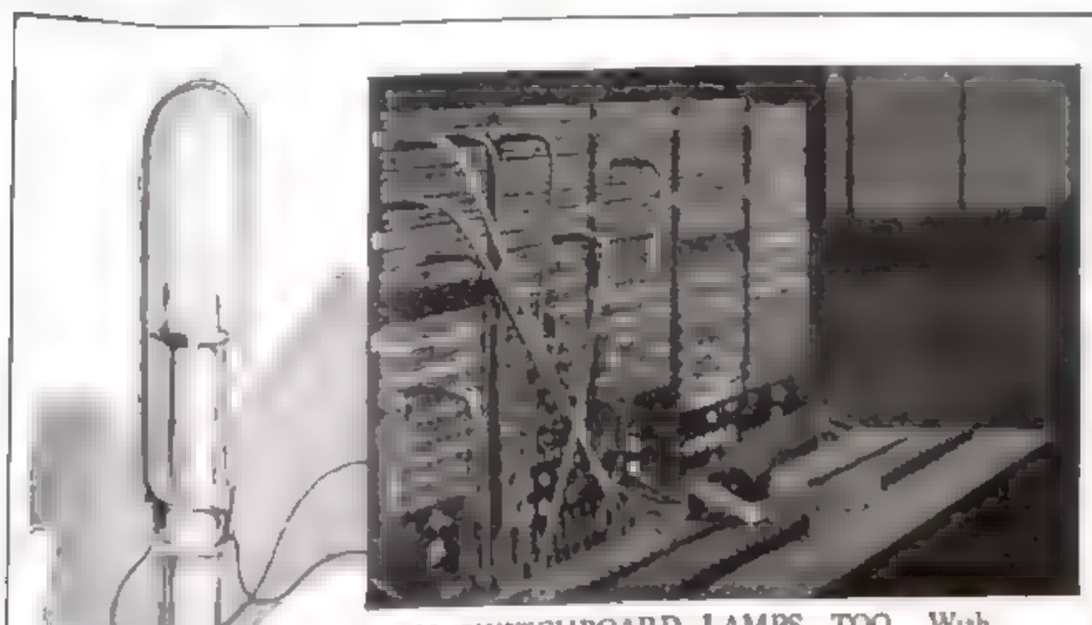


DRAWING THE METAL INTO WIRE: This process is helped by the high degree of ductility of platinum—an inch cube of which could be drawn into a thread encircling the globe twice at the equator.

HERE IT IS! The two points on the upright springs are the precious metal. Every time you take the receiver off the hook, these springs move to the left till the points make contact—a path over which the voice currents travel.

Western Electric

Since 1869 makers of electrical equipment



IN SWITCHBOARD LAMPS, TOO. With the help of gold and platinum wires, these tiny lights flash your signal to the operator. The use of platinum means a tight seal between the glass and the lead-in wires.

The Big New Overland

RED BIRD

$750

Feathers make Fine Birds Finer

With added beauty, added size, added power, added equipment and greatly added value, the big new Overland Red Bird has swept everything before it. ¶ The sum total of its features and advantages make it the *most automobile in the world for the money.* ¶ Finished in rich Mandalay maroon, with khaki top and glistening nickel trimmings. ¶ A bigger, more powerful engine. ¶ A larger, roomier body and lower, longer lines. ¶ A much longer wheelbase. Actual springbase of 136 inches with Triplex springs (patented). ¶ First quality Fisk cord tires. Bumpers both front and rear. ¶ Appealing, outstanding value—instantly recognized, instantly rewarded by unprecedented sales.

Touring $525, Roadster $525, Coupe $795, Sedan $860, all prices f. o. b. Toledo. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., *Toledo, Ohio* · WILLYS-OVERLAND LTD., *Toronto, Ont.*

Educational Pictures

You are looking forward to the bigger and better pictures which the Fall Season has in store. Short Subjects will show equal progress with the best of the longer features, as they have done ever since Educational Pictures began to treat them with the same careful attention that is given to the best long photoplays.

Educational is preparing for your entertainment in the coming season a bigger, better, finer program of Short Subjects than it has ever offered before.

Christie Comedies — Lively farce comedy features built on truly funny stories.

Fastest comedies made. Faster and funnier than ever. **Mermaid Comedies** Jack White Productions

Jack White Comedy Specials — Uproarious comedy gems by this genius of fast-action fun.

Lloyd Hamilton in his second starring series. **Hamilton Comedies**

Cameo Comedies — Single-reel rough-and-tumble comedies.

Sparkling medleys of fun. Some sense and some nonsense. **Lyman H. Howe's Hodge-Podge**

Wilderness Tales by Robert C. Bruce — Scenic dramas with the elements and humans co-actors.

Your old favorite songs, which you will join in singing. **Sing Them Again**

Kinograms — The visual news of all the world.

These and other Short Subjects to be announced later will guarantee you fine entertainment throughout the entire program.

When you see this sign, go in - - - It's the sign of a Whole Evening's Entertainment.

Educational Pictures

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices, New York

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anybody having so much money! Great Scott, what a series of street-car cards and magazine color pages! Why, this is something you could go the limit on. This is something ——" He paused suddenly and seized a pencil. "Would you mind sitting still just a moment, Miss Pryor? Yes, like that! Oh, I don't mean to have you pose. I just wanted to catch that -that something—I'll explain later. That's all right. Now you want a name for it! The name ought to carry the idea of the delicious quality—that fleeting flavor—something that just eludes you—the unnamable—and yet you have it in your grasp."

Miss Pryor looked at her host curiously. She did not interrupt.

"There ought to be a lot of color in the wrapper, and in the advertising. Oh, I can do a picture for this! This is different, now. You've given me something to work with. You—by the way, did you say you'd told your father about this flavor—about this food as a food?"

"Yes"

"And he says ——"

"He said, 'Molly, that was a pretty dress you were wearing last night. I never noticed it before. How long have you had it?' You see, my father doesn't believe in women knowing anything about business. And he doesn't believe they can know anything about it—not in any constructive way."

"But surely, if you prove to him that there's a heap of money ——"

"I can't. Now that sounds as though my father were pretty stupid, doesn't it? But he isn't. He's just the most conservative person in the United States. He's a good business man as far as he goes, most frightfully honest and reliable; proud of the good name of the firm; but my grandfather taught him not to like innovations. I don't expect you to understand."

"I think I do understand, though," nodded Britridge. "From the little I saw of him, I like him."

"Yes, most people do. And he liked you too. Only ——" She reddened.

"He thinks artists are sad rascals," supplied the man.

"It was so terribly funny, yesterday," she went on. "I saw at once that you were giving poor dad just what he expected. He came to see a bohemian—and you showed him one."

"I knew it wasn't fooling you, Miss Pryor. I felt like a Polish counterfeit nickel. I felt like a cheat too. It wasn't quite ethical. Good heavens, have I got to carry on that fraud now, every time I meet your father—if I should meet him again?"

She shook her head. "That'll be all right." Then she stood up and gathered the dishes and the rest of the débris and said, "I'll wash these and go. You've been fine about it all. I ——" She stopped abruptly, with her lips framed to utter something which she had kept back.

"Please say it. You were going to say something."

"No. That is, I—oh, it was nothing of importance."

"I took my medicine," pleaded Britridge smilingly, pointing at the drab-wrappered carton. "Surely you'll tell me what you were going to say."

"Why, yes, that's fair enough. But it wasn't important. I was just going to ask how you, an artist, managed to get so enthusiastic about my poor little idea of selling this as a breakfast food. You quite carried me along when you talked about the advertising of it."

Britridge looked down at the clutter of papers on his desk and mussed them reflectively before replying. Then he looked up at her and said in a burst of frankness, "I can tell you this, Miss Pryor. I feel that I've known you a long time, and that you'll get the whole meaning of it. I'm one of those chaps who can easily be a horrible failure. I've a talent for drawing. It would be better if I hadn't, because at heart I'm a business man. I like business. I like to plan promotions and publicity for good businesses. For several years I've been working at one thing, and dreaming another. Why, I've done some copy writing for an advertising agency here in town—and I've never even told George Hooke about it. When you told me about that wheat meal I seemed to throw myself at the idea head first. I could see it. I don't mean that enthusiasm is necessarily any good if you don't labor over the development of it. But that's the thing I really like best, maybe. Sounds absurd, doesn't it? And, of course, I may be only flattering myself."

The big gray eyes gazed at him earnestly from beneath the long black lashes. "No, I don't think so. I'm glad you told me. I'm sure you'll do what will give you the realest pleasure. You're sure I may not tidy those dishes up? Well, then I must say good-by. Thank you much and much. I shall be so eager to see that picture."

She went out, and left behind her a young man who stood for a long time staring at the place where she had sat. Then he sat down at the desk, fastened a sheet of paper to a drawing board, and went to work, whistling.

After a month had passed, with no visible manifestation of activity on the part of Harold Britridge, Mr. Benjamin Pryor began to get fretful. He had no faith whatever in the efficacy of a picture, towards raising the invalid meal to a self-supporting basis. But, having committed himself to a novelty, he had a human impatience to see some tangible result of his impulsiveness. Also, being human, Mr. Pryor, as the days went by, began to nag his advertising manager a little.

"What about that artist friend of yours? He isn't much of a fellow, is he?"

"Oh, he'll give us something fine, I'm sure."

"Maybe. But you can't depend on those fellows. They're temperamental. They've got no business ability. You didn't pay him anything in advance, I hope?"

"No, Mr. Pryor."

"That's lucky. I suppose as soon as he gets hard up enough, he'll get to work. You better telegraph him to get on the job." The excellent Mr. Pryor screwed his face up contemplatively. He had visions of bologna sausage and pretzels, and the thought softened his heart. "Maybe, Mr. Hooke," he added softly, "if he wants it, you might send him a hundred on account. He might be too hard up to buy paints, and that sort of thing. But tell him he's got to get at that picture."

One glad day, however, the advertising manager called his boss on the inside telephone and said, "That picture has come in from Britridge. Would you like to see it now?"

"Bring it right up," was the reply. Hooke thought he detected a real tremor in that usually placid voice.

A few minutes afterward Mr. Benjamin Fickens Pryor, with his hands behind his back, was gazing amazedly upon a colorful canvas which the advertising man had propped up on top of the boss' roll-top desk. Mr. Pryor had uttered just one exclamation, which, for him, was ardent and profane. He had cried "Well, I'll be damned!"

"Isn't she a beauty?" gasped Mr. Hooke, fairly drinking the fresh, wistful, engaging loveliness of the young woman who was daintily, almost coquettishly, looking at the two men from the canvas.

"Yes—but—yes—it's nice—but ——" Mr. Pryor couldn't find the words.

"That's the finest thing Britridge ever did! Why, that's a gold-medal picture!" uttered Hooke, with solemnity.

"Yes, but what the dickens can we do with it? You can't advertise our wheat meal with that," said the boss.

Hooke winced. The bit of loveliness on the canvas had caught him napping. It was true, as Benjamin Pryor had said—you couldn't advertise an invalid's food with that picture. There are some things you can't do with beauty. This was one of them. Hooke was silent.

"Now there's your artists for you!" groaned Mr. Pryor. "They go and do something else, when you tell 'em just what you want. Of course this is nice—it's really wonderful -but it's no good for us. And we told him—Hooke, you heard me tell that young fellow ——"

Mr. Pryor took a few steps backward, still gazing at the picture. Suddenly he said, "By jiminy, Hooke, that's my Molly! Do you see it? That—something about the mouth, that queer almost-smile—d'ye see it? Oh, I don't mean it's a picture of Molly. Not that. One way, it doesn't look like her at all. But there's something ——"

"I think I see what you mean. Yes."

"Why, there's something about it that's more like Molly than she's like herself!" went on Benjamin Pryor. "And that fellow Britridge hardly looked at her that day!"

Mr. Pryor was getting excited—considering Mr. Pryor's capacity for excitement.

"Mr. Hooke, I like that picture," said the boss abruptly. "It's no good for our purpose, but it's worth every cent we offered. That young chap's all right. He's got something, he has. Great Scott, Hooke, how do they do it? If anyone should give you and me a paintbrush, what a mess we'd make of it. I've got an idea! Do you suppose that artist could come right up here from New York—just as soon as he gets your wire?"

"Why, I don't know, Mr. Pryor. I can ask him to."

"I want him to come right along. Wire him the price of the ticket too. He might not have the money. Tell him it'll be worth his while to take the next train. By jiminy, I like that picture, don't you? Look at those eyes. Just as innocent as lambs—and yet you get the notion that she's a roguish minx." Benjamin Pryor had grasped the telephone. "Give me my house! Hello, who's that? . . . I want Molly! . . . That you, Molly? . . . Come right down to my office. I've got something I want to show you. . . . Uh-huh; you guessed it! The picture has come. . . . Well, wait till you see it!"

As the advertising manager was going out Mr. Pryor said, "Have the cashier make out a check for five hundred dollars, and send it up to me, will you?" The boss rubbed his hands with generous good nature. "That'll make his eyes bulge, eh, Hooke? D'ye suppose he'd rather have it in currency?"

"Oh, no; I think a check will do just as well," replied Mr. Hooke, swallowing a convulsive agitation at the throat.

In reply to Hooke's telegram Harold Britridge wired that he would leave on the midnight train, due to arrive at Port Pleasant about nine the next morning. And it was a little before ten when the artist sent in his card by Mr. Pryor's office boy.

Britridge's picture was still atop the desk. When the young man entered, Benjamin Pryor was standing, legs apart, with his thumbs tucked into the armholes of his waistcoat, gazing upon the pretty girl of the canvas. For a brief space he did not even glance at his visitor, but when he did cast his eyes upon Britridge the thumbs slowly left their station, and the grain merchant's eyes perceptibly opened. Not that there was anything remarkable in Britridge's appearance. Quite the contrary. It was just that there was not anything remarkable about the artist's appearance.

Whether Mr. Pryor expected artists to sally forth into the rude unbohemian world clad in corduroy trousers, a late-Victorian black Fedora and a flowing tie, remains for his friends to imagine. But he was clearly not expecting to see a young man in a perfectly tailored blue suit, an immaculate derby hat, a quiet but expensive pair of shoes and spats. In other words he was expecting a Smithsonian curiosity, and he found himself face to face with a perfectly healthy, rather-above-the-average young American business man.

"Mr.—Mr.—Britridge!" puffed Benjamin Pryor. "Glad -glad to see you. Won't you sit down?" They sat down. Then, before any other word was spoken, it seemed that Mr. Pryor had an idea. "You—you didn't need to—to dress up just to come up here, you know"

"Oh, I didn't. I mean ——" Britridge saw the point and reddened. "To tell the truth, I owe you an apology, Mr. Pryor."

But Benjamin, who didn't see the point at all, and mistook the nature of the proposed apology, returned, with a wave of the hand, "Oh, I know you were pretty slow about doing the picture. But I dare say a thing like that takes time."

"Yes," said Britridge.

B. Pryor kept his eyes on Britridge wonderingly. He was not yet adjusted to this untemperamental raiment. "I wanted you to come up here—at my expense—to talk about this picture of yours. It's a very pretty thing. But I want you should do another that I can use for advertising. Now don't get huffy, Mr. Britridge! I want to pay you for this picture, just as I agreed, but I want you to do another suited to the purpose. This one I'm going to hang up in my breakfast room, where I can look at it every morning. Why, confound it, it's enough to cheer a man up to look at that girl, Britridge. And it reminds me a bit of my daughter."

"Do you think so?" replied Britridge with animation, leaning forward.

B. Pryor looked at the young man keenly. "Yes, a little."

Britridge leaned back. "I can't sell you the picture, I'm afraid," he answered.

Mr. Pryor stared. "Can't sell it? What do you mean? Why, you agreed to paint me a picture to use for advertising purposes."

(Continued on Page 62)

The new meaning of this mark of
"U.S." Leadership

Every user of rubber goods of any kind should remember this: There is a new and higher standard of quality in rubber goods.

This new quality standard applies to manufactured rubber goods of every description.

Trade Mark

It is the result of the new Sprayed Rubber—*the first uniformly pure crude rubber, the development of which was recently announced by the United States Rubber Company.*

SPRAYED RUBBER is the result of a new scientific process of obtaining crude rubber from rubber latex. Instead of coagulating rubber out of the latex with smoke or chemicals—the only methods known heretofore—latex is sprayed as a snow-white mist into super-heated air. The water is driven out of it—nothing else.

Sprayed Rubber is Dry and Pure

Unlike rubber produced by old processes, it contains no acid, no smoke residue, no bits of bark, insects, or foreign matter of any kind. It is uniform in quality. It vulcanizes to perfection. It can be worked with scientific precision.

For your guidance, here are some everyday rubber necessities into whose manufacture *Sprayed Rubber* enters—

"U. S." Rubber Footwear—"U. S." Royal Cord Tires—Keds—"U.S."Spring-Step Rubber Heels—"U. S." Royal Golf Balls—Water-bottles, Gloves, Tubing and other surgical and household rubber goods—Raynster Raincoats—"U. S." Rubber Hose—"U. S." Belting, Packing and Gaskets—Naugahyde Luggage—Paracore Insulated Wire—Radio Parts, Battery Jars, and other hard rubber goods.

Sprayed Rubber is one of three new basic developments in rubber manufacture recently announced by the United States Rubber Company.

The other two, of special application to Cord Tires, are the new *Web Cord*, and the new *Flat-Band Process* of building cord tires.

The New Art of Rubber Manufacture

Taken together, these three discoveries constitute the basis for a new art and technique of rubber manufacture. They are the exclusive property of this Company, protected by patents in the United States and foreign countries.

It is believed that these three developments mean more to the rubber manufacturer and the user of rubber products of all kinds than anything that has been accomplished in the rubber industry since vulcanization was discovered in 1839.

United States Rubber Company

1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

Quality toilet paper products

If It's Marked A. P. W. That Is All You Need to Know

These six brands of toilet paper, ranging from the big value 5 and 10¢ roll to the 2500-sheet, extra quality "Satin Tissue" roll, all bear the A. P. W. mark.

Add the A. P. W. mark to your collection of "buying guides."

Strict sanitary conditions are maintained in the manufacture of A. P. W. Toilet Papers and Paper Towels. Pulp made from clean Spruce logs is mixed in huge beaters (as sketched above) with the purest of water, from our own wells, driven 500 feet to bed rock.

A. P. W. PAPER CO., ALBANY, N. Y.

For ten cents and wrapper from any A. P. W. roll, we will send, postpaid, beautiful doll, reproducing in three colors the original A. P. W. Doll character illustrated (on cloth ready to be stuffed).

(Continued from Page 60)

"Oh, yes. And you can do that, of course. But, naturally, the original is mine. I merely sell you the right to use it for advertising purposes."

"I don't get this at all!" snorted Mr. Pryor. "I pay you five hundred dollars to paint me a picture, and then it's your picture. You get the five hundred and the picture. Say, young man, what do I get?"

"You get the right to use the reproduction," returned the artist imperturbably. "Did Hooke make any such fool arrangement with you as that?"

"He made the only arrangement he could make. That's my practice. But, of course, you don't have to pay me a cent. If you don't care for the picture, or if it isn't suited to your needs ——"

"I never heard of such a thing!" cried the merchant. "Is that the way all you artists ——"

"Most of us. Of course it depends on the nature of the agreement. I never sell my originals, in such cases. I was going to apologize, Mr. Pryor ——"

"But I want this picture. You'll sell it to me outright, I suppose?"

Britridge shook his head. "I really couldn't sell it. I'm sorry. I've made other plans for it."

"Oh, I see! You think it's worth more than five hundred. Well, how much will you sell it for? You can see I like it. I'll give you—I mean, what'll you take?"

Britridge laughed softly. "Not a cent, Mr. Pryor. I'm going to give it to you, with my compliments. That is, with the provisional clause that it can be used, in reproduction, to advertise the hum-dingest, most delicious breakfast food in the world."

"What the Sam Hill are you talking about?" cried B. Pryor. "What breakfast food?"

"Why, your invalid wheat meal," replied Britridge, warming up. "Really, it's wonderful stuff. I've tasted it. I've tried it on all my friends down in New York. They've bought out the whole stock from a little old weasel-faced druggist on Seventh Avenue—the only place we could find it. And just a minute! I want to show you the sketches I've made for the introductory advertising—the big splash. I've got them just outside the door."

Benjamin Pryor, his mouth half open, sat in a helpless trance while Britridge darted out, came back with a big parcel, opened it and began to hold up the colored sketches, with appropriate text.

"Now we start with the girl—that girl up there on the desk—and she's our trademark. She's the all-wool, homy girl who makes the porridge that makes you happy, see! 'Introducing Mary.' 'Look for Mary!' 'Have you seen Mary?' Here's a good one! 'Mary's coming to your town.' Get the idea? I shouldn't wonder if the food might be called simply, Mary's. But we might get a better idea. I ——"

Benjamin Pryor jumped from his seat. "Wait a minute! Wait—a—minute! Are you an artist, or a salesman, or a con man, or what the devil are you, anyway, young man? What do you know about my wheat meal? Who's been talking to you? Has my daughter Molly?"

"Yes, sir. She put the idea in my head. And then I saw it big. I've got a proposition."

"I don't want to hear any proposition—not now. I want to know about this—this—what the devil do you call it?—this clandestine affair with my daughter."

And at that moment Miss Molly Pryor walked in through the door, which Britridge had left half open in his haste to show the sketches. She nodded cheerfully to Britridge and went straight to her father. She whispered in his ear, "'Clandestine' isn't a nice word, dad, but if you must say it, please accent it on the second syllable."

"Molly, explain this!" choked Mr. Pryor, ignoring the advice in orthoëpy.

"Oh, the sketches—you brought them with you!" squealed Molly delightedly, as her eye fell upon the rough designs Britridge had just been trying to show. "Now look at that, dad! I gave you the idea for that, didn't I, Mr. Britridge? Won't that make people's mouths water? And this one! That's the one I mentioned in my letter last Monday. You must have hurried."

"You've been corresponding!" snapped Mr. Pryor.

"Oh, yes," replied Molly. "We've worked this advertising campaign up by letter entirely. And you don't know what a nuisance it is, dad. Many's the time I could have straightened out some knotty point if I could have just run into Mr. Britridge's studio for a few minutes. Letters are so unsatisfactory." Miss Pryor uttered this sentiment with the faintest of signs. "So in my daily letter to Mr. Britridge ——"

"Daily letter!" groaned the father. "Oh, Lord! What if your mother knew!"

"She does know, sweet father. She's with us—I mean, she favors my trying this breakfast-food thing. So this is the idea! You don't mind my explaining it, do you, Mr. Britridge? I'm more used to talking with father than you are. If you don't believe in our idea enough to go in with us, Mr. Britridge and I will buy the silly old invalid-food business from you, and we'll run it the way it should be run. We'll guarantee to supply the druggists in the same old way, with the same old weepy wrapper. That'll salve your conscience about Doctor Jonas. And we'll make a fair arrangement with you, to manufacture in your plant and buy all our grain through you. And Mr. Britridge ——"

"And this has been all cooked up by mail, has it?" interrupted B. Pryor.

"Yes," replied Molly, her face gloriously flushed with high enthusiasm.

"Huh. Mr. Britridge must be a good letter writer."

"One of the best, dad. He can sell you anything."

A wry smile flicked in the corner of Benjamin's mouth. "I guess so. It looks as though he'd sold you something. Well—Mr. Britridge, if I should happen to go in for this fool thing, how much money could you put up? Eh? Cash on the nail? Come now, sir, I don't want to be impolite, but this is a business matter."

"Why, I'm not rich of course. But I could find about twenty-five thousand, Mr. Pryor. As a reference, you might ask the Seventh National, Broadway and ——"

"An artist—with twenty-five thousand dollars!" Mr. Pryor spoke his thought aloud. He looked Britridge over from hair to heel. He began to discern something, at last.

Finally Mr. Pryor said painfully, "When I went to your studio ——"

"Yes, sir; I owe you an apology—for deceiving you—about artists."

B. Pryor raised his hand. "Don't want any. I guess I was looking for something, and I found it. Er—are there many more artist fellows like you?"

"Why, a friend of mine, Ken Sampson, is chairman of the school committee in Bradshaw, New Jersey, and one of the directors of the local bank there. He has five children, by the way. Will Payson, who does those wonderful portraits of children, owns that studio-apartment building at the corner of ——"

"That's enough!" said Mr. Pryor, frowning. He was a man who gave up illusions hard. "I guess—I guess I owe you the apology. Molly, I suppose the right thing to do would be to have Mr. Britridge as a guest at our house, for a time? Is that it? If you really mean—this—if it's got to be done—we'll need time to talk it over. Breakfast food! Hooh!"

"That would be splendid! And good business. You'll stop with us a few days, won't you, Mr. Britridge?"

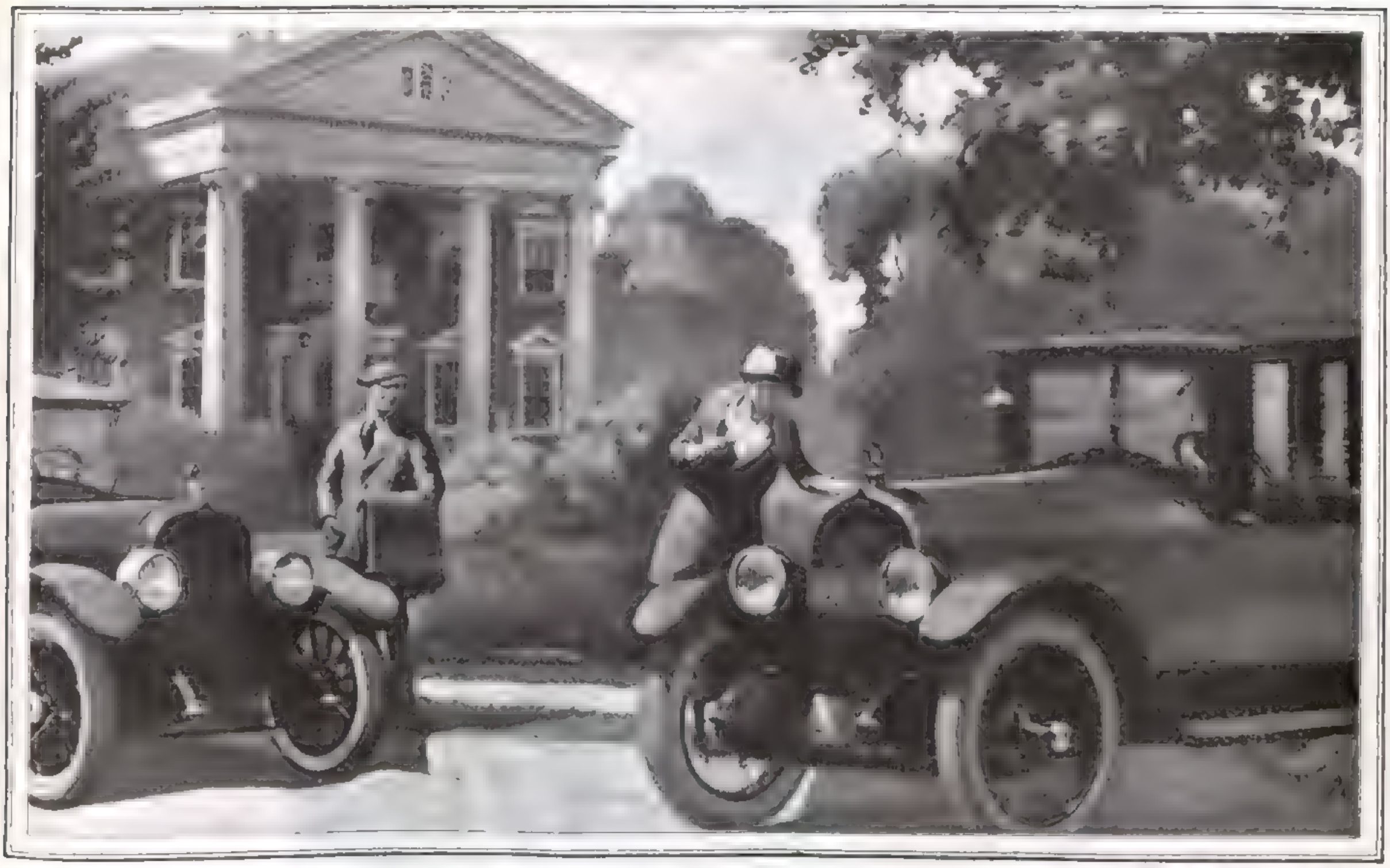
Miss Pryor issued an order in the form of a request, which is always adroit in business life.

"I should be delighted," was Britridge's reply. "And by the way, Mr. Pryor, I just thought of another artist friend of mine—the well-known James L. Quary. Quary is the chap who was given entire charge of the art plans of the Western Hemisphere Exposition. He spent three million dollars of the company's money without a whisper of graft or extravagance. Of course he's a good business man, because he owns ——"

"Oh, you go to the dickens! Out, both of you!" cried Benjamin Fickens Pryor. "I'm busy! Er—show him my collection of old New England firearms, Molly. And he might like to look at those Guernsey cattle, out on the farm place. Make him comfortable." Benjamin grinned and almost laughed. "He may be J. P. Morgan in disguise!"

When they were outside the door Molly Pryor said, "He'll do it! We're as good as started now. But you can't hurry dad. It may be a week before we can get him to talk about our new breakfast food."

Britridge looked at her with relish. In his eyes was something of that satisfaction with which the tired, belated ten thousand finally looked upon the sea. "I hope it's a month," he replied. "I've got so much to talk about."



Mrs. Anna Sage Hatch, and her Rochester (N. Y.) home
The Marmon on the left is her [illegible] just delivered
The car on the right is her [illegible] Marmon 34 which has
rendered more than [illegible] miles of luxurious transportation

"... 201,000 miles ... I cannot speak too highly of my Marmon"

By Mrs. Anna Sage Hatch

"I have just purchased my second Marmon. My first Marmon has given me 201,000 miles of the most luxurious, troubleless transportation I can conceive of.

"Since May 15, 1916, when I purchased my first Marmon, this car has been the family friend. We have run it the whole year around. And with the exception of time out for painting each year and very rarely for minor repairs, it has been in constant service, always ready for a good run.

"I am not untrue to the old car in buying my new 7-passenger phaeton. I shall keep it as well, knowing that it will continue to give me complete satisfaction in its performance, and pride in its ownership.

"The amazingly slow depreciation of the Marmon is an important factor with me—as it must be with other owners. My expenses for maintenance have been correspondingly low. No one could tell from riding in my old car that it had achieved more than 200,000 miles, for it is as easy riding, as luxurious and as satisfying as the day I bought it."

MARMON

M A R M O N

There is no Substitute for Hasslers

Once you put Hasslers on your car the difference will be so obvious that it will require no further proof.

The first thing you will notice when you ride on Hasslers is an unmistakable improvement in riding comfort, both on jiggly city paving and rough country roads.

Later, you will realize that Hasslers have given added protection to the chassis and body of your car. On the first of the month, when your bills ordinarily come in, you will find that you are operating your car at a lower cost.

This singular ability of Hasslers to add comfort, cut depreciation, increase gasoline and tire mileage and to lessen upkeep expense keeps them in their position of leadership in the shock absorber field.

More than a million Hassler users will tell you *there is no substitute for Hasslers.*

ROBERT H. HASSLER, INC., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

ROBERT H. HASSLER, LTD., *Hamilton, Ontario*

Ride on Hasslers

HASSLER
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Shock Absorbers

Write for "An Auto Biography." This new Hassler booklet, sent free on request, will grip you with its human interest, no matter what car you drive.

"One car out of every ten in use today is Hassler equipped"

KETCH AS KETCH CAN

(Continued from Page 13)

ever be anything to each other except very, very good friends. Here are your letters and that bracelet that you gave me; I will send the other things tomorrow."

I stood up and said, "Is it all over?"

"Yes," she said, "it is all over."

Her hat was pink; so was her dress; I never saw her look so pretty before, Mr. Riley.

I put the letters and bracelet in my pocket and said, "I hope you will always be happy."

"And you the same," she said.

I said "Oh," and picked up my hat.

This closed the incident.

Well, Mr. Riley, I came back to East Liverpool and got a job on Old Man Dorp's farm, where I am going to spend the summer studying your Superlative Course and getting as hard as nails. Then I am going to look up Mr. Bullip and lick him good.

After that I guess I will leave East Liverpool and go to New York and become a professional wrestler, you stating that a good boy can always get matches in New York and I am glad to say that I do not smoke, drink, chew, nor cut up, and can get letters from my pastor, high-school principal, etc.

In regards to installment due on the 15th inst. would respectfully state that events over which I had no control will compel me to respectfully request you to defer request for installment due this date till the twentieth of the current mo. when I can confidently assure you that the amount will be sent in full and I take pleasure in adding that in the future it shall be my endeavor to fulfill all obligations in this matter promptly as per agreement until the final attainment of the degree M. W.—Master of Wrestling—and the beautiful engraved diploma in two colors as guaranteed in your Richly Illustrated Prospectus, Mr. Riley.

Yours truly,
BENWAY R. MERRITT.

Sept. 4
East Liverpool, Wis.

KID RILEY'S MODERN CORRESPONDENCE WRESTLING COLLEGE, NEW YORK.

DEAR MR. RILEY: You have said more than once in personal P.S.'s penned at the close of letters that you counted on being informed as to what happened the first time I ran into Mr. Bullip. Well, Mr. Riley, that event took place yesterday P.M. and I am going to tell you the whole story and in as few words as possible.

It was Sunday noon and I had driven into East Liverpool to see the posters of a Terrible Turk wrestler with Pratt Brothers Circus that comes here on the sixteenth. There had been a good deal of sun and in the Palace Drug Store I was beginning my second milk-shake with two straws when I heard a familiar voice speaking behind me.

"Is not this Mr. Merritt?" said the voice.

I looked up and found myself staring into the face of Mr. Bullip.

For a minute I did not know what to do. I thought some of jumping quick and getting a Strangle and Outside Backheel as on Page 27, Booklet Nine. But before I could make up my mind to do this he had held out his hand and said, "I hope there are no hard feelings."

I put my hands in my pockets and said with a sneer, "Yes, there certainly are. What do you take me for?"

"I take you for a student in Kid Riley's Modern Correspondence Wrestling College," he replied in a quiet voice.

"What?" I said. I was so astonished that for a minute I could not have told you whether I was drinking a milk-shake or a cream-cocalette

"Yes," he said, "I take you for a student in that remarkable institution, and that is why I am particularly interested in being on good terms with you because I also am connected with Kid Riley's Modern Correspondence Wrestling College."

"Are you taking the course?" I asked, not knowing what else to say.

"No," he answered, shaking his head and looking very grave, "I took the course some years ago. But at present, in addition to my regular job, I am acting as one of the college inspectors. The Kid has hired me to visit all the promising pupils in this district, encouraging them and helping them out with their individual problems. But in your case I am the bearer of a special message from the Kid himself."

Well, Mr. Riley, I sat there. That was all I could do—just sit.

"It is a matter of astonishment to me," continued Mr. Bullip, "that the Kid did not inform you I was coming, because that is the usual procedure in the case of students like yourself. But probably the letter was lost in the mail. At any rate I am the bearer of a special message which you are at liberty to act on as you see fit."

"What is the special message?" I asked.

"It is a question of a little tryout," said Mr. Bullip. "The Kid has examined your written reports of progress very carefully and feels that by this time you are all set to try conclusions with some fairly good wrestler. That is why he has asked me to find out how you feel about taking on Ali Noureddin, the Terrible Turk, who travels with Pratt Brothers Circus. Noureddin is nothing but a hunk of cheese, still the management offers fifty dollars to any wrestler who can stay on the mat with him for ten minutes without being thrown, and he looks so big that he has got them all buffaloed."

"Does the Kid want me to tackle him?" I asked.

"He certainly does," replied Mr. Bullip, "and that is why he has sent me on here. This Terrible Turk is a bum without any vestige or shadow of science. Anybody knowing what you know could make a monkey out of him without half trying. The Kid is very anxious to see you get some easy money and he also wants to show the folks in these parts what his great course has done for you."

Well, Mr. Riley, you can figure how I felt on hearing all this. One minute I wanted to jump up and get a Cross Buttock on Mr. Bullip—Page 1, Booklet Five—and the next minute I didn't know what I wanted to do.

"There is no use remembering old grudges," Mr. Bullip continued. "I am certainly sorry that I ever had to become the rival of a good man like you. But everything is fair in love and war. Since learning that you were a pupil of the Kid's I have been your best booster. I was in Prairie River just last night and I told a certain party that I had been ordered to find out if you cared to take on the Terrible Turk and she said she was sure you would not do anything so foolish. 'Oh, yes, he will,' I said; 'and it is not foolish because he has got his nerve right with him and he has got his science back of his nerve.' But there was no convincing her."

"Well," I said after a minute, "if the Kid wants me to go against this Terrible Turk I will certainly do so."

"That is the way to talk," said Mr. Bullip, slapping me on the shoulder. "That is the way a real he-man talks. And I am going to ask you as a favor to yourself to write a word to a certain person and tell her that she was wrong."

So he bought a picture postal and, using his fountain pen, I wrote a few words to Ella telling her what I was going to do. It was the first time I had written to her since way back in June.

"Good enough," said Mr. Bullip, putting a stamp on it and dropping it in the box outside the door. "It is all over now except the shouting, and you can bet your last cent that I will have Ella there when you show the home folks what the Kid's system has done for you."

Well, Mr. Riley, I did not have the least suspicion that anything was wrong till after supper, when Charley, the tough hired man from Bockschneider's, came over to let me practice a few holts on him.

When we had finished Charley said, "I was in East Liverpool this morning and at the P. O. I ran into a Milwaukee fellow and got talking with him about you. When he heard you were learning wrestling by mail from Kid Riley he laughed his head off—like this: Ha—ha—ha. No; it was more like this: Huh—huh—huh."

"What was the name of that Milwaukee fellow?" I observed, trying to act as if I wasn't interested.

"I don't know exactly," Charley said. "George Lannon told me it was Bulwer or Bullus or around there."

I said, "Oh," and picked up my hat.

This closed the incident.

Well, Mr. Riley, I cannot understand why I was so easy. I might have been some jake never off the farm, judging by the way I let this man Bullip bamboozle me with his slick talk. And now he has got me in a position where no matter which way I move I am bound to make a fool of myself.

Well, Mr. Riley, I have made up my mind to one thing. Ella is not going to see me crawl. I have told her in writing that I am going to tackle this Terrible Turk, and I will certainly tackle him. If I am alive afterwards I will take on Mr. Bullip and after that I hope that one of those cyclones that have been hitting Iowa and Illinois comes through East Liverpool, because I do not care whether I live or die. I feel the same as if I was an old man. I am all through, Mr. Riley, I am all through, and I know it.

In reply to your esteemed favor of the third inst., of which I acknowledge the receipt, will state that I have noted contents carefully, and agreeably to your request am enclosing money order for installment payment due Aug. 15th and would ask your leniency in regards to payment due Sept. 15th, as unforeseen financial complications may compel me to postpone this until the 21st inst. and your compliance with this request will very materially relieve me and place me under great obligations as I have every intention of completing your Invaluable Course and thereby receiving the degree M. W.—Master of Wrestling—and the beautiful engraved diploma in two colors as guaranteed in your Richly Illustrated Prospectus, Mr. Riley.

Yours truly,
BENWAY R. MERRITT.

Sept. 17
East Liverpool, Wis.

KID RILEY'S MODERN CORRESPONDENCE WRESTLING COLLEGE, NEW YORK.

DEAR MR. RILEY: Please excuse bad penmanship but this is after the circus and as the doctor is keeping me in bed I cannot write any better but will tell you the whole story and in as few words as possible.

Well, Mr. Riley, it was three-thirty in the afternoon when the ringmaster stepped onto the platform with a gentleman all wrapped up in a bathrobe. The day had been hot and still but at this moment every body seemed to freshen up. Back of me I could see Old Man Peterson the Banker eating hunks of peanut candy and Old Baldy Hanlon and Mrs. Hanlon fanning each other and Mr. Bullip sitting beside Ella. They all looked as if they knew just what was going to happen. Well, I didn't care. I was sore.

The ringmaster now raised his hand and announced that anybody lasting ten minutes with Mr. Noureddin would be the lucky winner of a prize of fifty dollars. When he had finished he reached over and yanked off the Terrible Turk's bathrobe.

Well, Mr. Riley, I never saw anything like it. That Terrible Turk was built like a furnace.

"Well, Benway," I said to myself, "it looks like you are going to be killed but anyhow you will die game."

"Is there no gentleman present," asked the ringmaster, "who wishes to accept Mr. Noureddin's sporting offer? Is there no local favoryte amateur or professional?"

Well, Mr. Riley, I swallowed hard a couple of times and stood up.

Just then—flap-flap—the top of the tent began to crack like a whip. I looked back over my shoulder, and through that slit between the side and the roof the sky showed yellow and full of dust; and a couple of raggedy clouds were whirling around in the west.

Flap went the top of the tent again, and right off some darn fool yelled "Cyclone!"

Well, Mr. Riley, by beating it onto the platform I managed to jump clear of the riot but I was just in time because the crowd was acting worse'n sheep. You'd have thought there was only one way out and that way right bang through the middle of the mob.

I found myself standing by the side of Mr. Noureddin, who was looking on the same as I was, with right ahead of us a big husky digging into the bunch and throwing women to this side and to that, anything to beat his way through.

"Well, kid," said the Terrible Turk to me, not in Turkish, Mr. Riley, but in the American language, "how about making this canary the lucky winner of a prize?"

I did not say anything one way or the other, but when he grabbed the husky by the right shoulder I laid holt of the left and together we slung him back about eighteen feet.

"Don't hurry," said the Terrible Turk to the husky, "because they is nothing worse for the nerves. Take your time."

And when the husky started again he took his time, Mr. Riley; he took his time.

We must have looked out for about ten huskies this way and all the time the wind was blowing harder, the tent was sagging, and men were yelling and women were screaming. Twice Mr. Noureddin said to me, "Good work, kid; you have got a nut on you."

Finally he made this remark, "Well, kid, the tent may blow over in a hurry and it will be healthier outside. I advise you to follow me and leave these birds to fight it out among themselves to see which will be the lucky winner of the prize."

Saying this he made a last jump into the crowd and, after I had helped him drag out Mrs. Hanlon, who was fainting, he slung her over his shoulder and carried her out through a split in the tent.

I was just starting to follow when I heard a voice which was louder than the noise made by the wind and louder than the cursing and screeching. And this voice bellowed, "Women and children first! Women and children first!"

Well, Mr. Riley, it took me just about one half of one second to recognize this voice. It belonged to Mr. Bullip. And jumping up I could see the crowd giving way before him and see him plowing through like the bow of a ship and all the time roaring out, "Women and children first! Women and children first!"

I don't know how he ever broke his way past that gang, but he did.

"Well," I said to myself, "anyhow Ella is safe."

Then, in between the shoulders and heads, I saw a pink hat. I knew there was only one hat like that at the circus, and like a flash I figured what had happened. By bawling, "Women and children first!" Mr. Bullip had yawped his way out but he hadn't bothered about taking anybody along with him.

Well, Mr. Riley, if you was to give me a hundred dollars for same I couldn't tell you how I broke through to Ella. But I did. And when finally by tugging and fighting I got her out of the jam she may have been shaky but she was able to stand all right all right.

I stood beside her and patted her on the back and told her to breathe slow. Things were quieting down. The tent hadn't blown over—we'd only been on the edge of the cyclone—and nobody'd been hurt except Banker Peterson, who'd swallowed a big piece of peanut candy with sharp edges. Well, Mr. Riley, all of a sudden I saw somebody pushing through the crowd, and the nearer this person got the sorer I got.

"What was the matter?" he yelled as soon as he came near enough. "Didn't you hear me tell you to follow right along? What was the matter? What was the matter?"

"Well," I spoke up, "the reason she didn't follow right along was because you didn't give her a chance. And the reason you didn't give her a chance was because you was so afraid you wouldn't get out yourself that you forgot all about her. That was what was the matter what was the matter what was the matter, you big stiff," I added.

Mr. Bullip frowned and said, "Do not get me sore, boy. It is not good medicine to get me sore. This is not the time or place. Come along, Ella."

"Oh," I said, "this looks to me like a good time and a good place, and if you get sore it will be your own fault."

So saying I dropped Ella and assumed the position shown in Cut One Booklet One of your World-Famous Course, Mr. Riley.

A crowd had begun to gather and Banker Peterson, who by this time had swallowed his piece of peanut candy, remarked, "Let us not have any violence."

"You said a lungful, mister," said a hoarse voice. "You and me will take care that there is not any violence and that everything is run fair and square."

Well, Mr. Riley, it was the Terrible Turk, and he was pushing people this way and

(Continued on Page 69)

Why Fred made sure of the roof before he bought their new home

"It's just the darlingest little house," said Barbara. "You ought to see its quaint design and charming roof. Fred says the roof is English. And the *shingles*—I never knew shingles could add so much!"

"Yes," said Fred, as he entered the room, "that roof *is* a beauty—the handsomest, I believe, I have ever seen. But it is *more* than beautiful. It is actually as good as it is graceful and artistic." * * *

"You see," said Fred, "I have heard a lot about the shortcomings of some roofs—roofs, for example, that appear flat and monotonous—roofs that are a constant fire menace—roofs that leak, ruin interior decorations and require endless repairing. I didn't want our home to have a roof like any of these. I knew it would spoil every other good feature. That is why I stopped in last night and had a talk with Bill Bryson. I knew he laid that roof and could tell all about it.

"One thing I noticed right away, Bill didn't hedge or qualify when he told about that roof. He said it is made of Vulcanite 'Hexagon' Slab Shingles and that the artistic effect we had admired was due to a patented feature. He said that no tighter or longer lasting roof was ever put on a house. Besides, he said you and the kiddies never need fear a fire from flying sparks. Those asphalt shingles are one of the best of fire protections.

"Another thing I learned was that Bill is a believer in quality. He said the time was when he could be fooled on roofing, but that he has decided it doesn't pay to take chances with doubtful makes.

"That is why Bill says he always uses Vulcanite Roofing. It is heavy, rigid, tough and strong — the kind that lies flat even in the highest wind, and retains all its good qualities despite summer's sun and winter's freezing." * * *

"How interesting," said Barbara, who had eagerly listened to every word. "Would you ever have thought a mere roof meant so much to the comfort and happiness of our new home?"

"It surely *is* strange and interesting," said Fred. "But of almost equal interest was the reason Bill gave for the high quality of Vulcanite Roofing. He said that one of the big reasons is the Glendinning Saturation Process,* under which this roofing is made.

"According to this process, it seems that the felt base of the roofing is run THREE TIMES through a hot asphalt saturating bath. Then huge, steam-heated rollers literally 'drive' the excess asphalt into the felt. No soft spots ever remain to let in moisture and cause rotting."

* * *

"Bill said he had often wondered if his experiences with Vulcanite were exceptional. He said he found upon inquiring that thousands of other builders and users have reported similar experiences and that this roofing is today one of the oldest and most widely used in the world. He says there is one thing of which he is certain—that Vulcanite is *even better* today than ever before.

"Bill suggested, if I wanted any further details, that I see our local lumber or building material dealer."

VULCANITE ROOFING

You can always identify genuine Vulcanite Roofing by the well-known Vulcanite name on the label

BEAVER

VULCANITE ROOFING, WALL

The Vulcanite roof shown above is made of "Hexagon" Slab Shingles. These shingles produce a beautiful, durable roof of extra thickness and remarkable fire-resisting qualities. Their patented design gives a deep, tile effect and a heavy shadow line. They are easy and economical to lay in the usual way or over old shingles. For a genuinely good roof, giving an extra tight seal against weather, with rare artistic beauty, choose the "Hexagon."

Vulcanite "Doubletite" Slab Shingles

Vulcanite "Doubletite" Slab Shingles give unusual wear and weather protection. Due to their extra width and patented design, the triangular tabs underlie each slot. For beauty, economy and trouble-proof service, make sure you get the Vulcanite "Doubletite" Slab Shingle.

Vulcanite "Self-Spacing" Individual Shingles have features found in no other individual shingle. Their patented "shoulder" automatically spaces these shingles. Besides, it seals the roof above notch against driving rain, snow, sleet, wind, etc. These shingles lay easily and economically and produce an extra thick roof that combines beauty with long wear to a most unusual degree.

Vulcanite "Self-Spacing" Individual Shingles

Vulcanite Roofings are also made in roll and ordinary shingle styles—for homes, commercial and industrial buildings—in jumbo and standard weights—in smooth finishes, surfaced with mica, talc and sand; also in red and green crushed slate finishes.

*Glendinning Saturation Process

Its Origin and the Results

This process was named after Robert Glendinning, who, many years ago, founded the Vulcanite Roofing business in Belfast, Ireland, and who is considered one of the creators of the asphalt roofing industry in this country.

In Ireland, the great Vulcanite "Works," on the banks of the River Lagen near "Molly's Ward," and just "two miles and a bittie" from the center of Belfast, were the pride of the country-side. Today the Glendinning Saturation Process is based upon the shallow tank, continuous method. Only genuine Mexican asphalt and our own make of tough, long fibre, pure felt are used. No imitations, adulterants, or other cheapening materials.

By means of this process, every tiny niche, crevice and pore of the felt base are thoroughly and permanently impregnated.

This process is today one of the biggest reasons why Vulcanite Roofing never softens, dries or curls under summer's hot sun; why it avoids brittle hardness and cracking in freezing weather; why it retains its beauty and weather-proof properties even after years of exposure.

In fact, this time-tested process is the foundation upon which the world-wide prestige of Vulcanite Roofing has been built.

Send for Free Samples and Descriptive Folders

For Cooler walls in summer • Warmer walls in winter
Sound-deadening walls—use Genuine Beaver Wall Board

Among six distinctive features of genuine Beaver Wall Board, two have won wide attention, in addition to its great durability.

First, genuine Beaver Wall Board is a natural "dead-air" insulator. And "dead-air" is widely accepted as one of the most positive non-conductors of heat and cold. This characteristic results from the use of long, sinewy Virgin Spruce Fibres.

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Your local lumber or building material dealer can furnish genuine Beaver Wall Board. You will know it by the Red Beaver Border on the margin. Your carpenter can do the work.

Our new Beaver Plan Book tells all about the characteristics of Beaver Wall Board, its uses, application, etc. We will send a copy free upon request.

BEAVER GYPSUM WALL

Beaver Gypsum Wall comes in big, stonelike slabs or panels made of purest gypsum plaster. Easily handled. Saws like lumber. Nails directly to studding or joists or over old walls. Absolutely impervious to fire, water, shocks, vibrations. Will not crack or warp. Lasts a lifetime. Can be painted, papered or paneled. Your lumber or building material dealer can supply it. Your local carpenter or plasterer can quickly and economically apply it. The genuine comes with the Beaver Trade Mark on the back. Upon request we will gladly mail you a sample which you may test and compare.

THE BEAVER PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc. • *Administration Offices:* Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A.
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BOARD AND GYPSUM WALL

SUCCESS!—

A Series of Engineering Successes Have Combined to Make One Outstanding Success—One of the Most Notable Ever Achieved in the Automobile Industry

4-Wheel Brakes

Differential Brake—
Equalizers

"Tandem Flywheel"

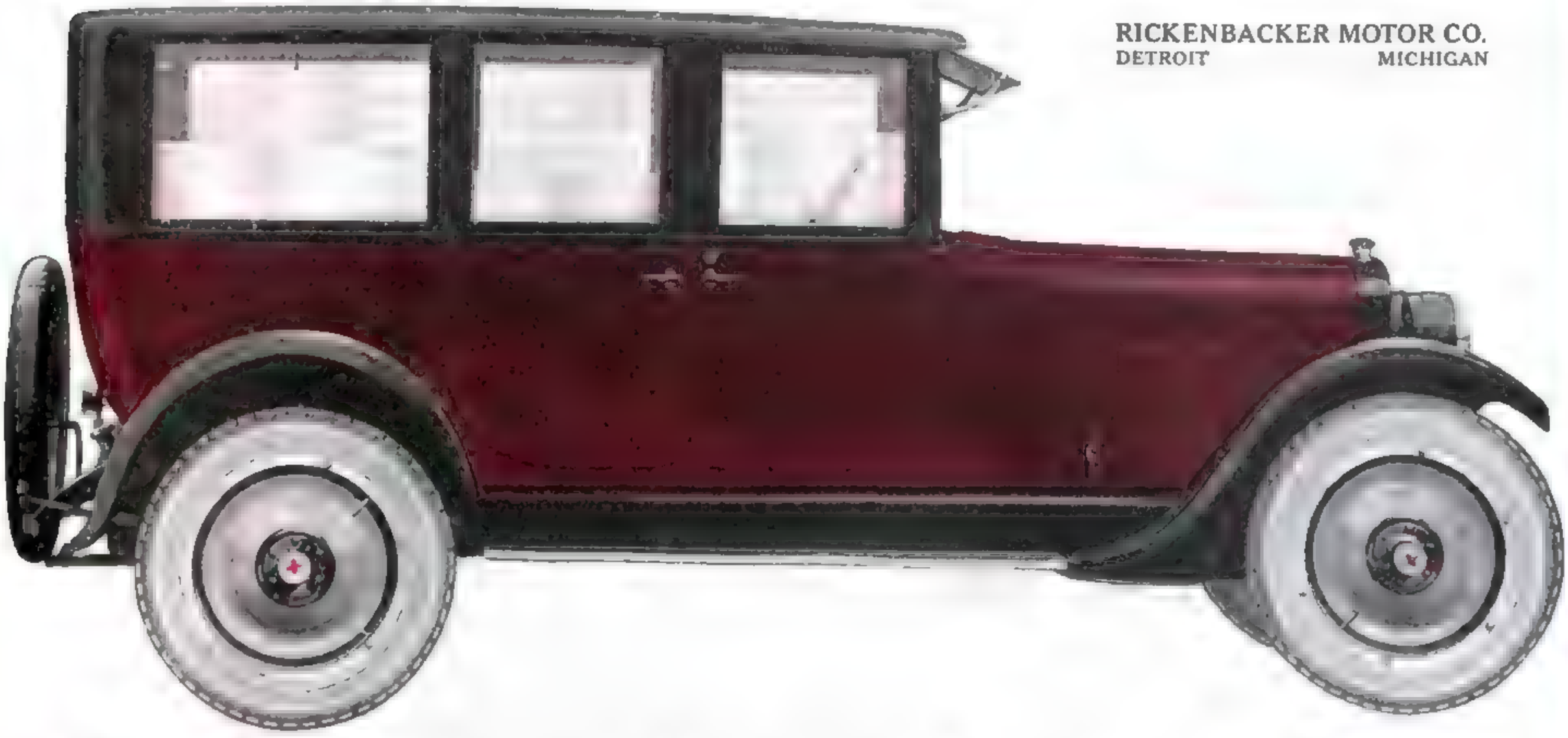
Air Cleaner

Order your closed car now. Delay in ordering will surely mean delay in delivery—and possibly disappointment.

Only the alert can hope to be of the elect who will drive Rickenbackers this season.

Demand is—splendid—thanks to universal appreciation of advanced engineering and fine workmanship.

Enjoy our success with us. Drive the car that is today the "toast" of all motorists.



RICKENBACKER MOTOR CO.
DETROIT MICHIGAN

Rickenbacker Six

A · CAR · WORTHY · OF · ITS · NAME

(Continued from Page 65)

that so as to form a circle with Mr. Bullip and myself in the middle. When he had finished he said to me, "Go to it, kid; I am for you. Stay with him until he admits he is the lucky winner of a prize."

Ella was clapping her hands together and saying, "Don't fight, boys! Don't fight!"

"Well," Mr. Bullip said, "I am not going to be responsible for what happens. You asked for it and you will get it."

"Stay with him, kid," said the Terrible Turk in a low voice and still speaking the American language; "he has got yellow tail feathers."

It made me feel good to hear the Terrible Turk encourage me like this, but in any case I would not have hesitated much. As it was, I immediately reached out my right hand for Mr. Bullip's neck as per Page Seven Booklet One and started with a selection from those short sentences on Page 27 Booklet Four; I mean the ones that are called Hints Miscellaneous.

"You fresh hick," he said in a hissing voice; "I will teach you something you don't know."

"Well," I replied, "I am much obliged, and in return I will give you a special prepaid reply message from Garcia: 'Women and children first.'"

After this, remembering the next-to-the-last paragraph of your Second Confidential Letter to Young Wrestlers, I did not speak to him in any way, shape or form. What I did do, however, was to follow Individual Instruction Six with the result for Mr. Bullip as shown in Line-cut 15 Booklet Nine.

It worried him, and even when he had slipped out of that holt he found I was right on his trail, handing him the answer to Practical Problem Ten, Wrestling Talk Number Four except with the left hand over.

Then he got sore.

Well, Mr. Riley, that was just what I was waiting for.

I guess I have written you before how carefully I studied over Special Printed Lecture Eight with Test Questions to be Answered and Returned for Correction. Charley, the tough hired man from Bockschneider's, would not come around for two weeks after I finished that lecture on him. And right then and there I was glad that I had worked over it so faithful.

Special Printed Lecture Eight gave me an opening that I would not have traded for Five Hundred Dollars ($500.00) and put me in a position where I could make the best use of the final diagram on Wall Chart Three, and that was just the use I made of it.

Mr. Bullip did the best he could, but it wasn't much, especially since by this time I had found out his weak points and was keeping at him right along with Extra Plate Seven and the Blue Print from Supplementary Text F.

As a matter of fact it would have been all over in ten seconds if I had not forgot Axiom Eight.

Trying to work that holt from Gratis Leaflet Two—I guess you know the one I mean: the second from the last in the Appendix—I let loose with my left. Quick as a flash he caught holt with his right and we went over together.

"Well," I said to myself when falling, "I am in a bad way or so it seems." And I was getting ready to find myself in a serious position when all of a sudden I remembered Double Number Four of your Supplementary Information Letters to Beginning Wrestlers.

It was like finding the electric-light button after you have tumbled over all the furniture in the room.

Mr. Riley, I saw that Supplementary Information Letter before my eyes the same as if I was actually reading it then and there.

I reached around with my free arm and gave him the second paragraph of the first page just as fast and snappy as I have ever done same in practice. I followed this with the third paragraph; omitted the fourth and fifth; and then gave him Page Two complete, all of Page Three except the first eight lines, and wound up by socking the P. S. to him just as hard as I could sock it.

He opened his mouth and spoke as follows, "D——"

I am not going to write out the word, Mr. Riley, but I guess you understand what word it was.

My only answer to this profanity was to grab him lower down, because he had let loose both my arms and start on Explanatory Treatise Eight, including all the italics and the Supplementary Half-tone Photographs. And when I had finished that I went on, as though it was all one piece, with the fine printing on Page 19 Booklet 12 and both those long footnotes on Page 20.

"All right," he now said in a peeved voice which was somewhat smothered on account of the second footnote. "All right. All right. All right."

So I let him up.

Well, Mr. Riley, that was the biggest mistake I ever made in my life, because he was no sooner on his feet than he hauled off and kicked me on the ankle so hard that I thought he had broken it.

Ella screamed; the Terrible Turk started for Mr. Bullip. But I got there first and I was mad.

I was through monkeying, Mr. Riley. I was so mad that I left your regular course to one side and proceeded simply according to your Special Sealed Pamphlet for Young Wrestlers and which I promised you in writing, as requested, Mr. Riley, never to reveal except to my immediate family and then only in Case of Emergency.

Starting off on third page I got Mr. Bullip's face down on the ground in less than eight seconds and, he being in that position, I proceeded, Mr. Riley, to sell him the entire contents of that sealed pamphlet from Cover to Cover omitting only Pages 16 and 17 and Line-cuts 22 and 23 for reasons which you will appreciate.

I had reached the bottom of Page 31 and was going to start on the last page when he yelled, "I give up."

I was so sore that I don't think I would have paid any attention to what he said and would have finished the Sealed Pamphlet including that extra piece on the inside cover, but the Terrible Turk had yanked me off and lifted me over to where Ella was standing with her hands over her eyes.

Mr. Bullip, breathing very hard, now stood up and said, "Ella, I do not pretend to be a ruffian and a street fighter. I am a gentleman."

Ella did not say anything. She merely pointed to my ankle—I was standing there on my one leg—and then took a ring from off her finger and threw it at him. The Terrible Turk picked this ring up and gave it to Mr. Bullip, at the same time pretending to kiss him on the forehead and saying, "You are the lucky winner of a prize."

"Ella," I now said, "where are you going to?"

"Wherever you say, Benway," she replied.

I said, "Oh," and picked up my hat.

This closed the incident.

That night Pratt Brothers and the mayor of East Liverpool gave me a hundred dollars apiece for helping the Terrible Turk stop the riot. Then Old Baldy Hanlon took me back on the job at almost twice my old salary, Mrs. Hanlon making him do it. Then my uncle pussyfooted around with enough money to take a wedding trip to Chicago. For we are going to be married tomorrow whether I can stand on my foot or not. Ella's father has done the right thing about a house he owns in East Liverpool, and I am going to see that you get a good sized hunk of the wedding cake.

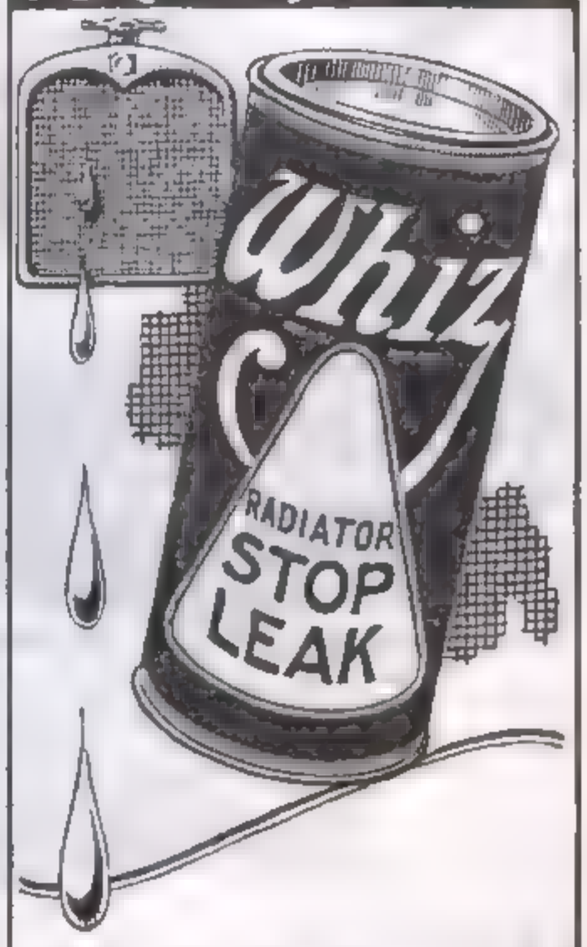
Thanking you for past favors and assuring you that our educational connections have operated with great benefit to me I take pleasure in solemnly swearing or affirming that I have practiced faithful every holt explained in your Complete Course and am inclosing money order in payment of the Last or Final Installment and also the Special Fee of One Dollar for the degree M. W.—Master of Wrestling—and the beautiful engraved diploma in two colors as guaranteed in your Richly Illustrated Prospectus, Kid.

Yours for Wrestling,
BENWAY R. MERRITT.

PHOTO BY CHARLEY GOODMAN COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Edwin Bridge, Natural Bridges National Monument, Utah

98 Quality Products



Sometime—Somewhere You'll need it

You can never tell when or where your radiator is going to spring a leak. It may be tomorrow or next week—it may be in the city streets or miles out on the highways, but when it does, you'll need *Whiz* Radiator Stop Leak and you'll need it quick.

Don't continue to take chances—buy a can today—have it always handy, make it a part of your car's regular equipment. The cost is small—the saving of time, peace of mind and money may be enormous.

There are 98 *Whiz* Quality Products to make cars look well and run well When your dealer suggests the use of one of them to you—accept it—he knows it is good or he wouldn't recommend it.

Send for this Handy Manual

Send for the *Whiz* Handy Manual—it's free—contains helps, hints and suggestions of value to every motor ist—ask for book 24

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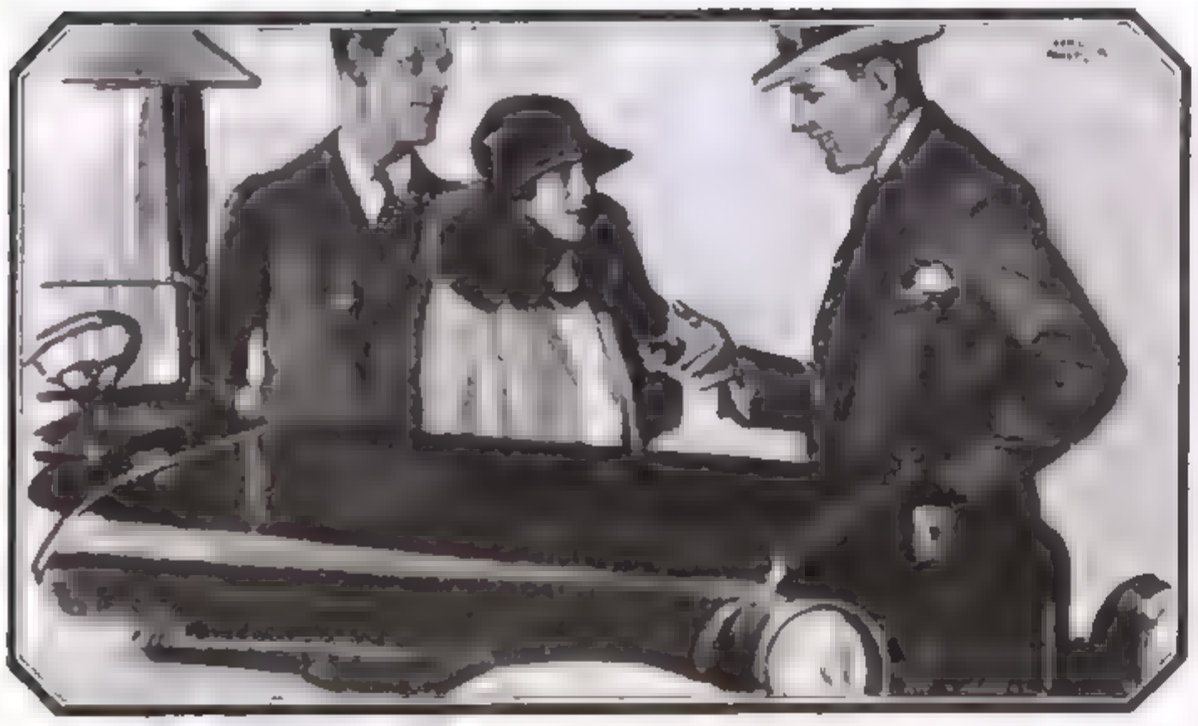


"How do you like it, dear?"

Enter Madame!

WHEN the American woman learned to drive, she won equal rights in the family car. Any car owner you ask will admit that he would not think of ordering a new car without consulting his wife.

Women are inclined to take a car's power and speed for granted; but they are fussy about its appearance. They want a comfortable car, one that is easy to steer and to control. They insist that the car shall run smoothly and silently.

Quieting the engine

Men also welcome every device that helps to keep motors running quietly. Car builders are tracing down all the noises that can develop as the car grows older. They are eliminating sources of noise by improvements in design, by greater precision in fitting parts, and by the use of noise deadening materials.

Any distracting noise in your engine bothers you. The incessant grind of worn steel timing gears is especially irritating. The added nervous strain in driving interferes with your enjoyment on the road.

Silent Timing Gears

Non-metallic gears cut from Celoron have all the good qualities of hard metal, but never become noisy, even when worn. They are resilient. By cushioning shocks they lengthen the life of steel mating gears and the machines they drive. In operation they are permanently positive and *silent*.

On quality cars

Celoron Silent Timing Gears are standard equipment on many popular cars. They can be used in any timing gear train.

For your own ease and comfort, to insure your wife's continued satisfaction and pleasure, get rid of that unnecessary noise in your timing gear case.

Go to your service station or repair man and have him put Celoron Silent Timing Gears in your car. It won't cost much or take long.

Celoron Silent Gear Drives

Celoron Silent Gears drive the most rugged as well as the most delicate production machines. They lengthen the active life of punch presses, shears, boring mills and bobbin winders. They have plenty of strength for the heaviest work; still they are resilient, saving wear and tear on even the most delicate machinery. Celoron is a laminated phenolic condensation material, bonded with Condensite.

DIAMOND STATE FIBRE COMPANY, Bridgeport, Pennsylvania

In CANADA: 245 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto

CELORON SILENT GEARS

OH, DOCTOR!

(Continued from Page 21)

He looked crossly up at Mr. Peck, who had been shown in.

"Oh, it's you, Peck!" he said shortly, in his heart feeling the anger of the foiled orator.

His listener, however, was powerless to hold back a little gasp of pure joy at the sight of the second old friend. Mr. Peck, with delight, reflected that he had never yet seen the young man with so pleased a face. He seemed to exhale some inner rapture; the clasp of his thin hand was newly firm.

"So glad, Mr. Peck! You don't know how pleased I am to see you!"

Mr. Peck thought he did know; it showed plain in the lad's face. He also thought that Seaver had made a mountain out of some trifling molehill. This beaming young fellow was no cause for worry, even at odds of six and a half to one.

"You look better than ever," exclaimed Mr. Peck sincerely. "Sharp as a whip, bright as a new penny—that's the word!"

"Sit down, do," urged his host. "Draw up that chair. Mr. McIntosh, here, has been a long time trying to cheer me up."

"Less than ten minutes," put in Mr. McIntosh, who had fallen morose.

"And he was succeeding. He's very interesting. But we won't burden him any farther, now that you've come."

"'Twas no burden," insisted Mr. McIntosh hopefully.

His pupil ignored this—almost with intention, it seemed to the old man. His eyes clung fondly to Mr. Peck, with but a swift side glance for the evangelist.

"And while he's resting, Mr. Peck, tell me all about yourself. You've been well, of course."

Mr. Peck had little to tell about himself; he had never told anyone much about himself, and he was there to learn all about Rufus Billop. The chap was secretive. Even at this instant there was something false in his geniality. It was unflattering; but Mr. Peck coldly knew that Rufus Billop had no earnest wish to be told all about Mr. Peck. He was hiding something, holding it back. What was it?

"You tell me all about yourself," he insisted. "Tell me how strong you're getting, and all like that. And how's the sweet young nurse treating you?" He wouldn't be satisfied until he saw that nurse with her charge, no matter what Seaver said. "And why isn't she on the job?" he concluded with humorous complaint.

"The nurse?" Mr. Peck's young friend seemed puzzled, briefly. "Oh, the nurse—Miss Hicks! She must be around."

Miss Hicks appeared at the door. It was in shadow, but she seemed to illumine this.

"You called, Mr. Billop?"

He noted that this was in her best professional manner, the key one of wholly artificial sweetness.

"Aha!" Mr. Peck beamed. "Here's the little lady herself."

"Here's Mr. McIntosh too," said Rufus.

Miss Hicks advanced into the room.

"Good morning!" she said, with the effect of making both callers feel intrusive. She was cordial, technically, but not enraptured.

"No, I didn't call," said Rufus.

"Is she not a charming sight?" said Mr. McIntosh. "And so winning in those chaste habiliments of her calling!"

"Well put," conceded Mr. Peck. "She's as beautiful as—as an actress." He considered he had gone to extremes in his praise.

"Thank you," said Miss Hicks, and went to remove the speck of dust that had apparently been noticeable on a picture frame from across the considerable width of the room.

"And how's Mr. Clinch?" asked Rufus.

Miss Hicks, Mr. Peck saw, had apparently deflected none of his interest from his callers.

"I heard him asking about you this very morning kind of wondering if the young lady here was taking good care of you."

Mr. Peck's glance was keen. He saw a shade of boredom flit across his young friend's face.

"Oh, the nurse—yes, she's excellent, she's doing famously, I'm quite satisfied." He languidly raised a hand to brush aside this casual matter. "And why didn't you fetch Mr. Clinch with you? I've felt lost, not seeing any of you for so long."

Mr. Peck was thinking, "Can I be wrong, can Seaver be right?"

"We knew the exquisite attentions that would be lavished on you by this angel of mercy," parried Mr. McIntosh.

Behind them Rufus was now shocked to detect Miss Hicks in the swift performance of a facial maneuver expertly depicting mockery. He was more deeply shocked to observe, when Mr. McIntosh turned quickly, that she saved herself by modulating this unlovely contortion into a smile of broad coquetry. This was the most arrant duplicity. The grimace at his kind friends was objectionable, and he was startled by the proof that Schopenhauer must have left much unsaid. Mr. Peck read disapproval in Rufus' glance at the girl.

He thought, "Seaver must have been right. He's not taken notice."

"Mr. Billop is doing nicely," said Miss Hicks; "but no thanks to me."

Her manner in this speech moved Mr. McIntosh to surpass himself.

"You're a sly minx," he announced. "You know it'll be you that's blandished him from his little ills. I see it in those bonny eyes. And that's right, my dear—wheedle him from all his ruinous fancies."

"You embarrass me," protested Miss Hicks. "I know your kind with the smooth tongue. I shan't stay." She moved to the door.

Rufus Billop was shocked anew. This was not Miss Hicks at all. What could be made of a creature who so lightly assumed a part foreign to her nature? He had not looked at her. He was, Mr. Peck saw, bored by her repartee. Mr. Peck was convinced. He arose.

"Well, I'll be on my way. I just looked in to find what the good word was." He shook hands with Rufus. "Mac; I'll run you downtown if you're coming"

Mr. McIntosh had journeyed here on a street car, and the offer tempted him. On the other hand, if Peck went —— Rufus saw him deliberating. Mr. McIntosh glanced at Rufus and detected a lively uneasiness there. Still, he might be foreseeing that he'd have no sound refutation of the McIntosh arguments.

"Don't go yet, Mr. Peck," pleaded Rufus. "We haven't had half a talk."

It was then, while Mr. Peck pleaded engagements, that Mr. Clinch entered. Mr. McIntosh sighed and gave over his mission.

"Hello, Clinch! All right, Paramus, I'll be going with you. But remember the points I made, young man."

He had turned to Rufus, shaking hands doubtingly as with one not wholly persuaded to reason.

"I will, I will!"

Mr. McIntosh thought, "A very sincere young chap. Peck's wrong about him being secretive."

The two left after vain glances at the door that had shut out Miss Hicks.

"Well, old boy!" Mr. Clinch was roughly cordial. He shook hands in a man-to-man fashion and trod the rug at a genial pace, thumbs in armholes. His definitely checked suit shed an aroma of homespun and prosperity. He was as a repeated float of Success in an endless parade, or perhaps Health Conquering Sickness. The light rays made merry with his high exposure of skull. His scarlet cravat, even the winged insect fabricated of diamonds that pinned it, was not so luminous. "Getting husky, eh?" he continued. "So I hear from Seaver, anyway. That's good, that's good. Never say die, what? At-a-boy! I keep telling these men all you want is a little more get-up-and-get. You got the good old stuff in you; need a little shove, that's all. You'll soon show 'em—show us all."

"Thanks," said Rufus, feebly now. Mr. Clinch always made him feel feeble. "I do seem better—at least I think I do. Of course it's confusing at times; I can't quite tell how I do feel; but I think I'm better, and you must know how anxious I am to be better. Don't think I ever forget what you men have at stake in me—how much I ——"

"Now, now, now!" Mr. Clinch broke in, hiding under his gruff manner, Rufus thought, a deep and very real feeling. "I didn't come out here this lovely morning to talk money." He snapped contemptuous fingers. "Money!" He sneered. "It's a man I came to see. A man's more than any money any day. I wanted to get a good look at you and be sure Seaver wasn't kidding himself. And by the way, how's the

(Continued on Page 72)

What is the cause of most repairs?

Recent investigations reveal the startling fact that about 80% of all repairs on moving parts—come from one cause.

A widespread survey of garages and repair shops, made recently, brought forth a striking similarity in the cause of most repairs and high operating costs of motor cars. In practically *every* shop the need of repairs came from the same cause.

Motor car dealers, too, reported most low resale prices come from this same cause.

The remedy which they suggested is also remarkable, because it has been made so simple!

Most of these repair men estimated that 80% of all repairs on moving parts were caused by lack of *proper* lubrication. Repair bills of from $100 to $300, they say, are common after 6,000 miles of driving.

Used car merchants stated, for example, that a $1500 motor car which had received proper lubrication would bring *at least* $100.00 more in the open market than a car that had been neglected.

Now Made Easy

Motor lubrication has always been simple. It is the hard wearing parts of your chassis—so difficult to reach—that have caused most trouble. Until recently there was no easy means to lubricate them.

But now most well-known cars are equipped with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. (Nearly 4,000,000 cars are equipped.) Every moving part of your chassis is thus equipped with a hollow fitting. (Shown below.) One turn of the compressor handle forces lubricant through this fitting into the heart of a bearing. Old grease, rust and dirt are *forced* out. 500 pounds of pressure in the compressor *insures* this.

It is very easy to do. A few moments will lubricate every moving point in your chassis. But if you do not care to do it yourself—any dealer can do it for you—in a few moments—at nominal cost. But by all means don't neglect this. See that it is done at least every 500 miles. The following case shows added proof of its importance:—

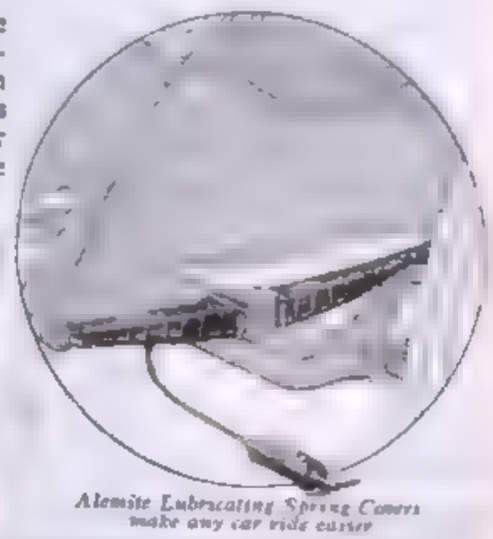
The Yellow Cab Company, of Chicago, cut their operating costs 1¾c per mile by equipping every cab with Alemite and installing a regular lubrication inspection system. Today the *entire profits of this company* come from the savings made by proper motor and chassis lubrication.

Use the Coupon

If Alemite is on your car—use it. The manufacturer put it there to save you repairs. Check over your fittings and see that none is missing. If you do not know where they are, ask your dealer for a diagram showing where each is located. If Alemite is not on your car, send us the coupon and we will tell you where to have it installed complete for $9.00 to $20.00 according to make and model of your car. There are cheaper systems than Alemite. But most manufacturers do not economize here. The risk is too great. What they consider good business should be good precedent for you. Use the coupon.

OIL OR GREASE

The Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System can be used with either oil or grease. But for best results, we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure solidified oil especially adapted for our System—has all the virtues of oil, but is sufficiently solid to "stay put."



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Order Less Coal!

The two big sources of fuel waste are underheating and overheating. This waste, sure to result from hand regulation of dampers, drafts and valves, is prevented by automatic control of temperature.

Overheating consumes unnecessary fuel. Underheating is equally wasteful. A fire that dies down too low means improper combustion of gases. Often, the outer edge of the fire, next to the fire pot, becomes dead and the partly burned coal, failing to re-ignite, is later shaken into the ash pit. You can avoid this waste of overheating and underheating by installing

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

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It maintains a steady fire and a uniform temperature. Automatically closes dampers and drafts when the desired temperature is reached, opens them automatically when the temperature falls below the degree at which you set the indicator. Records over a period of 30 years show a saving of ⅕ to ⅓ in fuel. The "Minneapolis" quickly pays its cost.

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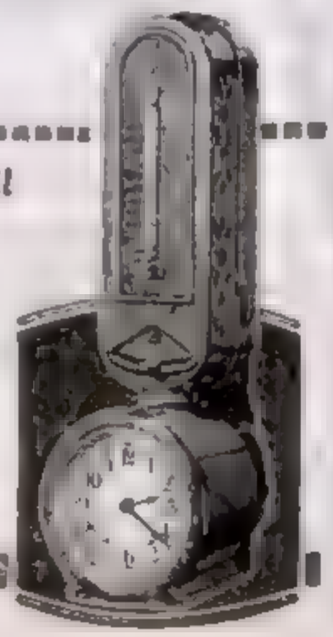

If you burn oil

the "Minneapolis" is equally necessary. For gravity or power types. Furnished as standard equipment by leading manufacturers. Before you buy, ask if it's "Minneapolis" equipped.

(Continued from Page 70)

new nurse treating you? I don't see her about. She ain't neglecting her work, is she?"

"Indeed not; she's on the job." Rufus called, "Miss Hicks!" The nurse came. "Miss Hicks, here's another of my friends ——"

Miss Hicks nodded sharply and said, "Good morning, Mr. Peck!"

"Good morning, sister; but you got me wrong. I'm ——"

"It's Mr. Clinch." Rufus helpfully put in.

"The idea of mixing me with that old boy!" said Mr. Clinch genially. "Say, he's got a good thirty-year jump on me!"

"Really?" said Miss Hicks with what Rufus Billop instantly knew for an interest wholly false. "How stupid of me! Seeing you only a few times, I took you for about the same age."

She casually straightened the frame of A Night in Venice.

"Ho, ho! That's a good one!" Clinch strode the rug with a vigor he knew had long left old Paramus Peck. "Anyway, how do you like your job by this time, young lady?"

"Well enough," said Miss Hicks. "Of course, nursing is nursing."

"Well, sister, let me tell you something. If I lay there in his place"—a blunt thumb indicated the place of Rufus Billop—"you wouldn't have many idle moments. I'd be calling you constantly. Hey, Billop, old boy?"

He turned to peer humorously at the man in bed. Behind him Miss Hicks once more that day behaved regrettably with her face. She drew down the corners of her mouth, plumped out her cheeks, wrinkled her nostrils and scowled above half-submerged eyes. Mr. Clinch detected a swift look of concern in the eyes of Rufus Billop and turned quickly about to Miss Hicks, who faced him with a flattered smile.

"You men!" she retorted.

Mr. Clinch felt that he was at last being noticed; he was even being met halfway. He beamed roguishly on the girl, he seemed to expand, to gather more and more light. Then he was inspired:

"Say, young lady, you can't have so much fun here. I'd think you'd want to get a night off now and then, move out and mix a bit where the mixing's good." The blunt thumb again veered to Rufus Billop. "Can't you get him to let you off some evening? He ain't cross when you ask, is he?"

The invalid hoped Miss Hicks would not snub his friend too pointedly. He waited in rather a panic of doubt, however, fearing a speech that would have improved the quality of that unseen grimace. Then he was advanced in his new study.

"I don't know," said Miss Hicks. "I never asked him."

She was monstrously, in his very presence—the informing volume she had read from in plain sight—affecting a girlish timidity.

"Time you did," boomed Mr. Clinch with gusto. "And the sooner the better." Miss Hicks stood with downcast eyes. "Let's see, this is Tuesday—movie actors' night down at Sunset. How about getting off for dinner there? I'll have my limousine here at seven—dance a lot, see all the stars, do you good. What say?"

Miss Hicks glanced up at Mr. Clinch from under a tremendous sweep of raven lashes. Her eyes were soft, their deeps vast. She smiled wistfully. Rufus Billop stared aghast.

"That's dear of you, Mr. Clinch, if only Mr. Billop ——"

The wistful glance was wafted to him. He raised a hand stiffly in what might be taken for a consenting gesture.

"Oh, don't bother about me," he said.

Miss Hicks looked grateful.

"If you're positive ——"

He stuffly made another gesture of assurance.

"Certainly, Miss Hicks."

Miss Hicks ceased to be wistful, ceased to droop with wistfulness. She drew herself up, buoyantly threw back her head and gurgled with laughter. Mr. Clinch laughed with her, boomingly.

"Jolly, what?" he inquired.

"Ripping!" said Miss Hicks, and stepped to the door that led to the living room. Here she turned to reward Mr. Clinch with a glance that appalled the onlooker in bed. It was languishing! Then she turned and called with a vibrant, rising inflection, "Aunt Beulah!"

Aunt Beulah came, treading softly in something easy for the feet. Miss Hicks clapped her hands in a pretty burst of excitement.

"Oh, Aunt Beulah, isn't Mr. Clinch the loveliest thing? It's actors' night at Sunset—Tuesday, you know ——"

Aunt Beulah's eyes were quickly agleam.

"Yes, yes, dearie!"

"And Mr. Clinch thought of it, like a dear, and—the loveliest plan—he wants you and me to dine with him there. His limousine will be here at seven, and won't we have the grandest time?"

Rufus Billop turned a stricken face to the wall. He might endure listening, but he could no longer look on. It was too dreadful. He heard Aunt Beulah first.

"Why, Mr. Clinch, how'd you ever come to think of anything so stunning? And me dying to dance! I guess you must have read my mind. Mr. Rush always used to say mind was greater than matter —— Well, well!"

He waited a long time for the response of Mr. Clinch, holding his breath till his face burned and his ears rang. Not for any bribe would he have consented to look at Mr. Clinch's face. Then the voice came. It was still a hearty voice, yet not the full voice of Clinch. It had been subdued, chastened. There was even a note in it suggesting awe.

"It's kind of you to accept, Mrs. Rush. My limousine at seven—good dinner—dances—movie stars ——"

He ended lamely, almost with a gulp.

"It was perfectly adorable of you to think of asking us," came crisply from Miss Hicks.

"Not at all, not at all!" The tone of Mr. Clinch was now lofty. "I just thought the little girl might be shut up here too close," he was explaining to Aunt Beulah. "All work and no play, eh? And so I thought the little girl and—and you ——" He broke off to bid a tremulous farewell to Rufus. "Good-by, old man. See you again soon."

The invalid extended a hand, but avoided the eyes of his caller. Presently a door closed upon him.

Out in the living room were vivacious, husky whispers, giggles poorly suppressed, then the plain words from Aunt Beulah, "Of course, dearie! I knew it the minute I caught your eye."

Poor Schopenhauer! He had but scratched the surface.

XV

FOR the rest of the day Rufus Billop was made to feel an intruder, a nuisance, an incubus. Miss Hicks fell out of her routine, performed her duties at irregular times, absently, at random, humming confidentially to herself in a manner that shut him from her world. Aunt Beulah forgot his existence. The women maintained a running exchange of high-keyed talk. Broken bits came to him, of gowns, slippers, hair, nails, hurried remembrances of overlooked items, of repairs neglected; but never a word of Rufus Billop, a minor planet, who had destructively smashed into a superior luminary, to be absorbed, no longer remembered.

He grew sullen under the blithe neglect. He mounted to sarcasm with Miss Hicks. Even this left him beyond her consciousness. She would have the air of listening patiently but vainly. She got the general import of his requests and directions, but never their acid quality. She tended him automatically, as one tranced. He wondered at her hardness. She had behaved in his presence with a brazen lack of rectitude; she could not but know that her treatment of Mr. Clinch, her deliberate misunderstanding of his plain intention, should incur the sternest reprobation. Yet she was without shame. Indeed, she was exulting in the paltry fruits of her peculiarly feminine infamy.

He had found some amusement in that first unalarming discovery of women. He had felt that even Schopenhauer dealt with the creatures rather as a garrulous poet than a scientist scrupulously recording observed phenomena. He had done the philosopher injustice. He had for himself broadly surveyed his discovered country, started lightly down an inviting thoroughfare, and was now lost in a narrow defile between precipitous cliffs. He was unable to turn back, and the still descending path was beset with pitfalls. Every protective instinct shrilly warned him of danger.

He tried to stifle these warnings with a resort to ordered reasoning. What peril could threaten? He was learning things he had never learned before. That was all. And this Miss Hicks—he was careful thus to designate her in thought—was a lay figure employed in their demonstration; one with power to confuse, astound, bewilder, even to displease, but not to hurt.

Voices came from the living room.

"I keep away from these shop-pays. Plain shops for me. The others sting you for about the same stuff." This was Aunt Beulah.

"—— pale-green chiffon, with touches of silver—right off the bargain rack, but really you wouldn't think it." This was Miss Hicks. They absurdly thought it unnecessary to reply, or even to consider each other's speeches.

"I thought first it might make me look too girlish"—Aunt Beulah was cheeping like a bird—"and of course my figure does look mature in spite of everything."

"Murder, here's a run in this stocking!"

"It was pretty raw, dearie, the way you handled him."

"Raw! It was rawer than anything you could find in a butcher shop, but I had to. What else could I do?" Miss Hicks closed on a note of infantile pleading. She paused, then in exasperated denunciation: "The old fresh!"

Aunt Beulah giggled high in her throat. She giggled at the discomfiture of one who had shown himself a true friend to Rufus Billop. Worse, she giggled at a gentleman whose coerced hospitality she was about to accept under circumstances that should have caused a good woman a greater discomfiture.

"Old double dome!" said Miss Hicks. "His first chin you can't see at all!"

The listener winced; but, after all, nothing decenter could now be expected from this source.

"Double dome! That's good!" applauded Aunt Beulah heartlessly. She giggled again.

"'My limousine will be here at seven ——'" The compelled inference was that Miss Hicks believed herself to be imitating the voice and manner of the injured Mr. Clinch. "'My limousine.' He brought it in twenty times if he did once—'My limousine!'"

Her lingering on the syllables was oily. "He's bound to have a shock, though, some day soon. There's another limousine in town already—I saw it yesterday." Her voice strained under the heavy labor of this sarcasm.

"And it's a good thing I didn't order those chops for dinner." Aunt Beulah was saying this when he again caught her voice.

Chops! He thought of chops indignantly.

"We'll make him order chicken in a casserole," said Miss Hicks. "You know—with fresh mushrooms and lots of little things cut up in that rich sauce, and just a tiny bit of onion flavor ——" Her tone reeked with sensuality.

The listener shuddered, believing that she smacked her lips. Chicken and onions—and chops! His mind went back to the unordered chops. Their image was repulsive—raw things in a butcher shop, but not so raw as —— The girl had said so herself boasted of it.

"—— real filet lace"—it came irrelevantly from Aunt Beulah—"a good two inches wide and splendid quality—a dollar-five a yard. How they can ever do it ——"

Later they came into the court, bringing chairs. They were near his open door, but he bitterly reflected that for them, in the flurry of their heinous enterprise, he no longer existed. He had gone out as surely as would go the sun that now warmed them. Miss Hicks, he gathered, was doing Aunt Beulah's nails. Aunt Beulah presently was led to comment on the operator's expertness.

"You do know how to handle that orange stick," she said.

"Why not? I worked at it a year before I went into training—big barber shop downtown."

"Like it, dearie?"

"Not so bad, if you have to be a poor working girl. Not much pay, but you get good tips if you can talk to men. First thing I had to learn was to keep on working fast while I talked. I'd slow up or stop when I said anything. After a while I could work fast and still gabble, just as I'm doing now. Too close, though; too confining. And I didn't like to take tips—a half dollar if I'd been bright something I hadn't really earned you know It made me feel ——"

The hidden listener became bitter on this.

"It made you feel the way you ought to feel this instant," he wanted to call out through the door, and shame her. Had she earned what she was going to take from his

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"That's OIL, Bill"

"You said it—but you needn't."

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friend Clinch? How did the creatures reconcile these not very subtle discrepancies? Of course, they didn't even try Their brains were haphazard jumbles no definite cerebral pattern; a maze in which they lost all finer instincts.

"What'd you talk to 'em about?" demanded Aunt Beulah.

"The men? Oh, anything—theaters, pictures, what was in the paper, accidents—anything. Sometimes one wouldn't want you to talk at all, thinking about something."

"And some would want to do all the talking," suggested Aunt Beulah knowingly.

"Oh, of course; we got all kinds."

"They're queer animals," said Aunt Beulah.

"Queer? I'll say it!"

The listener here controlled himself only by heroic effort.

"And in a barber shop you get them, just as you get women in a beauty shop. People sort of let down in both places. You ought to hear Gertrude tell about how some women having a treatment in the Bon Ton will go on to some girl she's never seen before—family troubles, everything; they leave nothing untold."

"I guess men do the same to barbers." Aunt Beulah flourished the cynicism.

"No, not at all. I don't suppose they ever do talk to anyone the way women do. Anyway, not to barbers or manicure girls. I'll give 'em credit for that."

"More to hide, probably."

"Well, I don't know; perhaps. Still they're a pretty decent lot, at least those you get in a first-class shop. Oh, of course, a fresh now and then; but not so often as you'd think. Pretty decent. Queer, of course"

"How?" demanded the insatiate Aunt Beulah.

"Oh, little ways. Fussy, conceited. Watch one getting the last touches to a haircut—the way he looks at himself in the glass, and when the barber holds the hand mirror around back of his neck. He pretends to be careless, but he takes a good look just the same. He thinks he's wonderful, but he doesn't want people to know he thinks so. He's very dignified. Barbers know it, of course. After a smart one has finished his man, got him all powdered and perfumed and the hair combed right, he'll pretend he's just discovered one little thing more. He'll pretend he's saying to himself, 'This man is ab-so-lute-ly perfect, but here's something I can improve,' and he takes up his razor and shaves a tiny spot probably back of his ear, or takes his shears and clips the tip ends off of two hairs, and he stands by to worship the man—it's too funny—as if he wouldn't for worlds let him out of that chair till he was perfectly right. The man feels this; thinks what a splendid barber it is, and gets out of the chair pretending not to take a last look at himself in the glass; and that's how the barber makes sure of a good tip—mostly in those last few touches. Of course, the manicures work the same thing, giving last little touches with the buffer and looking anxious for fear one nail isn't just perfect."

"Conceited things!" said Aunt Beulah warmly.

"And getting all steamed up with hot towels, having massages and clay packs for their fierce old complexions, telling the girls they don't care how their nails look, only they hate to do the work themselves."

"Queer animals."

"And isn't it funny, Aunt Beulah—men can talk about women being queer, say all those funny things, and women only laugh. But you let a woman say men are queer——" There came an eloquent pause. "They laugh in that maddening way. They say that's only another proof how queer we are"

"Dearie, you've learned something in your few years, haven't you?"

"Oh, something—most of it since I left high school."

There was silence for a time, broken only by the swift-shuttling buffer which he could faintly hear.

"I do hope that Sunset Inn's orchestra's as good as ever. Last time I was there with this Mr. Boden it was simply ——" This from Aunt Beulah.

"Don't you adore a saxophone? I'm foolish about them," Miss Hicks confessed. "You know that big music store down on Broadway—the Mendelssohn—well, I stopped in front of it one night while I was waiting for sister to get out of the Bon Ton, three doors down; the big window was full of saxophones—all sizes, shining there in a row—must have been fifty. I stood and looked—I guess they hypnotized me; anyway, they made my feet tingle. And when sister came out, there I was, actually dancing in front of these things. It was nine o'clock and hardly anyone on the street, but wasn't it crazy of me? Sister was flabbergasted when she came up and caught me at it. She thought I must have taken something, but I'd simply forgotten myself."

"I know, dearie; I've felt the same"

And a man of parts, the listener reflected, was even then seeking to penalize all teaching that the human animal has evolved from lower orders—the human creature of so recent an evolution that this strain of most primitive animality has not yet died out!

It was late in the afternoon before he again became a recognized entity. Near by, in the living room, he caught hurried words concerning his evening repast. "I'll have his tray ready and take it to him before we go." His own savagery was heightened. Her tone had been as if she said "I'll have its tray ready." He was being hectored beyond endurance. With no relish whatever, he pictured the tray. He counted over his grievances—nursed, fondled, adored each one, his mind a welter of remembered phrases that had grated. Chicken with onions in a casserole—the chops Aunt Beulah rejoiced at not having ordered—chops!

He called, "Miss Hicks!"

"Yes?"

She looked in at him, with a backward glance for Aunt Beulah. He had interrupted one of their silly conferences, yet she was not annoyed. With expressive eyebrows she conveyed that she was being oh, so patient! It was too much.

"Miss Hicks, I think I'll have a chop for my supper."

There was silence. The announcement was radical, stunning. Aunt Beulah was dismayed. She came silently to the door, peering over the shoulder of Miss Hicks. Her alarm was manifest. Miss Hicks was regarding him with a lofty commiseration, as one experienced in the manias of delirium.

"A—what, Mr. Billop?"

"A chop—chop! That's plain, isn't it?"

Aunt Beulah now spoke soothingly.

"But Rufus, dear—a chop! You know you don't take chops—no meat at all. You told me you had never ——" She suddenly seemed to feel that he had been jesting. "The boy doesn't want to poison himself, does he?" she concluded, peering at him brightly.

"A chop," he said.

His tone was cold, firm, final The women looked at each other significantly. He knew they were exchanging an "Aren't they queer!"

"What kind of a chop, Rufus?"

Aunt Beulah's tone was humoring. She was reasoning with a lunatic and she must not excite him.

He rapidly considered chops. He found what he regarded as the most pernicious of all chops and named it glibly: "I want a pork chop!"

Again the significant glance between the two women at the door. It developed as a glance of mutual resignation.

"All right, Rufus. I'd been going to order some chops for our dinner—some nice lamb chops—but when Mr. Clinch invited us out to dinner"—not once did the woman's eyes waver from his as she uttered this falsehood—"why, of course, I didn't order them. But I'll telephone right now. You're sure you don't want a nice lamb chop instead of pork?"

"A pork chop!" He was unable to keep heat from his voice.

"All right, all right!" Aunt Beulah purred this on a soothing note that maddened him.

"And how do you want it cooked?" demanded Miss Hicks suspiciously. She had not believed him sincere; not for a moment.

He reflected swiftly. By what method of cooking could a pork chop be rendered least baneful.

"Boiled," he announced

"He means broiled," said Aunt Beulah to Miss Hicks.

"Of course," said Miss Hicks officiously.

Lightly they turned and left him. He had not trusted himself to correct them in that matter of boiled and broiled.

"Sang will cook it nicely for you," Aunt Beulah called back, for the ménage was now staffed by a soft-stepping Oriental.

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(Continued from Page 75)

Already the adventurer was regretting his temerity. What had he meant by it? How had he dared? Was it simply brute rage against Aunt Beulah—against Miss Hicks? But why against Miss Hicks, an amiable and attractive girl who was foolish about saxophones? What fell power had this trifler that she could drive him, unresisting, on to dread ends—a pork chop—broiled? Could he keep it from Seaver? Would his other friends learn, and believe that he had madly chosen to play with a life precious to them in more ways than one? A happy device occurred to him—he would not need to eat the thing, because they would go when his tray came. He would secrete it, burn it when the kitchen was free to him—of course, leaving the bone as false but adequate testimony—the cleaned bone. You had to fight woman with her own weapons of indirection, deceit, all chicanery. And this Miss Hicks! How had she wrought, in his quiet, placid, sick existence, such disorder? And was it disorder merely? Wasn't it devastation?

The voices were blurred with distance now, though he identified pleased exclamations, sharp queries, answers repeated, as they called to each other from the bedrooms where they arrayed themselves for this mad, aberrant escapade. He was again forgotten. Not even his epochal demand for a pork chop could long divert their minds from this degrading festivity.

Now there were rustlings in the living room, exclamatory whispers, quick, husky with eagerness. Then they bulked into view. Aunt Beulah in a beruffled lavender dancing frock, her blond coiffure mounting high above her bedizened face, pushed ahead of her a professedly reluctant, weakly protesting Miss Hicks in the diaphanous chiffon whose unimaginable source had been a bargain rack. Its lines were fluently close along the curves of her body, and its pale green met hazardously above her bare arms and shoulders in knots of silvered leaves. A girdle of these was at her waist, a cluster of them set at one side in the sable hair that lay sleekly close to her small head. Her hair, he reflected, fitted her head, was a part of it. Aunt Beulah's was merely hair. It might belong to anyone. It was a chattel.

"We thought you'd like to see how we looked." Aunt Beulah's expression was practically a simper. "Go on in, dearie, and let the poor boy see you!" She propelled the green vision, still professing reluctance, well within the room. "Aren't we all prettified?" she demanded. "And would you believe it, this silly child at first refused to wear those old-fashioned coral earrings of mine! Now you tell her just how sweet they look—just those two bits of warm color in all that white and black and green."

She glowed confidently at the audience. He had noted the gauds, unobserved when the girl had stood in shadow.

Miss Hicks now ceased her simulation of reluctance. Standing straightly, hands at her sides, she slowly raised her eyes to his; farther, denser shadowed vistas of the green of her gown. She was almost shy. Could she be condescending to look shyly at him because he was, technically, a man? Or because she craved merely another's confirmation—anyone's—of her own belief that she was lovely?

He felt a symptom, and noted it conscientiously in professional terms; a sudden acceleration of the cardiac rhythm. This perceptibly delayed his verdict. Miss Hicks became not only shy but wistful. He ventured speech—if he couldn't control his voice he would cover the failure by coughing poignantly.

"Oh, yes, earrings; so they are. They're a good touch—very good, indeed. Quite charming." With an air that he tried to make practiced and world weary, he ran an eye along the contours of Miss Hicks, who intrepidly endured the inspection. "Yes, very good, very good." He waved approval and dismissal. He was merely dismissing Miss Hicks! "And you're fine, Aunt Beulah. What a pretty frock that is! Perfectly stunning! Slippers with rhinestone buckles, too—fine! Really, you look quite girlish—and how lovely your hair is! I hope you'll eat a lot of good things; I hope the orchestra is good and you dance a lot and don't get too tired or catch cold."

"What would I catch cold for?" demanded Aunt Beulah, but she preened herself under his glance. "This frock isn't so bad for eighty-nine-fifty," she agreed, and tenderly fluffed the bunch of artificial pink roses at her belt.

His demon again drove him to regrettable extremes.

"But what about my chop?" he asked with convincing impatience. "Don't forget there's a hungry man here."

I Guess They Hypnotized Me; Anyway, They Made My Feet Tingle. And When Sister Came Out, There I Was, Actually Dancing

Why had he said it? He was not hungry, and he was afraid of the chop. Why had he insisted? Was it because Miss Hicks stood there before him, dressed that way? But how could that matter? Naturally, he had seen other pretty girls—she was merely pretty, he now decided—but they had never made him demand food with a high percentage of toxins. Where, exactly, was he, and how had he come there?

"Bless his heart, his chop, of course!" said Aunt Beulah.

"I forgot all about it," confessed Miss Hicks. She showed no remorse.

"I'll go," said Aunt Beulah.

"I'll go," said Miss Hicks.

They both went.

"Now I've done it," he thought.

He reached to the table and looked at his watch. But it was already five minutes after seven. Clinch would come immediately, perhaps before the chop came. His ears were set for the distant tinkle that would announce Clinch; they strained for it, ached for it. Instead came the swishing tread of the white-jacketed Chinaman. He bore a tray that showed a blanch of linen over its edges. The sufferer dreaded to look beyond this. The Chinaman deftly bestowed this burden, and the eye of Rufus Billop was constrained to a composition the central and dominating motif of which was a broiled pork chop, rusty, reddish brown in hue, exhaling a very definite aroma, and in no way disguised or attenuated by the sprigs of parsley that garnished it.

He suppressed his shudder when he heard the two women on their way to him. Aunt Beulah came with an arm about the silver-leafed waist of Miss Hicks, who should at that moment have been in uniform and not skipping on silvered slippers.

"We might as well see him eat," said Aunt Beulah gayly, with the air of one ready to solace her ennui with any poor makeshift.

He spoke with an affectation of genial gruffness: "Funny a man can't eat a chop now and then without creating all this excitement!"

"Now and then!" echoed Aunt Beulah in frank amazement. "Why, Rufus Billop ——" She broke off, helpless.

"Eat it, then," suggested Miss Hicks. Was there plain venom under her lightness?

"I'm going to," he answered viciously.

He took up a narrow strip of toast, munching at it. He sipped of the warm milk. But he was raging at Clinch, internally. Clinch pretending to be a business man—a prompt, on-the-minute man! Clinch, with his silly repetition, "My limousine will be there at seven," and he wasn't here and it was at least ten minutes after seven. Was that the way he kept his engagements?

"Shall I cut it for you?" asked Miss Hicks.

He was certain there was venom now. He ignored her and seized knife and fork. He thought of Hell's-Fury Brackett, his back against the wall, fighting for life and honor. He cut savagely into the chop—a lamb chop would have been so much smaller!—and thought not only of Hell's-Fury Brackett but of Stanley Howard, who in his portrait had looked every inch a meat eater. Probably he ate those horrible sandwiches with chopped raw beef at the center.

At the crisis his thoughts ran away with him, a blur of unrelated pictures revolving wildly about a tiny blue vein that had shown at the hollow of Miss Hicks' right elbow when she reached toward him with her offer of help. He clung to this stable center of his visions, while his body became a smoothly running automaton, all his responses being to an external stimulus. Then that disorderly mass of pictures—of Hell's-Fury Brackett devouring raw meat, of Stanley Howard leaping from a cliff, even the image of Miss Hicks' bent elbow—faded from his vision. His mind cleared, his eyes focused. He was calmly eating—under the steadfast regard of two women—an undoubted pork chop. He hoped he was doing it well.

"That's good," he said, as if too engrossed for more words.

"Is it?" demanded Miss Hicks.

What was it in her tone, her look, her manner, that should disquiet him? He was eating this chop as well as the next man. Then he became amazed to find that he was doing it without even a secret loathing. He wondered if the wrath that had smoldered in him since that morning's bedevilment of Clinch hadn't been consuming a lot of tissue. Perhaps this had made him hungry—hungry so that even a broiled pork chop would not revolt him. He was down to the bone now. With a knife edge he explored certain crevices for overlooked bits of meat. At last he seized an end of the bone and reverted to primitive simplicities. He would show Miss Hicks or anyone else.

"I'm so glad you liked it," said Aunt Beulah. She looked at her embellished wrist watch. "He's late," she said.

"Primping," explained Miss Hicks; "getting powdered and having stuff put on his eyebrows." With her face she reproduced a dim sketch of the morning's deriding grimace.

The diner spoke: "Aunt Beulah, tomorrow night I want some steak—good, thick, juicy steak—broiled," he added.

"Steak!" Miss Hicks giggled inexplicably. Why should a man's desire for broiled beef appear funny to her? Then she turned, under his glare, to Aunt Beulah. "He'd better be careful about that stuff. He might get to taking it in habit-forming quantities."

She inanely giggled once more. She did not observe the glare still bent upon her, because then came the bell's dulled tinkle.

"Sang will take your tray," said the flurried Aunt Beulah. "Oh, where's my gloves? Here they are—and good night!"

"Good-night," called Miss Hicks.

Neither had known if he responded. He heard the outer door shut on a light babble above the booming of Mr. Clinch. Then he heard the swishing step of the Chinaman, who came for his tray.

XVI

"BOSS, you like-um chop?" The Chinaman was pointing to the gnawed bone.

"Yes, very good chop, Sang."

"You like eat-um wildcat?"

"Wildcat! What you mean, Sang?"

"Wildcat good. You sick, eat wildcat; chop, boil-um, bake-um—you get well soon quick. China boy eat-um. I work ——"

But he grew incoherent with his rising animation. It was to be gathered, however, that during an engagement on a distant ranch he had been taught the curative virtues of wildcat flesh and that he was warmly urging these. Also, he believed that a wildcat could be shot in the near-by mountains if proper enterprise were shown.

"All right, Sang. Much obliged. Some time I try."

(Continued on Page 80

TIMKEN AXLES

This book—"Pictures that tell their own story"—tells a graphic story of the relative simplicity and strength of various rear-axle types—many pictures, few words, draw your own conclusions. 35,000 copies already distributed. Free at your request.

KEN-L-ECS

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THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY - DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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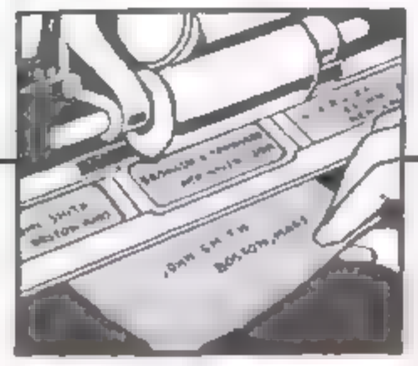
KEN-L-ECS

VISIBILITY



Note how form is removed from Elliott Addressing Machine address side up.

EVER run an Addressing Machine in which forms to be addressed were inserted and removed address side down, *invisible* to the operator? If not, try to do something *with your eyes shut* and you will begin to appreciate what VISIBILITY means.

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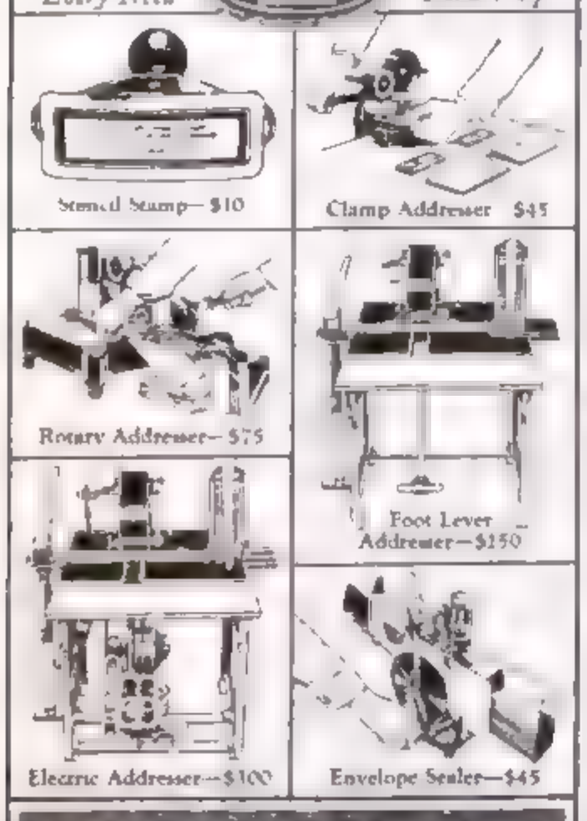


ELLIOTT Addressing Machines Co.

146 Albany St., Cambri[illegible]

Or communicate with any of these Elliott offices —

[illegible]

(Continued from Page 77)

"Boss sick. Boss get well one-two day, I think." He swished off with his tray.

Wildcat! The suggestion had been striking, unfortunate, ill timed. And he had commanded steak for the next night under circumstances permitting no avoidance. Yet, could he get Seaver to forbid it? There might be a way. Then he recalled the dauntless look of that strong, silent man of the open as he fronted the band of five assassins. And he, too, had been dauntless; he had publicly eaten a chop with signs of relish. Perhaps he could be dauntless again, even after that distressing suggestion of wildcat.

He should have slept then, but his nerves tingled too insistently. Or was it mysterious, long dormant, now aroused sense-cravings that kept him wakeful, vibrant, alert? He sniffed cautiously, tasting the air. That was it. Some flower scent lay lightly about him. It had enveloped Miss Hicks when she came close to him a moment ago, and lingered after she went. Some faint yet audible message of wood flowers. Violets, he decided, sniffing again—this time a full breath that yet left him wanting.

He saw secret, shadowy glades where such flowers had grown, with results so lamentable, for Cleaver and Aunt Sena—violets and arbutus, gleaming alive through brown dead leaves from already reviving oak trees. Unreasonably these dim aisles of the wood became the remembered eyes of this Miss Hicks, shadowed mysteries that would momently lighten and gleam as with a sun ray, then darken with its passing, to become again shadowy, incommunicable, thwarting.

His uneasiness grew as these memories clustered about the vagrant scent of violets she had left, beating upon it with puny, futile wings; longing for fang and claw to tear it, destroy, forever obliterate. He looked helplessly about the room. It was eight o'clock, and even after a wearing day he could not sleep. The old insomnia had come back. It seemed now he could never sleep. In deep irritation—waving the scent of violets from him as if it had been a miasma—he got out of bed, put on a dressing gown and slippers.

He stood there, motionless but not at rest. He went to the medicine shelf and dosed himself with something Seaver had left. He forgot what it had been left for, and took it with a smile at his recklessness. He looked along the row of other bottles. They were sane, understandable, predictable. They might still anchor him in a world that drunkenly reeled. He took up one of them. It was a throat wash, and he uncorked it, raised and tilted the bottle. Then he paused.

That Hicks girl! Meanly he thus identified her. The day before, he had used this same sterling preventive, and Miss Hicks in the next room had been overheard to tell Aunt Beulah: "He's so earnest when he gargles! It always sounds like a car coming in." A poor imitation of the sound had issued from her own throat. He wondered if she hadn't added, "It's just like him!"

Like him, he thought bitterly, to be efficient in protecting his throat from malignant bacteria! Well, it was like her, then, to jest, as she had more than once, at the infirmities of one she was paid a high wage to look after. But he recorked the sterling antiseptic and replaced the bottle in its row. He had cheated her of a poor jest, even if nothing of her were there but a reminding effluvium.

For a while he prowled about the room aimlessly, fronting his own gloomy prophecy that tomorrow he would pay high for such wildness. That chop would be an expensive item on the bill. And wildcat! He went into the living room. It was unlit, but caught glows from the lighted hall and from his bedroom. He had fled from the violets, but vainly. The air still reeked of them.

Yesterday in the court he had watched a horde of ants overpower a wounded fly that could still beat its wings. They had swarmed upon the fallen monster—he thus pictured the fly, a vast prehistoric thing, at the mercy of savage carnivora—a dozen of the horde climbing up to hold the frenzied wings, others fastening to the powerful legs, anchoring them, and one making a frontal attack that, under his magnification, became quite dreadful to watch, for the whole head had presently been [illegible]

He shuddered at the memory. Something like this was now being done to him by a mere perfume—product of a chemical laboratory—that was bought by women in pursuance of their sinister craft. But that was it—he was not being torn by a mere perfume. It was a perfume plus a person. A person now dancing somewhere, enveloping others in an invisible, impalpable cloud that caused unquiet.

He paced the dusky room, his mind struggling back in an effort to find a time of serenity when he was safe inside himself; had not emerged for troubling views. He found Miss Gauch and wished she could be here. Never had she caused him a wakeful moment. She had been understanding, appreciative. She had never declared that anything was just like him. He saw her earnest eyes back of the thick lenses. Had they been more than earnest? Hadn't they been a bit wistful? Anyway, he was certain Miss Gauch would not so lightly have viewed his triumph over the chop, nor would she have gone to dance with a man she had coolly snared in a woman's trap—surely Miss Gauch had been no trapper.

But this other person—at that instant somewhere she whirled and forgot everything but whirling, to a measure jungle-primitive, herself a denizen of the jungle, openly reverting to type.

He found himself by the phonograph. Its top was raised. He flicked the thing with contemptuous fingers and was startled by a brassy blare of defiance. He had released a spring. He caught the crude urge of the saxophone—a purely animal urge, he decided—and Miss Hicks was foolish about saxophones. Then the thing quieted to a dull low blur of piano notes under the sharp, oddly spaced picking of metallic strings. It queerly became a thrill of breathless waiting, a tortured expectancy that tightened the nerves beyond endurance; his feet went from under control to obey the pricking urge of the banjo. He swayed even as Aunt Beulah swayed when she beguiled the ennui of her days before this mechanism.

The banjo went on, goading the blur of piano notes till they rose to a sharpness of their own. The pricking had become intolerable, and when there suddenly came another hoarse outbreak of the saxophone he danced, reverting, himself, to the barbaric measure, now terribly accented by the dull, regular beating of a tribal tom-tom remote in some jungle thicket, blood-quickening, ominous.

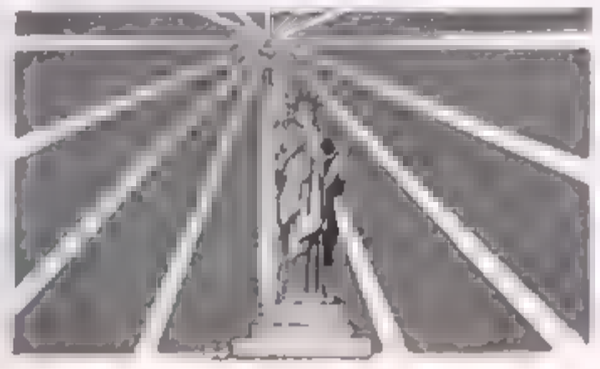
Hoarsely the saxophone gurgled of orgies unspeakable, the banjo incited with a feminine savagery, the barbaric drum threatened—and Rufus Billop, with lifted chin, arms at his sides, rhymed his body with the meretricious but compelling pulsation, his slippered feet stepping a broken rhythm that had been old at the world's dawn; spurred ancient gropers in the primeval dusk to war and worship and love and all instinctive things.

The music died with breath-taking suddenness, and in the still room the dancer—death had caught his feet in action and held them in a measure stupidly frozen—heard only his own panting. He glared blankly at the stilled mechanism, then laughed, a little foolish, self-conscious laugh that seemed to spurt flame to his cheeks. He could feel them burn.

He paced the room again, politely trying to ignore his own embarrassment. His outbreak was something that should not be spoken of; there must be no tactless reference to it in his thoughts. It were best forgotten. He sank into an easy-chair, still breathing deeply, and pretended that he thought of other things.

But this proved too shallow a pretense, so he assumed a lighter pose that would admit but not magnify his late unseemliness. He humorously recalled the Rufus Billop of eleven years old, who was sent to dancing school twice a week if Aunt Sena could trust the weather; clouds had meant a missed lesson. He beheld the class and the severely spectacled dancing mistress, sharp-faced, forbidding.

Even then it had seemed incongruous that this acidly austere creature should, with never a hint of gayety in her own face, be instructing little children in so gay an art. She had, he now thought, been like



Death directing a revel. Then he recalled the little girl, also bespectacled, in a starched dress and a black rubber comb to hold back her almost white hair. Her name was Annette, and he had liked to dance with her. She, too, when it was lady's choice had always chosen him.

He tried to continue these memories, but something persistently broke in on them. He knew well enough what it was—the evil machine that had lately betrayed him. It had made a fool of him and now it entreated another chance. He laughed again, understandingly. Why had he made himself ridiculous? What if Aunt Beulah caught him? What if Miss Hicks—at least this: Miss Hicks couldn't say it was just like him.

He was master of himself. He arose, strolled over to the machine, replaced the needle at the disk's edge, released a spring and sauntered coolly back to his chair. He would sit there through it, not dancing. And he did; when the urge came again he mastered it, kept his feet from treacherous tappings. But this resistance drove out the light mood of humorous tolerance for himself. He began to rebel. Why shouldn't he dance if he wished to? He was a doomed man, and some very good friends were fated to lose a lot of money quite soon. But, for that matter, why shouldn't he dance into the very arms of death itself?

There welled up in him that sense of revolt he had thrilled to at his father's grave. Death was not the answer to life—only a wrong answer. Death was failure. His mind carried him on to that other time he had felt this strange welling of conviction; the time he had watched Cleaver and Aunt Sena in the rose arbor, goldenly flecked with formless patches of moonlight. Then, too, something had said, "Death isn't the answer. This is—this is!" And how, tonight, had he come again to feel this futile impulse of resistance? Because he had raged, because he had, in a flurry of hurt egotism, eaten strange food; because alone, in a darkened room to strange music, he had shamed himself?

Whatever the cause, something again called to him disturbingly—called him to life, brought him a conviction he distrusted, instantly it came, that he could live, would live. He had never died yet, had he?

The banjo was interluding this senseless bit: "Never have died yet—never yet have died!" But he wanted life as he never before had wanted it, even under his steady fear of death.

He was wanting it with all the savage gusto of the saxophone, now dominant. He wanted the steady, never-ending beat of it, with the sullen, ominous drum. Life was worth its pain; the dead were thwarted, cheated, chucked out. What if it were brief, inconsequent, lost in the end? Was it less wonderful? A mechanism, past doubt, but one with delighting savors beyond all laboratory cunning.

For example, the girl, with her rounded, proud arms, her valiant white shoulders, her eyes that were endless corridors where confusing shadows played, her confident, steady lips that could still part in thrilled expectancy—he could not question that she was but a mere bit of clotted motion—but again, that startling query—what was motion? The laboratories knew it only through matter. Beyond, they guessed. And who so lowly that he had not an equal right to guess?

Out of the dust this creature had danced—gleamed inexplicably from some mist of star dust. She was the answer to death. If only for a pitiful breath or so, she refuted laboratories and logic, analysis and reason, all cold philosophers who measured matter. Calmly, a little gay, a little wistful, but always confident, she refuted death.

For the dead who had failed he now, with long, thin fingers and a lightly waved hand, composed an eloquent gesture of dismissal. The cheated dead were gone. The god, Motion, worked in and through other tissues, his own tissues, lusting for life and always more life, pricking, pushing, kneading, to make him plastic.

He, himself, was Motion; and Motion wanted—perhaps its immediate wants were not yet defined; there was uncertainty here. But once let them be clear—the very power that juggled worlds would, quite mechanically, work to heap their measures high.

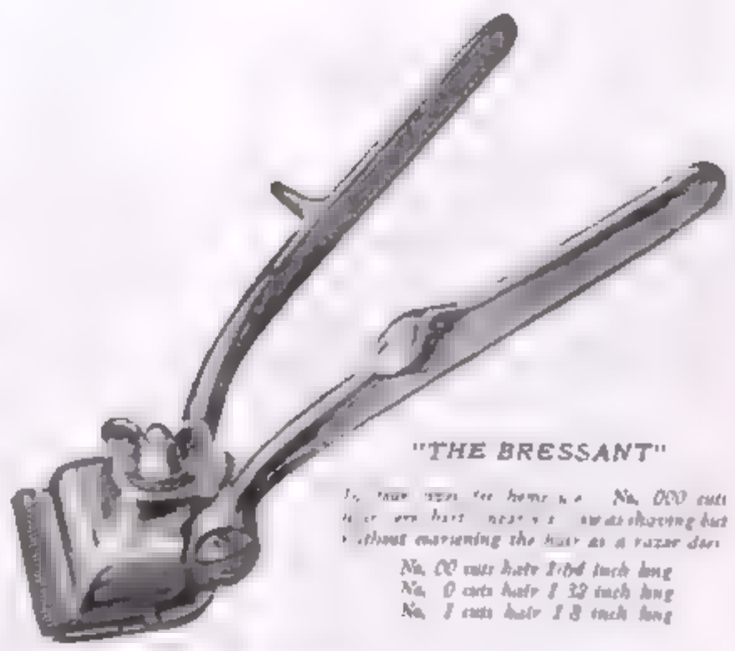
Again the music came. He made no pretense this time. He danced, not feeling foolish, no longer embarrassed; only shy, a little shy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Gee, that feels fine!"

No matter how far away the barber is, cowlicks and fringes are no longer necessary on summer vacations.

With the right kind of clippers it's easy to keep hair neatly trimmed, even where it grows so fast on the back of the neck. More and more families are discovering the ease and convenience of using Brown & Sharpe clippers—*the kind the barber uses.*



Ask your barber sometime to let you look at his clippers. (You're almost certain to see "Brown & Sharpe" on them.) You'll also see about fifty short, steel blades set at just the right angle to cut evenly. As you grip and release the handles, these blades—like twenty-five tiny scissors—open and shut six times at every stroke. And in Brown & Sharpe clippers these blades are ground by a special process that keeps them sharp for years.

For your own convenience, take along a pair of Brown & Sharpe clippers when you go away this summer. They'll also solve the problem of getting the children's hair cut regularly. Your boy or girl ought to have a pair to take to camp. Most good hardware, cutlery and barber supply stores sell them in four different sizes.

The clipper your barber uses is the clipper to use at home.

BROWN & SHARPE Mfg. Co.

Providence, R.I., U.S.A.

The World's Standard B·S *Quality Tool Makers*

THE BRIDE'S LIGHT

Continued from Page 19

They Came Home Thus, One Behind the Other

"Never been away?"

"I went to Rockland once."

"Did you?" His brows arched soberly: she felt that he was mocking her.

"Grandfather's been everywhere," she said defensively.

"As many places as that? And does he tell you tales of everywhere?"

"Yes."

"You live on the Head?"

"Yes."

He rose abruptly.

"Do you know how long you have been here?" he asked.

"A little while."

"The boy will say it was long," he laughed. "That is because I have put a spell upon you."

"A spell?"

"I'm a fairy, a magician," he assured her. "Oh, I can lay spells upon simple folk like you."

The good fairy knight! She had a momentary feeling that he must have read her thoughts, and was abashed before him.

"It is a part of the spell," he said, "that you must come to me here again some day." She shook her head. "Oh, but you will come," he insisted.

"No."

"Else I will fetch you," he warned.

Her heart pounded; she moved a little away from him.

He rose and followed and opened the door into the kitchen.

"Mind," he warned her smilingly, "if you do not come I will fetch you."

"You mustn't," she told him.

"It's a part of the spell," he told her. "Now come; we'll find the boy."

At his gesture she passed before him through the door and across the kitchen and through the outer door to the open ledge. They both stopped there, Jennie astonished, Raredan smiling in a mocking fashion. For to seaward three dories were making toward the Sow; and Jennie saw Don in one and Joel Frame in another and young Bob Moors in the third. The three men were rowing swiftly; but after a moment Don, looking over his shoulder, saw them standing by the door. He spoke, and the other men looked around. Then the three dories came more slowly toward the break in the outer flank of the Sow, and Jennie and Raredan walked down there to meet them.

Raredan was the first to speak: "Good afternoon, my friends."

Don, in the lead, had jammed his dory against the ledge; he called to Jennie sternly, "Get you in!"

Raredan handed her down, she passed Don and sat in the stern. Joel and young Moors lay on their oars. Don spoke to Jennie curtly: "Did he treat you all right?"

She nodded, "Yes, Don."

The boy called to Raredan angrily, "We'd have broken your door in another five minutes, Raredan."

"You'd have been three sorry men in another ten," said Raredan dryly. Then he laughed, waved his hand. "Take her home, boy; but remember, she is beautiful. Boys who cannot see beauty do not deserve it." He spoke to Jennie in a gentler tone. "You will come to see my house again," he reminded her.

She did not answer.

"Go on, Don," she whispered; and Don, his face stern, his eyes not meeting hers, bent to his oars. They rounded the westward end of the Sow and turned toward the Head. Joel Frame and young Moors hung together behind them, fell more and more astern as Don put all his anger into the heavy ash blades. Once Jennie sought to placate him.

"I'm sorry he wouldn't let you in, Don," she murmured.

But Don was at the mercy of a storm of emotions so violent that he would not trust himself to speak. To her overture he returned a stony silence, said no word. By and by the bow of the dory grated on the shore.

VII

UNTIL this day of his humiliation Don had thought of Jennie as he might have thought of a sister. Raredan's taunt was true; it had never occurred to him that Jennie was beautiful. He had found her a charming playmate, full of fancies and quaint conceits, when as boy and girl they clambered over the rocks below the Head or explored the moor atop the ridge. They were at that time quite sexless; he expected as much from her as from himself, and she had not thought of asking any consideration. If they disagreed over the possession of some treasured object, they fought it out with as much ferocity as two boys. Her more imaginative mind had given her a certain dominion over him, which he had accepted cheerfully enough. It was only of late years that she had begun insensibly to yield the hardest tasks to him; to expect of him small attentions and services that Don was always ready to give. But a brother might have done as much. Even that day when they met Raredan in King's Cove, and the artist spoke to Jennie, and made sport of Don, had had no emotional result other than to intensify Don's ancient dislike of Raredan. Since then it is true that there had seemed now and then to be a new and pleasant flavor in their adventures and excursions together; but Don had enjoyed this change without pausing to analyze it.

This day's episode on the light had opened his eyes. When he found himself locked out he felt the baffled anger that a child locked in a closet experiences. He wished to beat upon the door with his fists; to drive it with uncontrolled and furious assaults. The stronger personality of Raredan held him in check, drove him back; he retreated to the open air and for a time remained there, sullen and angry. Then he perceived Joel Frame, a mile away to the eastward, pulling his lobster pots, and put off in his dory and went to summon help. They had, on their return toward the Sow, intercepted young Moors; and the mood of the three was a dangerous one. But to find Jennie thus peacefully delivered up to them had taken the wind from their sails; the thing they had come to demand being thus granted, before they asked it, there was left them nothing to fight for. So the two others watched in silence while Don took Jennie aboard his dory, and fell behind when Don rowed her swiftly toward the shore.

Don was silent, too; but he was torn by a storm of emotions. His hatred of Raredan seemed to overpower all other feelings; it interpreted itself as bitter anger toward Jennie, who had permitted Raredan to put upon him this humiliation. Yet the very bitterness of his own anger toward her hurt him and tortured him; her gentleness when she sought to placate him made him wish boyishly for the relief of tears. He hardened himself against her, avoided her eyes, and when she had stepped ashore from the dory he also landed and carried the killick above high-water mark and started up over the ridge toward the house without a word to her. She followed a little behind, something humble in her bearing; and his pace was fast, so that her breath came short.

Once again she said, "I'm really sorry, Don," but when he ignored her she accepted the situation.

They came home thus, one behind the other; and Don went into the woodshed to work off his fury with uplifting ax and saw, while Jennie, indoors, prepared supper. Her grandfather was not at home when they arrived, presently meandered in and spoke to Jennie with that hollow cheeriness so often associated with decaying age.

Their supper was eaten, so far as Jennie and Don were concerned, in an almost absolute silence. The old man was too much absorbed in his own slow memories of ancient days to observe the tension between them. Next morning matters were more nearly normal; when Jennie said her good morning to him, Don responded. The boy had come to see, during the interminable night, how dear she was to him. He was already less angry at her than he had been. But they did not speak of what had happened; said nothing to the grandfather.

The old man heard the gossip in the Cove that afternoon. Young Moors had talked at home, and Mrs. Moors had a loose tongue. Joel Frame's wife helped the tale along. The version that came to the grandfather's ears was sufficiently accurate; that Jennie had spent an hour or two in the light with Raredan, Don being locked outside. One or two of the ruder minds among the youth of the village made a jest at Don's expense when he appeared there; it afforded the young man a distinct relief to work off on them the violence of his lingering rage. Young Moors, lacking discretion, lost two teeth and some blood; and Wally Dow, poor old Nit Dow's son, was handled even more severely. Don went home feeling better; and Jennie found him washing a split knuckle, and helped him bind it up, and there was surface peace between them.

Then her grandfather came home, stamping in his haste, and storming in his rage against Raredan. He had, from the first, no blame for Jennie; she was and had always been too near him and too dear to him for him to perceive any blemish in her now. But he rated Don for landing on the Sow at all.

"A fine bit of fooling that was, now, Don!" he stormed. "And I don't know what possessed you, that ought to know better than that."

Don could make no defense; had no wish to make one.

"I've said everything to myself that you could say, sir," he confessed. "You can't make me feel any worse than I do feel already."

"Well you might, too," the old man cried; but Jennie interposed, her eyes angry.

"Grandfather! Stop it! It was my fault as much as Don's. And, anyway, there's no harm done."

"No harm? All King's Cove twiddling your name across their tongues?"

Her chin lifted.

"King's Cove folks will always talk," she retorted.

"Well, you've given them something to talk about, between you. Eh, Jennie, I shouldn't have let you go about so much with Don here. He's but a boy."

"I wanted to go ashore as much as he," she replied.

"And why, then?" he asked, bewildered. He was incapable of thinking harm of her.

"I'd never been in the light. I thought we might climb up to the top. We thought Mr. Raredan was up at the Cove."

"I'll break his neck for him!" the old man declared ferociously. "The wife killer!"

Her cheeks flushed hotly, but her tone was gentle.

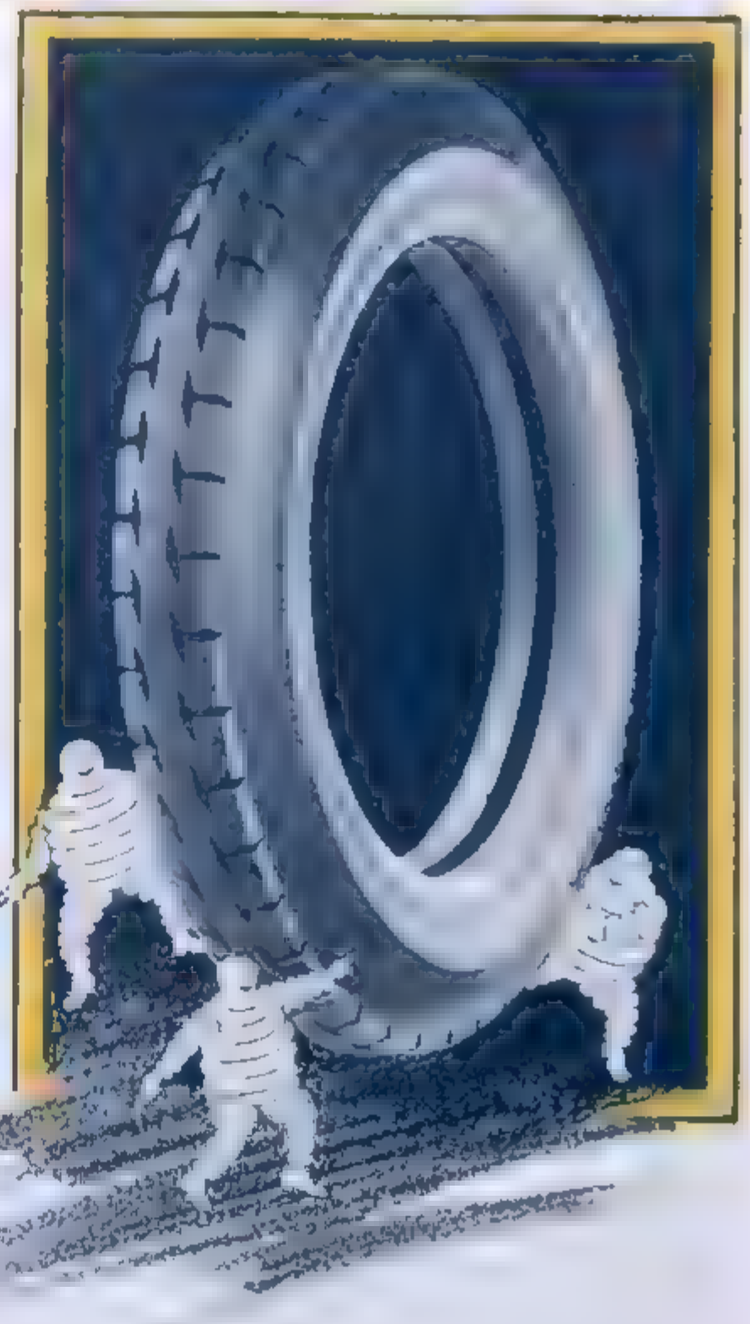
"You're not fair to him, grandfather. And—he was very kind and nice to me."

The old man's curiosity began to get the better of his anger.

"What did he keep you there for? What were you about then?"

(Continued on Page 87)

MICHELIN



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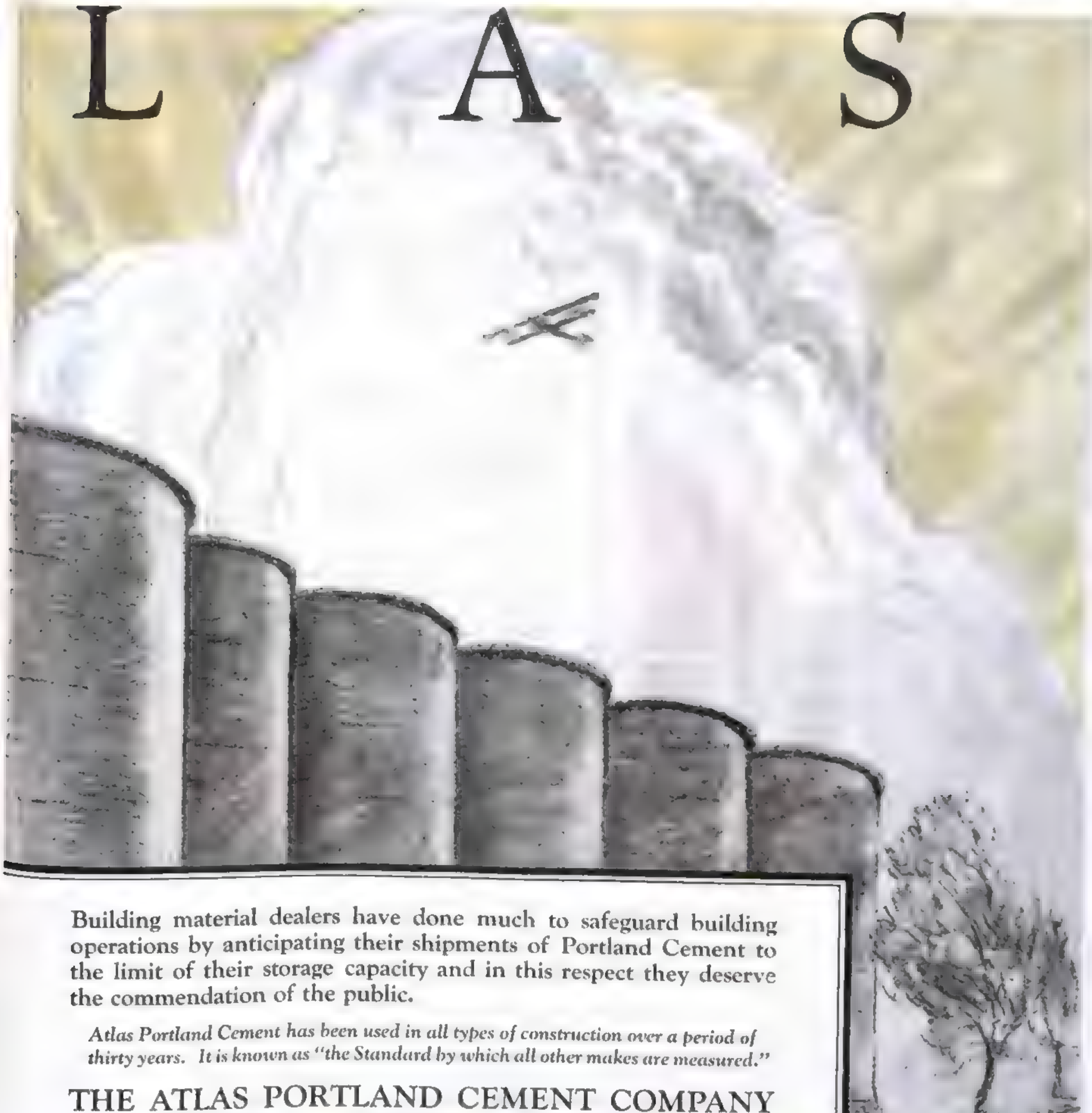

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(Continued from Page 82)

"He has a roomful of things he's painted; pictures of the sea and all. He was showing them to me."

"What does he know of the sea?"

"The pictures were beautiful."

"Aye, I'd heard he was a painting man," the old man assented. "I'd heard tell of that. But why did he lock Don here outside? Can't Don look at a picture as well as you?"

She shook her head, unable to answer.

"He's a strange man, I think, in many ways." Her eyes were thoughtful. "He said I was the first had ever seen them."

The old man peered at her over his glasses.

"A strange man, he is so. His wife couldn't bear living with his strangeness. Eh, Jennie, I don't like that strangeness. There's something wrong with such a man as him."

"I was afraid of him at first," she confessed: "a little. But he was so kind."

The old man looked toward Don, silently standing at the mantel side.

"You were wrong to go there, Don."

"I know it, sir."

"Eh, well, the town will talk. Let's hope it'll come to an end."

"They'll not talk to me," said Don softly.

The grandfather cackled.

"Yes, yes; I heard that you were fighting today." He crossed the room, feeling the boy's shoulder and arm. "Eh, yes," he repeated approvingly. "A fine man you're growing into, Don."

Jennie watched them for a moment, then withdrew to get supper ready. After the dishes were done, she drew a scarf about her head and went outdoors. The night was starlit; her feet knew the ground, and she moved away from the house and out toward the Head. By and by steps sounded behind her, and she waited, sure that this would be Don.

He called softly, "Jennie," and she answered, "I'm up above the ledge." So he climbed toward her and stood at her side.

"I was going out to the Head," she explained.

"I want to talk to you, Jennie," he said humbly. "Is it all right if I come along?"

"Why, yes."

They moved on; and he said at once, "I heard Raredan say something about your going out there again."

"He asked me to come again," she explained frankly.

"I wish you wouldn't go."

"I'm not going, Don," she told him.

"I was afraid —"

She shook her head.

"You needn't be afraid of me, Don." Raredan's spell was light upon her that night; she was very sure of herself. "I'm a woman, you know. It was an accident; that's all. He showed me the pictures. But I probably won't ever see him, to talk to, again."

Don laughed, a curious exultation in the sound. They had come near Bloody Rock, and sat down on a low bowlder side by side, looking down into the pit of the Gut, where the white-streaked water flowed strongly in. It was dark in the Gut; they could see the dark loom of the land beyond. A southwest wind brought them the tolling of the bell buoy off that opposite headland. Away to sea, a point of light, and another and a third, showed where three barges followed a tug whose masthead lights were at the moment hidden behind the light. The light's yellow beam swept across them and across in its periodic revolutions. A cool little sea wind trickled up from the water past them and blew inland across the Head. The water sucked and gurgled and laughed and played among the tumbled rocks far below their vantage point.

Don, vastly reassured by Jennie's word, was thinking fast; his thoughts, after a space, found words.

"Jennie," he said, arresting her attention.

Her eyes were seaward.

"What, Don?"

"Jennie, you and I have always been pretty good friends, haven't we?"

"Why, yes."

He asked straightforwardly, "Did you ever think that maybe some day we'd get married?"

She looked at him then, and laughed in a friendly way, and shook her head.

"Why, no, Don."

He said, "I never did, either, till just lately. I always liked you mighty well, and all that. But lately I've been thinking, and I expect if we got married we'd get along pretty well."

She shook her head.

"I'm not going to get married to anyone, Don; not for a long time."

He asked reluctantly, "You wouldn't marry Raredan, would you?"

Her answer, if he had been wiser, he might have found too vehement.

"No! Of course I wouldn't." But he was not wise; it seemed to him sufficient.

"You know how I feel?" he said, striving for expression. "I think I'm really in love with you, Jennie."

She asked with some interest, "What makes you think so?"

"Well, there's something different anyhow." He laughed awkwardly. "Why, sometimes, when you're nice to me, it makes me kind of want to cry. And when I was wiping dishes tonight, and you gave me the plates, sometimes I'd touch your fingers, and it tingled. And I was watching your cheek, and it was so smooth and so pretty, and I wanted to kiss it, and put my hands in your hair."

She shook her head.

"I don't feel that way at all about you."

"Well, I don't suppose a girl does."

"I think sometimes a girl does," she argued.

"Did you ever feel that way about anybody?"

"No; but I can imagine feeling that way."

He found himself, surprisingly, all trembling; he laughed, trying to shake off his perturbation, got to his feet.

"I expect we ought to go back to the house," he suggested.

"I expect so," she agreed passively.

They walked homeward side by side, a silence upon them. Don watched her sidewise, wondering what her thoughts were; she walked with head a little bent, eyes upon the ground. They found that the old man had gone to bed, and Jennie went in to make sure he was all right. When she came back into the dining room—which was also living room in the small house—Don was waiting.

At her door she paused and turned and said, "Good night, Don."

"Good night, Jennie."

"I'm glad you told me about it, Don."

"Well, I wanted you to know," he replied.

She opened her door and disappeared; and Don, a curious exhilaration in his veins, sought his own room and bed.

VIII

JENNIE did not go to the light again, and she avoided King's Cove on days when she had seen Raredan's boat pass through the Gut in that direction. But after a time she began to wish to go to the light; began to wish to see him again. That vague fear of him, which had been dissipated by his courteous kindness, returned; but it no longer repelled her; rather attracted. She found herself dreaming of him; dreaming shudderingly. Yet her dreams had a fierce sweetness about them, intoxicating her. More and more, absent though he was, he occupied her thoughts and all her dreams.

Don did not again tell her that he loved her; but it was apparent in all his actions. He was very gentle to her, very kindly; when she wished his company he was ready; when she wandered off across the ridge or toward the Head alone he stayed behind. More and more often she walked thus alone, not inviting him to come with her; and Don, busy with his garden, sometimes looked after her with eyes full of wistful longing. But he made no sign.

She used to like, on warm afternoons, to climb to that frost-sculptured rock which as children they had called the Throne. It stood at the top of the moor above the ridge, and faced toward the open sea; mosses lined it warmly, and there was a dwarfed cedar atop the rock at its back. Here Jennie would sit sometimes for hours, half asleep, her eyes dreamy, looking southward. Sometimes she took the glass with her, and turned it on the light; more often she left it behind. But her eyes were always apt to fasten on the white tower and cling there with an intent regard until she was half hypnotized with the rigor of her own glance, and had to brush her hand across her face to break the spell.

Often she saw Raredan leave the Sow in his boat and row toward the Gut and disappear under the Head toward King's Cove. At such times she never moved. Motionless in her seat, she felt herself concealed from him by distance and by the harmony between her garments and her surroundings. But she used to tremble a little as she watched his great shoulders bend to the oars, thrusting his light boat ruthlessly through the strong and conflicting currents toward his goal. Sometimes she used to fancy that he was coming toward her; toward the cove under the brow of the hill beneath her feet; but always in the end his course swerved toward the Gut and his boat disappeared in that direction.

On one September day Jennie sat thus on the Throne and saw Raredan leave the light and start toward the Gut and disappear. When he was gone, she still sat motionless, basking in the sun that struck warmly down upon her. The wind that day was warm; the sun had a baking heat. She felt like a good-humored cat beside the fire, utterly comfortable in every muscle and fiber. Once or twice her eyes did close as she sat, half reclining; it may have been that for a moment she dozed into sleep.

A slight sound roused her; two rocks had grated together. She opened her eyes, still misty with slumber, and saw Raredan standing a little below, looking up at her and smiling. He raised his hand in greeting, and she sat up and looked at him.

"Asleep?" he called.

She rubbed her eyes, moved as though to rise. But he clambered quickly up beside her and sat down at her feet, facing her.

"Don't move," he bade. "I've watched you here so often, through the glass; and you never came to see me, so I came to see you."

"I thought you went up to the Cove," she said slowly.

He shook his head, laughing.

"That was meant to deceive you. I was afraid you would run away from me if I rowed this way. So I crept along under shelter of the land."

"Why do you want to see me?"

"Because you are so beautiful," he replied, then smiled. "And when you color so deliciously you are more beautiful than ever." She felt herself tremble; he saw her fingers move nervously, and said in a low voice, "You need not be afraid of me."

"I am afraid of you," she confessed.

"Why?" Her eyes flew toward the light, rested there with horror in them; and he turned for a moment to look in that direction. "Ah," he murmured, comprehending. "That is true."

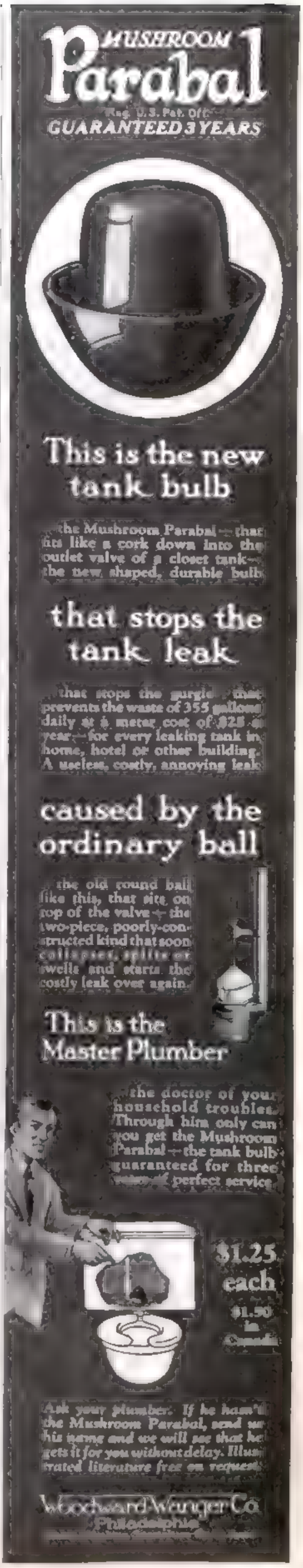
She said nothing; when he looked up at her again there was a shadow of anguish in his eyes. He said slowly, "I want to tell you about that." She neither assented nor refused. "I was to blame, utterly," he confessed, his proud head bowing a little; "to blame for bringing her to the light. The sea, all about, makes it beautiful to me; but she did not love the sea. I am not—considerate by nature; lacking in sympathy and understanding. It is true I made her miserable—unto death; the place and I together."

His tone was weary and sad, and tears filled her eyes; he saw them, and leaned toward her where she sat.

"Yet one who loved the things that are beautiful to me—such a one I could make deliriously happy forever," he told her.

Jennie could not speak at all; could not meet his eyes. She hid her face for a moment in her hands; and the man watched her, smiling a little. But when she looked at him he was not smiling. He had leaned away, against a bowlder's flank, and now began to talk; to tell her about himself. She found herself listening with parted lips, all attentively. He told her of his boyhood, only son of wealth and power; and how he had gone to Paris for study; and how he had wasted those years in riot and all evildoing. And there was such bitter self-reproach in his every tone that, instead of abhorring, she pitied him. His father's death brought him home again, put a fortune into his hands and loosed all rein upon him. He told Jennie how he met the golden-haired girl; and how in a rush of adoration they were married; confessed, too, all the wrongs he did her.

"But to come here was her idea," he said. "Poor Margot had faith in me; she knew I could—given the chance—paint worthily and well. We had seen this light once from a steamer passing by. She thought here I could work while she took care of me." The rest he slurred over with a phrase. "Hell out there for her," he confessed; met Jennie's eyes appealingly. "But I loved her, Jennie. It is a part of me to love passionately; I always loved her." She found a penitent simplicity in him that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was indescribably lovable; his boyish humility and submission, his very posture, there at her feet, made a powerful appeal to her. "I had thought I was through with loving," he finished, almost whispering, "till I first encountered you."

She came slowly to her feet. It was late afternoon; the sun was low. Its steady beating rays swept across the sloping flank of the ridge and wrapped them warmly; the glare in Jennie's eyes half blinded her; she saw him between her and the sun, gigantic and overpowering, and it was her intent to flee; but when she moved to escape she found herself in his arms. Her heart fluttered and pounded and the pressure of the pulses in her throat was stifling her. The western sky, all burning and aglow with a riot of crimson color, seemed to set her inwardly afire; she was scarce conscious that Raredan was there. Yet when he kissed her upon her parted lips, panting against his, she remembered him — tempestuously adored him. He released her from his close embrace, still holding her in the loop of his arms and smiling down into her eyes. But Jennie moved away from him, and he let her go, only holding out his hands to her. She hesitated, then with a swift gesture caught them up and kissed them; and then fled along the ridge and left him there.

Her eyes were blinded with the rapture of surrender and possession; she did not even see poor Don, where he lay a little to one side, his face buried in his arms, his shoulders wrenched by sobs.

IX

JENNIE'S reaction to this hour with Raredan was overpowering. For two days she kept to her room, except when it was necessary for her to come out and attend to her household tasks. Don avoided her, kept his own counsel; but Jennie was too much absorbed in her own emotions to mark the change in him. The old man, her grandfather, saw nothing; his eyes were turned backward thorough the long years he had lived.

At supper one night Don announced that he was going away.

"I'm going to take a trip," in answer to the old man's petulant and astonished question. "I'm going to ship on a boat at Boston or somewhere. It's time I was seeing something besides King's Cove."

Jennie watched him and listened in a dull bewilderment. It had never occurred to her as a possibility that Don would go away; since that night on the Head when he had spoken of his new feeling for her she had—vaguely enough—thought of him as one of her possessions. Her first feeling was one of hurt and sorrow; her next a fearful thought that he might have seen her with Raredan; that in his heart he now condemned her utterly. She could not speak at all.

Don and the old man still canvassed the matter. Jennie's grandfather did not wish to see the routine of his old years broken up; also, he had nursed certain dreams for these two.

When Jennie had cleared the table and was busy in the kitchen, he leaned across to Don and asked huskily, "But you wouldn't leave Jennie, Don?"

Don had no wish to wound the old man more deeply than was necessary.

"Oh, I'll be back before so very long!"

"She's a mighty nice girl, Don; someone may snatch her away from you. Eh, boy, you'd better make sure of her."

"Jennie doesn't care anything about me."

The old man was frankly astonished.

"And why not then? Haven't you been boy and girl together, and always together since you were so high?"

Don laughed.

"Oh, of course, we're mighty good friends."

Jennie's return to the room interrupted them, and he was glad to escape a further catechism.

Some days had passed since that sunset hour in which Raredan came to her at the Throne; but Jennie still clung closely to the house, never wandered to the ridge at all, never stood sentry on the Head. She did not confess, even to herself, that she was afraid of Raredan; she tried to assure herself that she wished to see him, to be with him. Yet there can be no doubt that during these days the girl lived in a black mist of terror, through which she bore a high head and a confident eye. She began to think Raredan would let her escape; a faint relief came to her. But one day through the King's Cove post office she received a letter from him. Don brought it home from the village, gave it to her without a word, as though he knew what it must contain. In her own room she read it in a glance. There were only two or three lines

"I have not seen you. Will you not walk upon the ridge this afternoon?"

No salutation, no signature. She burned the bit of paper on the hearth and stamped upon it with her heel. There had been a moment when in his presence she adored him bewilderingly; she was more and more afraid of him now.

Toward the third week of the month Jennie was awakened one morning by the spatter of driven rain against her window-panes. She rose to lower the window and saw that the sky was leaden and the wind brisk from the east. Presages of storm were to her accustomed eyes clear and plain for any man to read. At breakfast her grandfather confirmed her judgment.

"Three days anyway," he said in his cracked old voice. "Eh, well; good times to be indoors."

Jennie, with a little pang at her throat, remembered how in such days he had used to enjoy walking up to the Head and breasting the storm and thrilling to the lash of it against his cheek.

But she only said, "Yes, yes; good to be indoors."

During the forenoon the wind freshened, and the rain was a constant spit varied by sudden squalls that came and went. Tide was high that day toward noon; when it turned, the wind still held, and acquired a new persistence. Jennie had thought it might slack with the tide, but now agreed that her grandfather was right in predicting a three-day storm.

An hour or so after noon she was busy in the kitchen, and Don and her grandfather were together in the other room, when she heard a strong knock on the outer door. Though her windows looked toward the Cove road, she had seen no one approach the house; nevertheless, there was a virility in the thump of knuckles on the wooden panel that somehow warned her. She stood still, pale as death, and heard Don cross to the outer door and open it, and heard—she had known this would be so—the voice of Raredan.

"Good afternoon, boy. May I come aboard?"

There was a moment's silence. Jennie could picture Don, rigid and angry; she could imagine her grandfather, glowering from his deep chair. Then Raredan's voice again, and by the sound she knew that he was slatting water from his oilskins.

"Thanks. A wet day, sir."

The door closed. He must have entered without invitation and shut the door behind him.

Jennie found herself drawn, against her own will, toward that other room; when she appeared in the doorway he saw her. He was at the moment stripping off his oilskins, and he tossed them on the floor and crossed toward her and took her lifeless hand and gently kissed it. Her grandfather came to his feet, shaking, his hand uplifted.

"What are you about, man?"

Raredan, still holding her hand reassuringly, replied.

"We love each other," he said gently. "You are her grandfather?"

"Love?" the old man ejaculated. "Jennie in love with a man like you?"

Raredan smiled.

"She has been so condescending, yes."

"Jennie," her grandfather challenged her to answer —"Jennie, is that so?"

Her head was lowered, she could not meet his eyes. Raredan's fingers, clasping hers gently, seemed, nevertheless, to bind all her faculties and hold her helpless. She did not speak; and the old man tottered toward her, and touched her chin with his hand, tilting her face upward till she was forced to meet his eyes.

"Jennie!" he repeated.

Raredan interposed.

"Do not make her put it into words. She is only a child, sir; the thing is new to her. Believe me, it is true." He said to Jennie softly, "Go into the other room while I talk with him. I have not seen you for so long. But we will be together soon now."

Under the mild compulsion of his hand upon her shoulder, she obeyed. Raredan closed the door behind her. After a moment Don opened it and came to join her. In silence themselves, they could hear the voices of the others for a space; could feel

the magnetic charm of Raredan, even through the closed doors. Her grandfather's tones insensibly softened; she perceived that the old man was being won. She began to cry, feeling herself deserted and alone.

Don spoke to her then: "Jennie, dear, don't be unhappy. If you love him, that's all there is to it. You know grandfather and I will do all we can to make things happy for you."

She shook her head hopelessly.

"You're a good boy, Don."

"I saw you at the Throne with him the other day," he confessed honestly. "I just happened to come looking for you. It made me pretty miserable at first; but I'm all right now, as long as things are all right with you."

"I can't talk about it," she said thickly, and he accepted her words as dismissal; and after a little went out into the rain.

Presently Raredan opened the door and summoned her again. Her grandfather, she saw, had fallen under the spell of the man; he seemed vaguely friendly. Raredan led her by the hand, and his great height made him seem to tower.

"The next time, Jennie, I'll come with the minister. Do you understand?"

She said huskily, "Grandfather ——"

"Eh, if you must have him, then you shall," the old man assured her. She felt her last hope gone. Raredan picked up his oiled coat and drew it on, held his hat in his hand.

"It won't be long, Jennie."

There was a smile on his lips, a triumphant strength in his eyes. She thought his countenance in that moment terrifying and implacable, and moved away from him.

The old man's lore of the sea awoke.

"How'll you be making back to the light?" he asked.

"In my boat," Raredan replied confidently.

"You'll have trouble."

Raredan laughed.

"I came in two hours ago, to the Cove. She's at the wharf there. Some things I need."

"Eh, but that was on the slack, and the wind was back of you."

The strong man answered proudly, "I've whipped your tides and your winds often and often, old man. They're tamed now; they've no more heart to contest with me."

"Tide'll take you out the Gut flying. On the ebb 'tis now. But the wind's east and there'll be a rare boil and bubble outside."

"Come to the Head and watch me pass," Raredan challenged. "It will be worth your while."

He opened the door and drove out into the icy rain, confident and assured. The old man wagged his head.

"Eh, he's overproud in his strength, Jennie. Never cross the man."

Jennie made no reply; she felt herself a stranger in her own house, as though Raredan's mark was already upon her. For a while, at the window, she watched his black figure till it disappeared toward the village. She began to wonder where Don had gone; he did not return. Her grandfather brooded before the fire, his lips mumbling; he did not regard her presence there beside him.

After Raredan was out of sight she wandered about the room; but her thoughts were on him still. Soon he would reach the Cove, embark in his boat—so small and frail—and swing out into the mad current of the Gut. She trembled and shuddered and could not be still. When he was half an hour gone she thought he must have reached the Gut, and she could no longer stay idle here. Her oilskins were in the kitchen; she drew them on, changed her shoes for rubber boots.

Her grandfather looked up and asked, "What now, Jennie?"

"I'm going to the Head," she replied.

His mouth widened in a smile.

"Going to see your man pass by? Eh, Jennie, run along with you."

She felt a miserable sorrow to think he had been so easily won to Raredan's side; he was all complaisance now. The cold rain on her cheeks, as she faced toward the Head, was grateful, and refreshed her.

■

TIDES were running high; the wind was strong and from the east. The combination was calculated to twist and rack the waters of the channel outside the Head into a caldron indescribable. When Jennie reached Bloody Rock and took shelter in its lee she looked down upon a scene that was, even from this height, appalling. Where the wind and the tide met, there was a clash of waters that was like the roar of a great cataract. The wind had not yet attained the proportions of a gale; she knew the tumult was not so terrible as it seemed. Yet frightful enough certainly.

Jennie was to some extent accustomed to the ways of the sea; she knew that a dory, well handled, may live amid a turbulence of billows indescribable. But Raredan's boat was not a dory; it was merely a light, high-sided craft of the sort more often seen on fresh water than on salt; more often used as a motorboat tender than for more extended navigation on its own account. It seemed impossible to her that he could survive in such waters as these.

Her eyes searched the waters, thinking he must already have passed through the Gut; but she could not discover him. The Gut itself was like a mill race, the tide surging out with such force that the water heaved itself up in billows, as though the rearward ranks sought to clamber over those ahead. She looked toward the light, thinking he might have won in to the lee of the Pigs, might be waiting there for a lull in the driving eastward wind; but found nowhere the white speck that would be his boat.

It must have been half an hour after she reached the Head before he came in sight; he had, she decided, done some errands in the Cove after leaving the house. She saw his boat far up the channel; saw that he was rowing easily, his eyes on the waters astern; saw him swerve this way and that to avoid the surges that pursued him. There were moments when he rode high upon one of these, his light craft racing, his only care to keep her stern to the current. There were other intervals when in the trough he labored mightily, yet seemed to make but little progress. She forgot herself; leaned against Bloody Rock, while the wind and rain beat against her back and shoulders, and her eyes were riveted upon the struggles of the man in the boat far below.

To run through the Gut at such a stage of the tide was like running a sluice. The small boat gave Jennie a perspective on the proportions of the watery tumult below; she saw that Raredan, barring mischance, would have no difficulty till he had a little passed the Head, till he came into the sweep of the wind. Then it would be necessary for him to breast it, to work in toward the light, or else surrender to the currents and drift off seaward until their force was somewhat spent and he might turn and work back to his goal. It seemed to her impossible that he could accomplish either of these maneuvers. While she waited she hardly seemed to breathe.

Scuds of cloud were flying low above her head, darkening the leaden sky. She knew it must be drawing toward the hour of sundown; knew that dark would on such a night come swiftly. Raredan should be, even now, on the light, preparing for his night's duties there; he could hardly reach it in time; had already neglected his duty for her sake. She thought he would not hold duty very high; thought he would be impatient of criticism on such points as these. And the white boat with its black-clad figure swept below her, and a little past, and approached the beginning of the torment of waters where wind and tide collided. She found her hands clenched into tight fists as she watched.

The thing that followed happened swiftly and naturally enough. At one moment Raredan was approaching the whirlpool, driving his boat with relentless thrusts of his great shoulders. Then his eyes lifted and he saw her on the Head, high above him. With that reckless pride that was part of the man, he released one oar and lifted his hand to wave a greeting to her. At the same moment a wave thrust him sidewise, the oar lifted out of its rowlock and slid easily overside and was instantly astern of him. She saw him scramble to the stern of the boat and vainly attempt to catch it with his hand. The oar itself was already lost to her view, a mere splinter in the white whirl and spume. Having failed to catch it, Raredan came proudly to his feet, his legs braced, and, using the other oar as a paddle, sought to turn his boat against the wind and work back to regain the lost oar. She realized, with something like a gasp, that he had neglected the ordinary precaution of carrying spare blades. He was putting all his strength upon the other oar; she saw his shoulders

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bow. Saw him suddenly overbalance and come near to falling; and when he stood erect again there remained in his hand only a broken butt.

Then the white boat, slowly spinning, sliding up one wave and down the next, yielded itself to the forces of wind and tide, and with an astonishing speed glided toward the open sea. At the same time she perceived that the rain had become sleet; that it was colder; and that night was coming on.

Her eyes were fixed on the receding speck of white. She presently saw that Raredan was bailing desperately; that now and then he shipped more water. Suddenly he rose and lifted his hand to her and held it high above his head, and she understood that he said farewell. Till then she had not fully comprehended; yet she should have known before. No boat, without oars, could live in those waters. Raredan could not live.

Instantly she was overpowered by a rushing flood of unspeakable joy; relief from blackest terror. Her shoulders straightened; she was near to laughing aloud. From her inevitable bondage—she was free!

XI

DON, when he left the house while Raredan was there, had crossed the ridge to look upon the sea; in the shelter of one of the thick cedars he stood watching for unmeasured minutes. When he came home again it was to find Raredan gone, and Jennie gone, and the old man half asleep with his dreams before the fire.

He asked, a dreadful fear at his throat, where Jennie was; and the grandfather said she had gone to the Head. Don nodded and sat down; but after a little he became increasingly uneasy, and put on his oilskins and went out and himself turned along the way Jennie had taken. He had no plan; had only an instinctive feeling that in the increasing force of the storm she might need help or rescue. When he came in sight of her beside Bloody Rock he was reassured; drew nearer without speaking. A little way behind her he stopped and waited. From where he stood it was impossible to see down into the Gut; he did not guess what she was there to watch; and in the intensity of her attention to Raredan's struggles she was so motionless that he had no hint of the emotions that possessed her till that moment when Raredan lifted his hand in a gesture of farewell.

Then, unconsciously, Jennie uttered a low cry; and it drew Don instantly to her side.

He asked, "What's the matter?"

She saw him, stared at him for a moment as though he were a stranger; then she cried "Don! Don!" and came into his arms and clung to him and wept against the wet of his oilskins.

He repeated, "What's the matter? What's the matter?" Then, looking over her head to seaward, he saw the white speck of Raredan's boat; the black figure of the man himself. "Who's that out there?"

"It's him, Don."

"What's he doing?" He was all alert, his voice crisp and hard.

"He broke an oar, and lost one. He hasn't any oars."

Don instantly understood; he thrust her from him.

"You go back to the house! I'll get him!" he cried, and sprang yards away from her down the long slope from the Head toward the cove where his dory lay. He was yards away before she understood; but when she did she pursued him, crying out to him to wait for her. He shouted over his shoulder for her to go home. She did not overtake him till he was in act of launching the heavy dory, forcing it down the narrow beach with a great rail for pry. She caught his arm then.

"You mustn't go, Don!"

He never slacked his efforts.

"I can get him!"

"You'll be drowned!"

"Dory'll live in anything."

"Please, Don!"

"I'll get him for you, Jennie."

"I don't want him!" she wailed. "I don't want him! I'm afraid of him, Don! I've always been afraid of him. Don't go, Don! I won't let you go!"

He stared at her, and laughed a little.

"Afraid of him?"

"He was mean to you, Don. You don't have to go."

The boy answered harshly, "If it was a dog I'd go."

The dory was half in the water, sheltered by the horns of the cove.

"He did everything to hurt you!" she cried passionately. "Taunted you, jeered at you, took me away from you, Don!"

He flung his leg over the dory's gunwale, clambered in and with his oars thrust away from the beach, dropped to his seat and began to row.

His enterprise thus safely begun, he shouted across the widening water to her, in a gay and reassuring tone, "I'll get him, Jennie! And—don't worry about me! I'm coming back to you!"

Then he was met by his antagonist, the wind; his dory was buffeted by the wind's weapon, the sea; and he could no longer give any heed to her. So Jennie turned and slowly climbed back to the Head again, and took up her vigil there.

When she reached the Head she was astonished to see what progress Don had already made. The high sides of the dory caught the following wind; current was with Don. He was already halfway out to where the white speck of Raredan's boat still drifted helplessly. She could see the blot that was Raredan, bowed low. He must, she thought, be bailing desperately. An ignominious chore instead of the struggle he would have loved. And for a time she forgot herself in watching this race that Don was running. Raredan's boat was low, almost awash; he could not long survive. Once overboard in the icy water, and weighted down with boots and oilskins as he was, there would be no chance of life for him. Don was still half a mile away; but the restrained power of his strokes thrust the dory swiftly on. He wasted no time in looking around; he had taken bearings, now drove ahead toward where he knew Raredan must be. She knew how he labored; yet the dory seemed to crawl. It was already so nearly dusk that she could hardly see the two boats; on the water out toward them a thin mist scudded before the wind. It was as though they were being withdrawn from her by a merciful power, willing to spare her sight of the final catastrophe.

Her eyes were, as a matter of fact, on Don's dory when it happened. The white boat—miracle that it had lived so long—must have been caught fairly in the trough at last, and filled, and rolled over and over by a breaking wave. When she looked again it was invisible; but it had been invisible before for seconds on end. Then a wave lifted it into sight and she saw the rounded bottom. It was too dark for her to see, at that distance, a man's head in the water, even though Raredan were still afloat. Don was a quarter mile away. She saw him stand up and look about in an effort to locate the other boat. Then the shadows thickened before her eyes.

For minutes more she could see the dory, dimly; then it was smothered from her sight as the black night settled down. And Jennie crouched by Bloody Rock and waited, eyes straining to pierce the darkness on the sea out there. She missed something; could not at first identify this lack; then she realized that the light was dark. Nodded her head in slow understanding, as though it were a symbol. Aye, the light dark; Raredan gone. She was sorry for him in that hour.

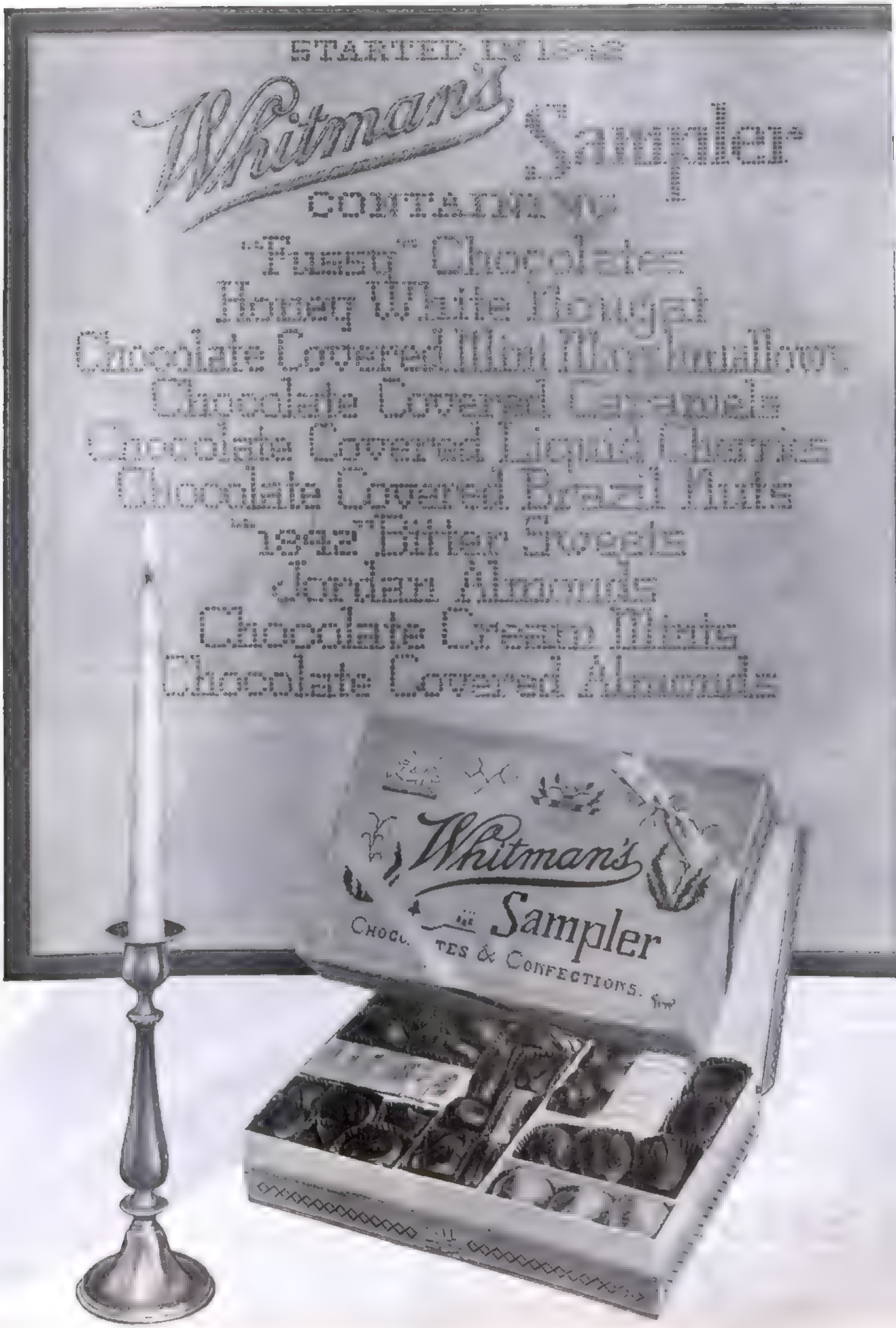
Don? She had never any fear for Don. Concern, yes; but she was sure he would come back. This was not so much her reason as her heart; it sang to her that he would return. She did not go back to the house to get supper; her grandfather was forgotten. For an hour longer she crouched atop the Head; thought, after a time, that the wind was slackening. It was near the end of the ebb; there would be peace off the Gut for a space, only the wind to fight there. She thought Don might cross during this interval; and she went down along the seaward flank of the ridge toward the cove and crouched in the shelter of the bank and waited, eyes staring into the black outside.

After a long time, as she had expected, she heard the clack and clack of his oars; they came so slowly. She perceived at last the black shape of the dory fighting into the cove. When its bow touched the shingle she was there to steady it while Don climbed ashore. The boy was weak with his long effort.

She whispered, "You've come back."

He said weakly, "Couldn't—find him," and collapsed limply at her feet. When by and by his senses returned he found that his head was in her lap, clasped close against her breast; found that Jennie was sheltering him so tenderly against the storm.

(THE END)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THE GENESIS OF THE WAR

(Continued from Page 23)

St. Petersburg. Next day Lichnowsky expressed himself as personally favorable to mediation, and Jagow stated in Berlin that if the relations between Austria and Russia became threatening, he was quite ready to fall in with the proposal that the four powers should work "in favor of moderation." On the twenty-sixth, after the Austrian minister had left Belgrad, and our ambassador at Vienna had reported that war was thought to be imminent, Sir E. Grey went a step further and proposed that the representatives of the four powers should meet in London immediately for the purpose of devising means for preventing further complications. France and Italy promptly agreed, and Sazonoff, on behalf of Russia, intimated that if direct explanations with Vienna were to prove impossible he was ready to accept this or any other method that would bring about a peaceable solution.

The situation was not in itself more difficult, nor did it seem—after the Serbian reply on July twenty-fourth to the Austrian ultimatum, in which every essential point was conceded—less susceptible of accommodation than that which had been successfully handled by similar procedure in 1912–13.

The German ambassador assured Sir E. Grey on the twenty-seventh that his government accepted "in principle" mediation between Austria and Russia by the four powers, reserving, of course, their right as an ally to help Austria if attacked. Either he was misinformed as to the real attitude of the German Government or a sudden change came over the atmosphere in Berlin. For the same day Sir Edward Goschen, our ambassador there, telegraphed to Grey:

Secretary of State says that Conference you suggest would practically amount to a court of arbitration and could not, in his opinion, be called together except at the request of Austria and Russia. He could not therefore fall in with your suggestion, desirous though he was to coöperate for the maintenance of peace.

Bethmann-Hollweg writes in his book:

The French take the view that after the Kaiser's return (on Monday the 27th) there was a change for the worse in tone. I saw nothing of the kind, though I was in constant personal touch with the Kaiser. Quite the reverse; he would not hear of any step being omitted that might be conducive to peace. Our strong pressure on Vienna corresponded with his innermost conviction.

This presentation of the Kaiser's attitude is completely at variance with the contemporary documents. On Lichnowsky's report of Sir E. Grey's suggestion that the four powers should undertake negotiation between Russia and Austria the Emperor wrote:

This is superfluous, as Austria has already made matters clear to Russia, and Grey can propose nothing else. I am not intervening—only if Austria expressly asks me to, which is not probable. One does not consult others in matters of honour and vital questions.

According to Bethmann-Hollweg's own argument the proposal for an ambassador's conference was "an attempt of the Triple Entente to bring the dispute before the tribunal of Europe, or rather before that of the Entente." Every possible endeavor was made by Sir E. Grey to dispel any such misapprehension or misrepresentation of the proposal and to commend it to Austria's ally, whose coöperation he considered essential. The conference, he explained, "would not be an arbitration, but a private and informal discussion to ascertain what suggestion could be made for a settlement. No suggestion would be put forward that had not previously been ascertained to be acceptable to Austria and Russia, with whom the mediating Powers could easily keep in touch through their respective Allies."

XXV

Sir Edward Grey's Peace Efforts

Part II

THE idea of a conference was temporarily kept in reserve while an effort—encouraged by Sir E. Grey, who urged that Austria should not meantime precipitate military action—was made to promote direct negotiations between Austria and Russia. Austria would accept no discussion with the powers on the merits of the dispute between herself and Serbia, and in this uncompromising attitude she was, to say the least, not discouraged by Germany's apologetic manner of transmitting Grey's suggestions and inviting her views on Sazonoff's desire for direct negotiation. "If we reject every mediatory movement," said the chancellor in a telegram to Tschirschky, "it will have the effect of making impossible our position in the country where we must appear in the light of having the war forced on us."

It seemed for a moment as though direct conversations with Russia might be less disagreeable to Austria than European intervention, but the proposal came to nothing. The suggestion of the Russian Government that the means of settling the conflict should be discussed between Sazonoff and the Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg was, in fact, declined by Vienna on the twenty-eighth. Austria refused to delay her military action. She declared war on Serbia on the same day—the twenty-eighth—and immediately thereafter began to bombard Belgrad.

Her dispatch of troops to the front was followed by mobilization by Russia in her four southern conscriptions. Information of this partial mobilization was given in pacific and frank terms to Germany. It was directed only against Austria and was intended, as the Czar's representative at Vienna informed Sir M. de Bunsen, as a clear intimation that Russia must be consulted regarding the fate of Serbia.

Proposals for mediation by the four powers were therefore at once resumed by Sir E. Grey, and pressed in every available quarter with the utmost urgency. He was ready, as he informed Berlin on the twenty-eighth, to propose that the German secretary of state should suggest the lines on which the principle of mediation should be applied. "The whole idea of mediation or mediating influence," he said in a telegram to our ambassador on the twenty-ninth, "was ready to be put into operation by any method that Germany could suggest, if mine was not acceptable." In fact mediation was ready to come into operation "by any method that Germany thought possible if only Germany would 'press the button' in the interests of peace." His offers, suggestions and appeals, fully supported by France, were fruitless.

Bethmann-Hollweg has asserted that Germany "could not save peace because St. Petersburg was recalcitrant. And St. Petersburg refused because England did not curb its bellicosity." Not only did England endeavor to curb bellicosity wherever her influence could reach but Russia continued to express her own desire for peace if that could be secured consistently with her duty and interests. Sazonoff stated on the twenty-ninth that any arrangement approved by France and England for a conference would be acceptable to him and he did not care what form such conversations took. "Down to the last moment," he assured the French ambassador on the thirtieth, "I will negotiate."

A remarkable letter, published after the war in the Deutsche Politik, was addressed by the Kaiser to Bethmann-Hollweg, on the twenty-eighth. The Kaiser practically admitted that with the Serbian capitulation every reason for war fell to the ground; but he went on to say that in order that the fine promises and undertakings of the Serbs might be made good, it would be necessary for Austria to exercise a *douce violence* by a temporary military occupation of a part of their country. This, he held, was also necessary in order to afford to the army an external *satisfaction d'honneur* which he declared to be "a preliminary condition of my mediation." This was the man who has subsequently represented himself as a mediator whose efforts had been frustrated.

The sentiment expressed by the Kaiser was shared by the German chancellor. On the twenty-ninth he informed Sir Edward Goschen that he had dispatched a message to Vienna, in which "he explained that, although a certain desire had, in his opinion, been shown in the Serbian reply to meet the demands of Austria, he understood entirely that, without some sure guaranties that Serbia would carry out in their entirety the demands made upon her, the Austro-Hungarian Government could not rest satisfied in view of their past experience." He advised them, however, to speak openly in the sense, already conveyed to Russia, that they had no territorial designs. On this point Sir E. Grey's comment to the Austrian ambassador was that it would be quite possible, without nominally interfering with the independence of Serbia or taking away any of her territory, to turn her into a sort of vassal state.

"It had, of course," as Lichnowsky subsequently wrote, "needed but a hint from Berlin to induce Count Berchtold to be satisfied with a diplomatic success. But this hint was not given. On the contrary the war was hurried on." (It was urged on by the advice of the Kaiser and the chancellor with regard to the necessity of guaranties.) Lichnowsky recorded:

The impression is becoming more and more firmly established that we wanted the war in any circumstances. No other interpretation could be placed upon our attitude in a question that did not concern us directly at all. The earnest pleadings and definite declarations of M. Sazonoff, later on the positively humble telegrams of the Tsar, Sir Edward Grey's repeated proposals, the warnings of the Marquis San Giuliano and Signor Bollati, my urgent advice—all were useless.

XXVI

Sir Edward Grey's Efforts for Peace

Part III

THE attempt personally to influence the Czar was, according to Bethmann-Hollweg's book, the consequence of the Kaiser's own initiative in his telegram of the twenty-ninth. It has been shown, however, that before the Kaiser's telegram—although prepared two or three hours earlier—was dispatched from Berlin, early in the morning of the twenty-ninth, a telegram had arrived from the Czar imploring William in the name of their old friendship to prevent his ally from going too far. The Kaiser's telegram was to the effect that if Russia mobilized against Austria his position as mediator would become impossible. Nicholas replied that the military measures put into operation by Russia were taken solely by way of defense against Austria's preparations. He suggested the submission of the Austro-Serbian dispute to the Hague Conference, but the chancellor telegraphed to the German ambassador that that would be out of the question. From the exchange of telegrams, as the French ambassador at St. Petersburg stated, the Czar had received the impression that Germany did not wish to pronounce at Vienna the decisive word which would safeguard peace.

On the thirtieth there were symptoms of a momentary *détente*, and Germany seemed at last to be disposed to tender conciliatory advice. Perhaps she was influenced by the warning, given by Sir E. Grey to Lichnowsky, that Germany must not count upon Great Britain standing aside in all circumstances. "Faced with a conflagration in which England might go against them, and according to all indications, Italy and Rumania not with them," the German Government represented to Vienna the danger of the refusal of any interchange of opinion with St. Petersburg. The Austrian cabinet, though refraining from going into the merits of the English proposal, decided to "show complaisance in the form of its reply." Another telegram from Bethmann-Hollweg was sent off on the evening of the thirtieth urgently recommending Austria to accept Grey's proposal; otherwise it would be hardly possible any longer to shift the guilt of the conflagration on to Russia. This telegram was, however, canceled.

There were two currents of influence at Berlin—the political and the military. "Two conflicting tendencies," says Kautsky, "were fighting for the decision which depended on the unstable Kaiser." As the undersecretary of state informed an ambassador, the military authorities were very anxious that mobilization should be ordered, because delay made Germany lose some of her advantages.

Early on the morning of the thirtieth the German ambassador at St. Petersburg had an interview with the foreign minister and "completely broke down on seeing that war was inevitable." He appealed to M. Sazonoff to make some suggestion which he could telegraph to his government as a last hope, and M. Sazonoff drew up a conciliatory formula as follows:

If Austria, recognizing that her conflict with Serbia has assumed the character of a question of European interest, declares herself ready to eliminate from her ultimatum points which violate principle of sovereignty of Serbia, Russia engages to stop all military preparations.

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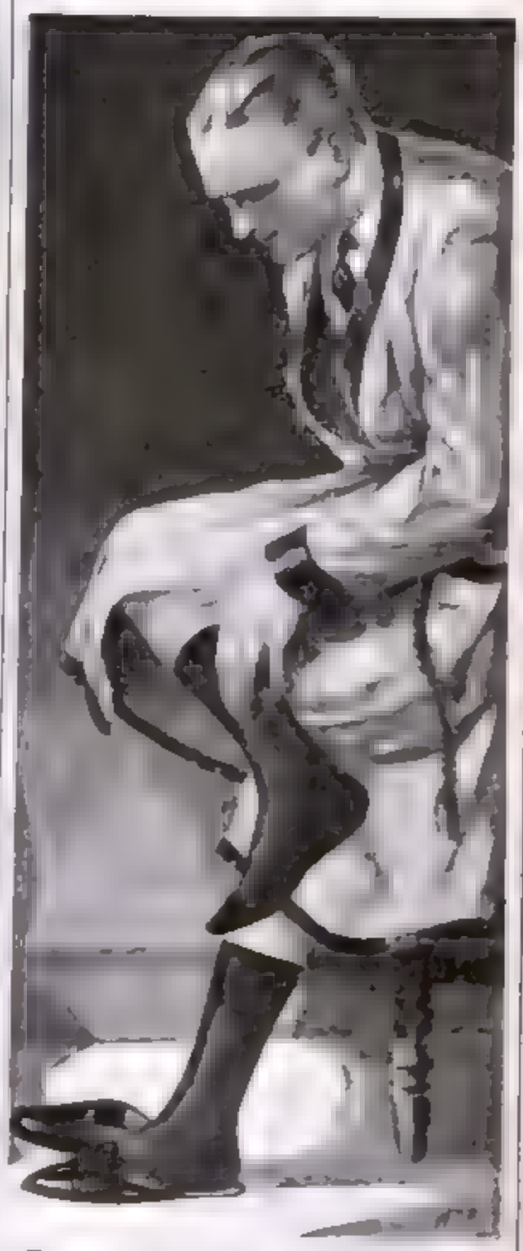

For all the Family

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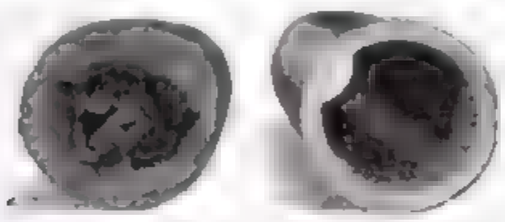

Ordinary Iron Pipe Anaconda Brass Pipe
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The same day Sir E. Grey suggested that if the Austrian advance were stopped after the occupation of Belgrad, he thought the Russian minister's formula might be changed to read, that the powers would examine how Serbia could fully satisfy Austria without impairing Serbian sovereign rights or independence. The formula was amended in accordance with this proposal.

On July thirty-first Russia and Austria mobilized against each other. Conflicting statements were issued as to which power took the first step in substituting general for partial mobilization. Austria, according to her intimation, was "compelled to respond" to Russian action. On the other hand, the Russian order was described at St. Petersburg "as a result of the general mobilization of Austria and of the measures for mobilization taken secretly, but continuously by Germany for the last six days." Bethmann-Hollweg has asserted that the statement regarding German measures was an invention. Secret mobilization, he says, was out of the question in Germany. An extra edition of the Berlin Lokalanzeiger on the thirtieth "falsely" reported that the German army had been mobilized. "So far as could be ascertained from the official inquiry that was at once instituted, it appeared that employes of this paper had been instigated by quite unconscionable excess of professional zeal." A curious explanation!

On the eve of the war the tension between Russia and Germany was much greater than between Austria and Russia. "As between the latter," wrote our ambassador at Vienna, "an arrangement seemed almost in sight." On the evening of the thirty-first, the Austrian ambassador in Paris announced that his government had officially advised Russia that it had no territorial ambition, and that it would not touch the sovereignty of the state of Serbia. Discussions, as Sir E. Grey learned with great satisfaction, were being resumed between Vienna and St. Petersburg. He still believed "that it might be possible to secure peace if only a little respite in time can be gained before any Great Power begins war." Austria at any rate was apparently anxious to remove the impression that she had banged the door on compromise or on conversations.

"Unfortunately," as Sir M. de Bunsen wrote, "these conversations at St. Petersburg and Vienna were cut short by the transfer of the dispute to the more dangerous ground of a direct conflict between Germany and Russia. Germany intervened by means of her double ultimatums to St. Petersburg and Paris."

Meantime there was a final exchange of telegrams between the Czar and the Kaiser. In a telegram on the thirty-first the Czar gave his solemn word that as long as the negotiations continued his troops would undertake no provocative action. This message crossed one from the Kaiser, who said it rested in the hand of the Czar by discontinuing military preparations to avert the misfortune which threatened the entire civilized world.

Germany intimated the same day that the state of danger of war, which she had then declared, would be followed by general mobilization if Russia did not undertake within twelve hours to demobilize. It was remarkable that, just when Russia and Austria were ready to converse, the German Government should have presented this ultimatum. The compiler of the German White Book states that, although no reply to the ultimatum was ever received in Berlin, two hours after the expiration of the time limit on the first of August the Czar telegraphed to the Kaiser recognizing Germany's right to mobilize, but requesting from him the same guaranty which he himself had given to William—that the mobilization measures did not mean war. The Kaiser, in reply, declined to enter upon that subject, but asked the Czar without delay to order his troops not to commit under any circumstances "the slightest violation of our frontiers." This telegram did not reach the Czar till after the note declaring war had been handed by the German ambassador to the Russian Government.

The reason of the haste has been confessed. Bethmann-Hollweg writes:

> We were not in complete agreement among ourselves as to how we were to proceed officially. The War Minister, General von Falkenhayn, thought it was a mistake to declare war on Russia, because he feared that the political effect would be prejudicial to us. The Chief of the General Staff, General von Moltke, was on the other hand in favour of declaring war . . . because our hope of success . . . was dependent on the extreme rapidity of our movements. I myself agreed with the view of General von Moltke.

The appropriate comment was made by Sir M. de Bunsen in his survey of the negotiations at Vienna. "A few days' delay might in all probability," he said, "have saved Europe from one of the greatest calamities in history."

XXVII

The Eve of the War

IT HAS been contended that war between the great powers might have been avoided if Sir Edward Grey had from the outset made our own position clear, and shown that we were prepared to take action by the side of France and Russia. This contention, repeated by political critics at home after the event, was naturally put forward during the negotiations. Immediately after the presentation of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, M. Sazonoff urged, in conversation with Sir George Buchanan, that we should proclaim our complete solidarity with Russia and France. He went so far as to say that if we took our stand firmly with them there would be no war.

Our ambassador at once made the right answer. Direct British interests in the Serbian-Austrian controversy were nil. Our only object was to secure mediation, and "England could play the rôle of mediator at Berlin and Vienna to better purpose as a friend who, if her counsels of moderation were disregarded, might one day be converted into an ally, than if she were to declare herself Russia's ally at once." Later, when Sazonoff again questioned him, the ambassador, whose attitude was warmly approved by Sir E. Grey, told the Russian minister that he was mistaken if he believed that the cause of peace could be promoted by our announcing to the German Government that they would have to deal with us as well as with Russia and France if Germany supported Austria by force of arms. "Their attitude would merely be stiffened by such a menace, and we could only induce Germany to use her influence at Vienna to avert war by approaching her in the capacity of a friend who was anxious to preserve peace."

I may say here, by way of parenthesis, that we were singularly fortunate in these critical days in having as our representatives at Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg, three diplomatists so qualified to handle a situation of almost unexampled difficulty, by long experience, trained insight, and complete understanding of both the aims and the methods of British policy, as Sir E. Goschen, Sir M. de Bunsen, and Sir G. Buchanan.

No evidence of any value has been or can be adduced to prove that a threatening or even an uncompromising attitude on our part would have turned Germany and Austria from the path on which they had entered. On the contrary, the evidence is all the other way. Bethmann-Hollweg himself has ridiculed the idea that Germany made a miscalculation in counting in all events on English neutrality. "This," he writes, "is one of those misrepresentations that are common in political controversy, even when they run counter to facts." His attempts at an understanding with England which he "began with his entry into office and continued regardless of failure" showed, as he asserts, that he "realized the English peril at least as well as those whose noisy naval policy was only aggravating the evil."

Our position was, from the first, made clear enough. Sir E. Grey stated plainly to the German ambassador on July twenty-seventh that if Germany assisted Austria against Russia, other issues might be raised which would supersede the local dispute between Austria and Serbia. Other powers would be brought in, and the war "would be the biggest ever known." The Russian ambassador, Count Benckendorff, on the other hand, deprecated the effect that must be produced by the impression that in any event we should stand aside. This impression, Grey pointed out, ought to be dispelled by the orders which were given on Sunday, the twenty-sixth, to the fleet, then still concentrated at Portland, not to disperse, as had been intended, on Monday, for maneuver leave. Though abstaining from any threat, he mentioned that fact also to the Austrian ambassador

(Continued on Page 96)

"Here's Taylor's bill; ten days late again and it has two errors this time. John, I've bought there for the last time."

What kind of comment does your statement get?

YOUR customers, especially women, like an easy-to-read, itemized statement that they can understand at a glance.

Making it easy for them to pay you promptly has as much bearing on your profits as intelligent service over the counter. Prompt, accurate statements make for prompt collections.

Baker-Vawter can help you get out statements like that, accurate ones, in the mail at the right time.

In 35 years we've helped improve the records and equipment of nearly every known kind of business. We've learned things that will help *your* business. Write us about your problem; we'll gladly tell you if we can help you. You needn't take advice we may give unless you want to.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., the big New York concern, put in a Baker-Vawter system to take care of their statement problem. Now two men and five girls handle a growing business that formerly needed seventeen bookkeepers. Accurate information or the status of an account is instantly available; books are balanced daily; statements are mailed on the first.

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In Chicago, "Yellow Cab" stands as a synonym for low taxi fares and satisfactory service.

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Service begets service. What the Company does for its men is reflected in the service they, in turn, render the public.

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"Our entire system of pay-roll and statistical work," says Mr. Huttel, the Comptroller, "is built around the Comptometer. We have used it with excellent results since the Yellow Cab first began business. Our operators strongly favor the Controlled-key because of the security it affords against errors from partial key-strokes. Its automatic action relieves the strain of watching for such faults and enables them to work faster."

Whether your problem be pay-roll or anything else in which high speed adding and calculating is essential to economy, let a Comptometer man come in and talk it over.

For over 35 years the Comptometer has stood at the head of the quality class

It has been said of this or that machine that "it is like the Comptometer"; that "it works the same as the Comptometer"; or even that "it is as good as the Comptometer."

But how seldom, if ever, have you heard anyone claim for any machine that it is "better than the Comptometer"! Thus, the Comptometer is tacitly recognized as the standard of excellence in quality and performance for adding and calculating machines of its type.

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If not made by Felt & Tarrant, it's not a Comptometer

Only the Comptometer has the Controlled-key safeguard

CONTROLLED KEY
Comptometer
ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

(Continued from Page 94)

"as an illustration of the anxiety that was felt."

On the twenty-ninth, although, as he explained to M. Paul Cambon, the government had not decided what to do in a contingency which he still hoped might not arise, he told Lichnowsky in a quite private and friendly way what was in his mind. This is the gist of what he said: There would be no question of our intervening if Germany was not involved, or even if France was not involved. But we know very well that if the issue should become such that we thought British interests required us to intervene, we must intervene at once, and the decision would have to be very rapid, just as the decisions of other powers had to be.

"I hoped that the friendly tone of our conversations would continue as at present, and that I should be able to keep as closely in touch with the German Government in working for peace. But if we failed in our efforts to keep the peace, and if the issue spread so that it involved practically every European interest, I did not wish to be open to any reproach from him that the friendly tone of all our conversations had misled him or his government into supposing that we should not take action, and that, if they had not been so misled, the course of things might have been different."

Sir E. Grey, indeed, had through all the earlier phases and stages of these negotiations, with the governing purpose of preserving peace, to follow two distinct though parallel lines:

To make Germany realize that Great Britain might come in. To make it clear to France and Russia that we were free either to come in or to keep out.

Notwithstanding Bethmann-Hollweg's denial that Germany counted on English neutrality, Sir E. Grey's warning words to Lichnowsky excited the anger of the Kaiser, which finds expression in his marginal comments on the ambassador's report of the conversation. "The greatest and most scandalous piece of English pharisaism," he wrote, "that I have ever seen!" At the mention of Grey's wish to be spared the subsequent reproach of insincerity his comment is: "Aha! the low scoundrel! He has been insincere all these years down to his latest speech. . . . Most mean and Mephistophelean! But genuinely English."

On July twenty-ninth what Sir E. Goschen described as a "strong bid" was made at Berlin for British neutrality. It was a singularly maladroit maneuver. The chancellor, who "had just returned from Potsdam," sent for our ambassador to tell him that, provided the neutrality of Great Britain were certain, every assurance would be given that Germany aimed at no territorial acquisition at the expense of France. When, however, Sir E. Goschen questioned him about the French colonies he was "unable to give a similar undertaking in that respect." Apparently his undertaking would not have covered even the case of Morocco. He added that so long as others respected the neutrality of the Netherlands, Germany would do likewise. As to Belgium, when the war was over, her integrity would be safeguarded if she had not sided against Germany.

The chancellor trusted that these assurances might form the basis of the understanding which he so much desired. He had in mind, as Sir E. Goschen reported, "a general neutrality agreement between England and Germany, though it was of course at the present moment too early to discuss details." In preparing a memorandum of his declaration the chancellor seems to have experienced some difficulty, and drafted no less than three versions. In one of them he coupled a general treaty of neutrality with a naval understanding. The naval allusion, however, at once disappeared. In fact the Kaiser, in his comments on Lichnowsky's dispatch, had written: "I shall never make a naval agreement with such rascals."

It is needless to say that the British Government would not for a moment entertain the idea of neutrality on any such terms. Sir E. Grey spurned the suggestion. It would, he said, be a disgrace for us to make such a bargain, "a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover." Neither could we traffic away our treaty obligations to Belgium.

The one way of maintaining the good relations between England and Germany, Grey instructed our ambassador to say to the chancellor, was that they should continue to work together to preserve the peace of Europe.

If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavour will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia and ourselves, jointly or separately. I have desired this and worked for it, as far as I could, through the last Balkan crisis, and, Germany having a corresponding object, our relations sensibly improved. The idea has hitherto been too Utopian to form the subject of definite proposals, but if this present crisis, so much more acute than any that Europe has gone through for generations, be safely passed, I am hopeful that the relief and reaction which will follow may make possible more definite rapprochement between the Powers than has been possible hitherto.

This struck the keynote of British policy.

Germany's response was to declare war on Russia, and on the eve of presenting the ultimatum at St. Petersburg she addressed a further challenge to France.

Her designs on her western neighbor were not fully disclosed at the time. We have seen that the self-denying undertaking she was prepared to give in order to buy our neutrality did not extend to France's colonies. Yet another sinister proposal—as is now known—lay hidden in her secret instructions to her ambassador in Paris.

The ambassador, Baron von Schoen, on July thirty-first, asked M. Viviani, who had fully gathered up the threads of diplomacy on his return with M. Poincaré two days previously from the voyage to Russia, what the attitude of France would be in the event of war between Germany and Russia. He was to call next day for the answer. M. Viviani naturally replied at once that France would have regard to her own interests. Baron von Schoen, in fact, on calling on the following morning, said of his own accord that her attitude was not doubtful. He mentioned that he had packed up.

The telegram from the German chancellor on which the ambassador in Paris acted was published to the world only during the war. It contained in a specially complicated and secret cipher an instruction which it could not have been agreeable for any diplomatist to carry out, who had either respect for the honor of his own country or consideration for the state to which he was accredited. It was as follows:

If the French Government declares that it will remain neutral, your Excellency will be good enough to inform it that, as guarantee of this neutrality, we must insist on the handing over to us of the fortresses of Toul and Verdun, which we shall occupy, and which we shall restore after the completion of the war against Russia.

"That," says M. Poincaré, "was the reward that was to be offered to us in the event of our repudiating our alliance with Russia." The proposed demand was worthy of the authors of the suggestion already made to Great Britain. It is significant of the psychology of the directors of German policy that they could have imagined that a proud country, even if tempted, as France never was tempted, to desert an ally, could have entertained a demand to hand over her fortresses as a pledge of her good faith and to place herself at the mercy of the power which was engaged in the meantime in crushing that ally.

Bethmann-Hollweg, referring in his book to the incident, writes of French neutrality as an unlikely event. He accounts for the proposal regarding the fortresses by saying:

If France had actually given a declaration of neutrality, we should have had to expect that the French Army would have completed their preparations in every detail, under the protection of an apparent neutrality, so as the better to fall upon us at such time as we might be deeply involved in the East. We had to have good guarantees against this, and our military authorities considered that an occupation of Toul and Verdun for the war would have sufficed.

But of all Germany's offers to extort or to buy neutrality, her offer to Belgium was the most amazing and audacious. Though France, in response to Sir E. Grey's inquiry, immediately renewed her engagement to respect Belgian neutrality, Germany declined to give the same assurance. What she did was to present an ultimatum at Brussels, intimating her intention to enter Belgian territory, offering the maintenance of friendly neutrality on the condition of free passage to her troops, and threatening in the event of refusal to consider Belgium as an enemy.

It was this, her deliberate menace to the independence and integrity of that state, followed as it was by the moving appeal of King Albert to King George, which finally

determined the action of the British cabinet, and the attitude of the British people. Speaking in the House of Commons on July thirtieth, when there was still a hope of peace, and I was asking the House to postpone the Irish Amending Bill, I used these words:

It is of vital importance that this country, which has no interests of its own directly at stake, should present a united front, and be able to speak and to act with the authority of an undivided nation.

It is useless to speculate upon what might have happened had Germany avoided the fatal blunder of the Belgian violation. But it is certain that the British nation could not then have gone into war with a united front.

It is well to recall the language used by Sir E. Grey to our ambassador in Paris, before it was yet clear that the outrage on Belgium was a certainty. He wrote:

Up to the present moment we did not feel, and public opinion did not feel, that any treaties or obligations of this country were involved. Further developments might alter this situation, and cause the Government and Parliament to take the view that intervention was justified. The preservation of the neutrality of Belgium might be, I would not say, a decisive but an important factor in determining our attitude.

As late as the first of August he said to the German ambassador:

Our hands are still free. Our attitude will be determined largely I will not say entirely—by the question of Belgium, which appeals very strongly to public opinion here.

On the second of August the French ambassador in London writes to his government:

The protection of Belgian neutrality is here considered so important that Great Britain will regard its violation by Germany as a *casus belli*. It is a specially British interest and there is no doubt that the British Government, faithful to the traditions of their policy, will insist upon it, even if the business world, in which German influence is making tenacious efforts, exercises pressure to prevent the Government committing itself against Germany.

On the third of August, in his speech in the House of Commons, after stating that news had just reached him of the German ultimatum to Belgium, Sir E. Grey dealt at length with the history and character of our obligations to Belgium. He cited among other authorities Mr. Gladstone's words:

We have an interest in the independence of Belgium which is wider than that which we may have in the literal operation of the guarantee. It is found in the answer to the question whether under the circumstances of the case this country, endowed as it is with influence and power, would quietly stand by and witness the perpetration of the direst crime that ever stained the pages of history and thus become participators in the sin.

Sir E. Grey proceeded to show that now not only the sanctity of treaties but the independence of the smaller states had been directly put in issue.

German troops crossed the Belgian frontier on the morning of the fourth of August. An ultimatum was forthwith sent to Berlin by His Majesty's Government. "Just for a scrap of paper," said the German chancellor to our ambassador, "Great Britain is going to make war on a kindred nation who desires nothing better than to be friends with her."

The expression "a scrap of paper," as its author admits, was perhaps an indiscretion, but he pleads that his blood boiled at Goschen's "hypocritical harping on Belgian neutrality, which was not the thing that had driven England into war." At the same time in his book he throws on the army the responsibility for the fatal step. He writes:

Military opinion held that a condition of success for the Western offensive was passage through Belgium. Herein, political and military interests came into sharp conflict. The offence against Belgium was obvious, and the general political consequences of such an offence were in no way obscure. The chief of the General Staff, General von Moltke, was not blind to this consideration but declared that it was a case of absolute military necessity. I had to accommodate my view to his. . . . The ultimatum to Belgium was consequently the political execution of a decision that was considered militarily indispensable. But I also stand by what I said on the 4th August when I admitted our offence, and at the same time adduced our dire need as both compelling and condoning it.

By what we in this country said and did on the third and fourth of August we also stand. Bethmann-Hollweg quotes in a summary form from a speech delivered in the House of Commons two days later by myself, whom he describes as a "practical politician":

If I am asked what we are fighting for I can reply in two sentences. In the first place we are fighting to fulfil a solemn international obligation . . . secondly we are fighting to vindicate the principle that small nationalities are not to be crushed, in defiance of international good faith, by the arbitrary will of a strong and overmastering Power.

That was the British *casus belli*.

This chapter may fitly conclude with the account, based on a memorandum made by Mr. Page, which is given by Mr. Page's biographer, of the interview between the American ambassador and the foreign secretary on the afternoon of the day—August fourth—on which the British ultimatum was sent.

The meeting took place at three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, August 4th—a fateful date in modern history. The time represented the interval which elapsed between the transmission of the British ultimatum to Germany and the hour set for the German reply. The place was that same historic room in the Foreign Office where so many interviews had already taken place and where so many were to take place in the next four years. As Page came in, Sir Edward, a tall and worn and rather pallid figure, was standing against the mantelpiece; he greeted the Ambassador with a grave handshake and the two men sat down. Overwrought the Foreign Secretary may have been, after the racking week which had just passed, but there was nothing flurried or excited in his manner, his whole bearing was calm and dignified, his speech was quiet and restrained, he uttered not one bitter word against Germany, but his measured accents had a sureness, a conviction of the justice of his cause, that went home in almost deadly fashion. He sat in a characteristic pose, his elbows resting on the sides of his chair, his hands folded and placed beneath his chin, the whole body leaning forward eagerly and his eyes searching those of his American friend.

Sir Edward at once referred to the German invasion of Belgium.

"The neutrality of Belgium," and there was the touch of finality in his voice, "is assured by treaty. Germany is a signatory power to that treaty. It is upon such solemn compacts as this that civilization rests. If we give them up or permit them to be violated, what becomes of civilization? Ordered society differs from mere force only by such solemn agreements or compacts. But Germany has violated the neutrality of Belgium. That means bad faith. It means also the end of Belgium's independence. And it will not end with Belgium. Next will come Holland, and, after Holland, Denmark. This very morning the Swedish Minister informed me that Germany had made overtures to Sweden to come in on Germany's side. The whole plan is thus clear. This one great military power means to annex Belgium, Holland, and the Scandinavian States and to subjugate France.

"England would be forever contemptible," Sir Edward said, "if it should sit by and see this treaty violated. Its position would be gone if Germany were thus permitted to dominate Europe. I have therefore asked you to come to tell you that this morning we sent an ultimatum to Germany. We have told Germany that, if this assault on Belgium's neutrality is not reversed, England will declare war."

"Do you expect Germany to accept it?" asked the Ambassador.

Sir Edward shook his head.

"No. Of course everybody knows that there will be war."

There was a moment's pause and then the Foreign Secretary spoke again;

"Yet we must remember that there are two Germanys. There is the Germany of men like ourselves—of men like Lichnowsky and Jagow. Then there is the Germany of men of the war party. The war party has got the upper hand."

At this point Sir Edward's eyes filled with tears.

"Thus the efforts of a lifetime go for nothing. I feel like a man who has wasted his life."

Sir Edward then asked the Ambassador to explain the situation to President Wilson; he expressed the hope that the United States would take an attitude of neutrality and that Great Britain might look for "the courtesies of neutrality" from this country. Page tried to tell him of the sincere pain that such a war would cause the President and the American people.

"I came away," the Ambassador afterwards said, "with a sort of stunned sense of the impending ruin of half the world."*

XXVIII

At War

AT MIDNIGHT on Tuesday, August fourth, Great Britain and Germany were at war. The order for the mobilization of the British army had been given on Monday, the third. There were some of us who still hoped against hope that a clear and public declaration of our conception of

*Life and Letters of W. H. Page, Vol. I, p. 313.

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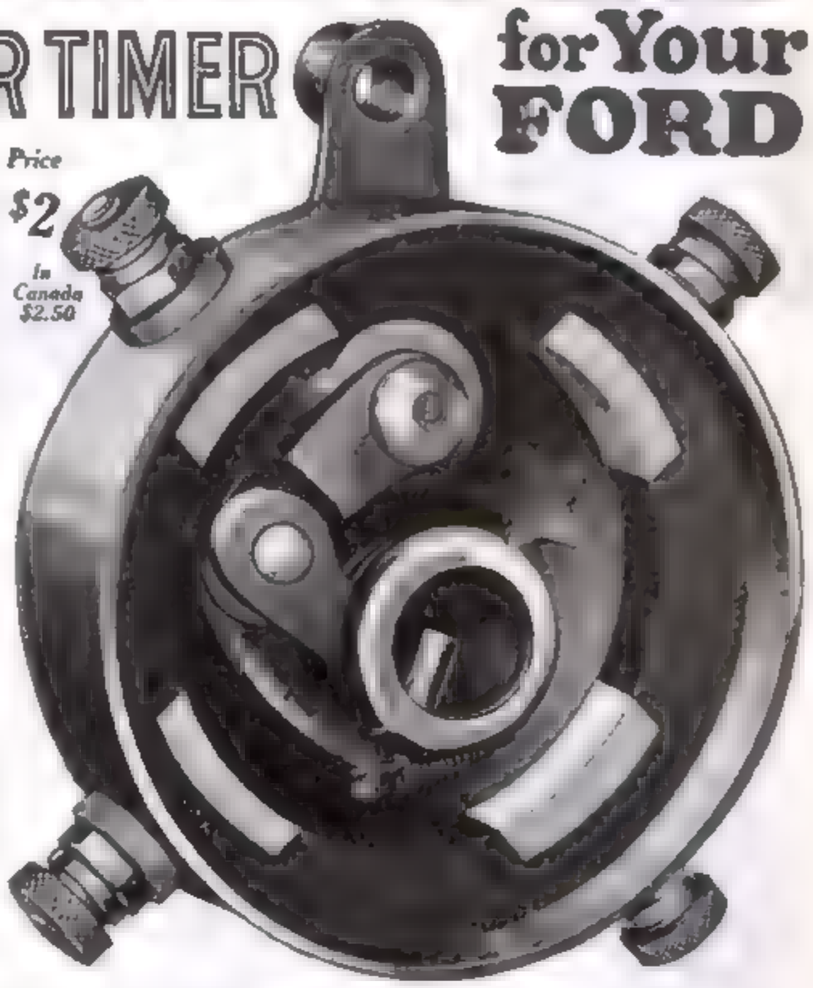

Price $2 In Canada $2.50

ON the front end of your Ford motor is a timer resembling this one. The roller, revolving with the cam shaft, passes over the contact segments, firing in turn, all four cylinders in one complete revolution.

The job of getting the most out of your motor is up to the timer. A powerful motor with speed and "get away" free of carbon, quiet, smooth-running—comes with the right timer.

Extreme accuracy and wearability are the two essentials—accuracy to fire each cylinder at exactly the proper instant, when all valves are closed and compression is at its height, burning every charge of gas completely—and the wearability to do this month after month in the hardest kind of service.

Examine your timer. It's a simple job. Remove the shell without disconnecting the wiring. Feel the race. Is it smooth as glass and flawless? It should be. Is the roller smooth and round? Does it roll true? If it's lop-sided or bumpy discard it. Apply the same test to any timer you buy.

Speed Up Your Ford With a RED STAR

YOUR Ford motor is a rugged power plant; it will take you up hills in high, pass other cars on the road and give you thousands of miles of good service—if it is accurately timed. Don't climb hills or pull through sand in low when you should do it in high.

A poor timer means unburned gas, carbon, overheating, missing motor, loss of power, knocks and repair bills. It takes only ten minutes to put new life in your Ford. Take off your old worn timer and put on a Red Star.

How Is a Good Timer Made?

If you want your Ford to start easily, run smoothly and always deliver its full power you must equip it with a good timer. The roller and race must be smooth and even without pits or bumps. The roller must make a perfect contact as it passes over each segment.

The perfect combination of working parts in a Red Star has been determined after exhaustive tests and years of hard use. The Red Star Roller is made of 100 point carbon tool steel—uniformly hard throughout. Surface hardened rollers quickly wear uneven, get bumpy and pound the race, causing poor contact, loss of power and endless motor trouble.

In a Red Star Race the extra thick contact segments and the "short-proof" fibre have exactly the same resistance to wear. This assures you a smooth and even race at all times.

Compare a Red Star with Other Timers

The Red Star Roller of 100 point carbon tool steel is ground accurately like a tool—ground and polished to a mirror surface. The Race is lathe-turned and polished.

Take an ordinary timer and compare it side by side with a Red Star. Note especially the thick contact segments in the Red Star Race—no feather edge to wear or eat away and change the firing period of your motor.

Run your finger around the Race. Both the Race and Roller are polished and finished as smooth as glass so that they will always make a perfect contact.

If you compare a Red Star carefully with any other timer, part for part, you will be convinced, as thousands of other Ford owners have been, that a Red Star for $2.00 is a wiser investment than $2.00 worth of cheap timers.

Every Red Star undergoes nine tests and a final inspection. This vigilance is constantly maintained in order to assure every Red Star user a mechanically perfect timer. For your protection we have put the Red Star on the box and stamped it on the shell. Insist on a Red Star Timer. Every dealer who is sincerely interested in making your Ford motor operate perfectly and in saving you unnecessary repair bills, carries Red Stars or will get one for you immediately from his wholesale house. Red Stars are carried in stock by wholesale houses in every section of the country.

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Made from genuine asbestos for use on larger cars. Buy it for Better Brakes and Longer Wear.

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Never needs adjustment.

Stretches and "Comes back"

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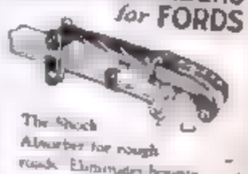

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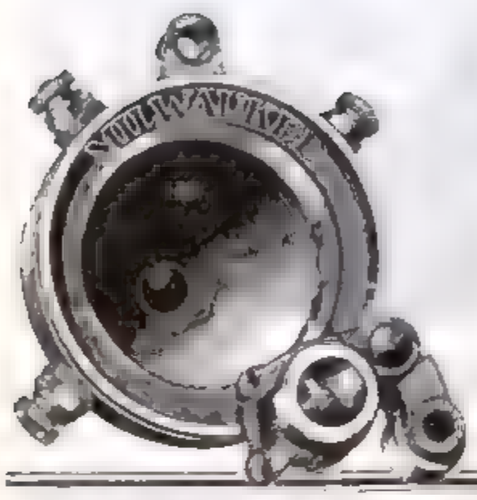

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our obligations might, even then, arrest a great international crime. Hence Sir Edward Grey's historic speech in the House of Commons on Monday, August third, from which I have already quoted, which was followed by our ultimatum to Germany, requiring her to give us an assurance by midnight the following day, that the neutrality of Belgium would be respected.

The evidence of national unity in accepting the arbitrament of war, the mere thought of which only a week before would have been scouted by millions of our fellow countrymen as a wild imagination, was unmistakable. Already on Sunday the Unionist leaders had proffered their cooperation. Even more significant was the response made in the House of Commons on Monday by Mr. Redmond on behalf of the Irish Nationalists. Germany had undoubtedly counted that in any event Great Britain would be kept back from active participation in the European struggle by the imminence of civil war in Ireland. As it was, it may almost be said that the two rival Irish parties vied with each other in fervid and active support of the policy of the British Government.

For this unification and consolidation of opinion in every part of the United Kingdom, the German Government—or in other words the dominant military clique in Berlin—had only themselves to thank. They had deliberately outraged, by one and the same act, two deep-seated sentiments which, alike in Great Britain and in Ireland, are always alive and ready to show themselves alert—the sense of the sanctity of treaty obligations, and the feeling that it is impossible for people of our blood and history to be content to stand by and help to keep a ring while a big bully sets to work to thrash and trample to the ground a victim who has given him no provocation and who is his equal in everything but size and physical strength.

It is to be remembered that a somewhat similar situation had arisen after the publication, on July 25, 1870, of the secret Benedetti "project" of 1867, of which one of the proposed stipulations was that Russia should not object to the incorporation of Belgium by France. The British Government took prompt action which can be best here described in Lord Morley's words:

> On July 30, they (the Cabinet) met and took a decision to which Mr. Gladstone then and always after attached high importance. England proposed a treaty to Prussia and France, providing that if the armies of either violated the neutrality of Belgium, Great Britain would cooperate with the others for its defence, but without engaging to take part in the general operations of the war. The treaty was to hold good for twelve months after the conclusion of the War. Bismarck at once came into the engagement. France loitered a while, but after the battle of Wörth made no more difficulty, and the instrument was signed on August 9th.*

Lord Morley proceeds to quote from a letter addressed by Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Bright, who was uneasy at our undertaking an engagement which might involve us in the use of force:

> The publication of the treaty . . . has thrown upon us the necessity either of doing something fresh to secure Belgium or else of saying that under no circumstances would we take any step to secure her from absorption. The publication has wholly altered the feeling of the House of Commons, and no government could at this moment venture to give utterance to such an intention about Belgium. But neither do we think it would be right, even if it were safe, to announce that we would in any case stand by with folded arms, and see actions done which would amount to a total extinction of public right in Europe.

He adds in a later letter:

> If the Belgian people desire on their own account to join France or any other country, I for one will be no party to taking up arms to prevent it. But that the Belgians, whether they would or not, should go "plump" down the maw of another country to satisfy dynastic greed is another matter.

The two cases are not identical in their circumstances, but they are governed by the same principle. Nor, apart from the question of treaty obligations, can there be any doubt into whose maw Belgium would have been absorbed if we had not joined with France in withstanding German designs.

The cabinet, though in the course of the negotiations it may have differed as to the relative importance of particular points, was till the last moment absolutely and I might almost say passionately united in its desire for the preservation of peace. For a whole week it had sat almost continuously, exploring eagerly and patiently every avenue which seemed to offer a possible way of escape from the worst of all calamities—a general European war. No one knew so well as its members how, in a long succession of critical and hazardous situations, Sir Edward Grey had trodden, without losing head or foothold, the narrow path between two abysses; like one of those duckboards by which later on our soldiers used to find their way across the craters and morasses dug out by shell and mine in Flanders and Northern France. The news which came on Sunday of the imminent invasion of Belgium and of King Albert's appeal to our own King compelled a decision.

Two of my colleagues felt it their duty to resign, and my most insistent appeals failed to alter their determination. The one was Lord Morley, the doyen of the cabinet, the only remaining personal link that bound us to the heroic age of the "men that strove with gods." He had been from the beginning of my political life my mentor. Between 1885 and 1892 callow Liberals of that day—Grey, Haldane, Arthur Acland, S. Duxton, Tom Ellis and myself—used to meet periodically at his board, where he reasoned with us not only like Saint Paul, "of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come," but of all the things that it is useful for mettlesome and aspiring politicians to learn. I am not by any means certain that he thinks that all his pupils have done credit to his teaching. For myself I can truly say that as time went on, and we were exposed during long years to all the testing ordeals of colleagueship, though, in Carlyle's words, "in opinion not always agreeing," I became more and more closely attached to him by the ties of personal affection and gratitude. I felt, as did all his colleagues, that his severance from our councils left a gap that no one else could fill.

The other member of the cabinet who could not be persuaded to remain with us was Mr. John Burns, a man of rare gifts and even rarer personality; always a staunch and loyal comrade, and one "to go out with in all weathers."

I append to this chapter their letters of resignation.

It was impossible for me when war was once declared any longer to combine the duties of the War Office with those of Prime Minister. Lord Kitchener, who had just concluded his annual visit to England, had taken the train for Dover on his return journey to Egypt and was, I believe, almost in the act of boarding the Channel steamer, when he received a telegram from me asking him to come back to London. I had talked over the matter with Lord Haldane, who agreed with me that it was of the highest importance to persuade Kitchener to accept the seals of the War Office. He had a high and indeed world-wide reputation both as a soldier, organizer, administrator and man of business.

The legend that his nomination was forced upon a resourceless and ever-reluctant government by the prescience and urgency of a noisy section of the press is, I need hardly say, a baseless and silly figment. It was with much difficulty, and only after I had pressed it upon him as a matter of duty, that I induced him to assent to my proposal. It was not till after the Great War Council which I summoned for Wednesday, the fifth, at which all our naval and military experts were present—including Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener himself—that he was installed as head of the War Office. I have given elsewhere my estimate of his gifts and services.

PRIVY COUNCIL OFFICE,
WHITEHALL, S. W.
August 3rd, 1914.

My dear Asquith: I have—as you wished—taken a night's reflection over my retirement. I have given earnest pains to reach a sensible conclusion.

One thing is clear. Nothing can be so fatal in present circumstances as a Cabinet with divided councils. Grey has pointed out the essential difference between two views of Neutrality in our present case. Well, I deplore the fact that I incline one way, and the three of my leading colleagues incline the other way. This being so, I could contribute nothing useful to your deliberations, and my presence would only hamper the concentrated energy—the zealous and convinced accord—that are indispensable.

You remember the Peelites joining the Palmerston Cabinet in the Crimean War. They entered it and resigned in two or three days. So if we abandon Neutrality, I fear that vital points might arise within two or three days that would make my presence a tiresome nuisance.

*Life of Gladstone, Vol. II, p. 341.

(Continued on Page 100

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(Continued from Page 98)

I press you therefore to release me. I propose to come to the Cabinet to-day after the P. C. at the Palace. But I dare not hope to be much affected by what will pass there.

You will believe that I write this with heartfelt pain. Ever,

M.

BOARD OF TRADE,
WHITEHALL GARDENS, S. W.
August 2nd, 1914.

Dear Mr. Asquith: The decision of the Cabinet to intervene in an European War is an act with which I profoundly disagree.

I therefore place in your hands my resignation of my office as President of Board of Trade.

With deep respect, cordial sympathy, and best wishes, Yours sincerely,

JOHN BURNS.

XXIX

Alignment of the States: The Dominions

WHEN the war broke out, the actual belligerents were, on the one side, the three members of the Entente and Belgium, and, on the other, the two Central Powers. It was not long before each side received accessions of strength.

It is possible that if Great Britain had refused to go in, Japan would also have abstained. Russia and France were no parties to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, nor were they bound to Japan, nor she to them, by any special engagements. She had in any case grievances of her own against Germany, and was not reluctant to take her stand on the side of the Allies. As early as the fifteenth of August she demanded the surrender of Tsing-tao, the oversea base the acquisition of which had been the earliest adventure of the *Weltpolitik*, and upon the development and equipment of which Germany must have spent not far short of twenty millions sterling. With the aid of a British contingent from Wei-hai-weh, the Japanese began to invest the position, and it was surrendered early in November.

The relations of Greece to the Allies, in the first stage of the war, have been a good deal misunderstood, and it may be well to put on record the real facts.

During the month of August, 1914, M. Venizelos offered to place at the disposal of the Entente all the military and naval resources of Greece. It is not clear what was the extent and nature of his authority in making the offer, whether it was an official proposal put forward with the approval of the King and cabinet, or whether it was a personal overture, to which in the commanding position he then occupied, he felt little doubt of his capacity to give effect.

The attitude to be adopted toward Greece was the subject of discussion among the Allies. The view taken by the British Government, which was apparently shared by both France and Russia, was that the separate entry of Greece into the war was not at that moment expedient.

It would, in Sir Edward Grey's judgment, almost certainly have had the result of provoking Turkey and Bulgaria, who were both still neutral, into joining the Central Powers.

Such an adjustment of the weights would obviously have tilted the balance against the Allies in the Near East.

In regard to Bulgaria, it is to be noted that at this time M. Venizelos, with the full approval of Sir Edward Grey, was devoting his energies to the establishment of a Balkan federation. It was in our view essential to avoid the recrudescence of inter-Balkan animosities, and the possible outbreak of a Balkan war, with all its contingent and incalculable military obligations.

In regard to Turkey, the objections to a Greek entry into the war at that stage were even stronger. Relations between the two countries were in July–August, 1914, for a number of reasons in a state of extreme tension, and the acceptance by the Allies of the Greek offer would almost certainly have brought them at once to the breaking point.

No one, indeed, on the side of the Allies, who had any knowledge of what had been going on in Turkey under the régime of Germanization, could believe in the possibility of her permanent neutrality. But every week's delay, before she took her probably inevitable decision to side actively with the Central Powers, was of the utmost military importance. Her first aggressive operation would almost certainly be an attack on the Suez Canal. The situation in France was such that not a man could be spared from that front. Some weeks must elapse before Indian troops could be made available in Egypt; still longer before the Dominion contingents could cross the seas. It was not, as the event showed, until after the First Battle of Ypres, and the stabilization of the Western Front, that any plan could be formed for detaching troops to the East. Further, it was essential to the position of Great Britain in Asia, with her millions of Mohammedan subjects, that, if and when Turkey joined our enemies in the war, it should be clear that it was the deliberate and unprovoked act of the Ottoman Government. Acceptance on our part of the Greek offer at that time would have given the Turks a welcome and much needed justification.

The policy which commended itself to Sir Edward Grey was that Greece should be advised to reserve herself so long as Turkey did not intervene.

At what precise moment the Turks would join the fighting forces of the Central Powers was only a question of weeks, but it was not till late in October that, encouraged by the lucky escape of the Goeben and Breslau and their safe arrival at the Golden Horn, the Ottoman Government became openly hostile.

On the first of November the British ambassador left Constantinople.

Of the Balkan States, Bulgaria and Rumania hung back, the one for a year, the other for two years.

Italy had from the first declined to treat the aggressive enterprise of her two partners in the Triple Alliance as a *casus fœderis*; apart from other reasons, she could not have done so without a direct breach of the agreement made between her and France in 1902, but it was only after some months—May, 1915—that she declared war upon Austria—though not upon Germany—and took the field on the side of the Entente.

Meanwhile the most important and most welcome factor from the point of view of the Allies was the spontaneous and enthusiastic rally to their cause of the British Dominions and India.

It will be appropriate at this place, though it goes in some respects beyond the range of these articles, to present a summarized statement in figures, of the extent of their effort, not only at the outset of the war but down to its conclusion:

I. The following gives in round figures the strengths of the contingents from the larger Dominions in the more important war theaters:

(1) CANADA.

(The Canadians served in France only.) First contingent 20,000 men, February, 1915.
The number rose to 37,000—August, 1915.
The number rose to 74,000—June, 1916.
The number rose to 160,000—August, 1918.
From January, 1918, to the Armistice, the Canadians were about 10 per cent of the British in France.

(2) AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

(Served first in Egypt and Dardanelles.)
20,000 to 30,000 men served in Dardanelles April, 1915–January, 1916.
From August, 1916, to Armistice about 20,000 served in Egypt and Palestine.
In April, 1916, strength in France 40,000.
In August, 1916, strength in France 100,000.
Numbers rose to 150,000—January, 1917—and the average numbers in France during last two years of war were 130,000. Of all these, New Zealand troops were about 25 per cent. Maximum numbers in France were about 10 per cent of the British strength.

(3) SOUTH AFRICA.

About 50,000 men served in German South-West Africa.
About 6000 men served in France from August, 1916, to the Armistice.
Varying numbers, averaging 7000, served in East Africa.

(4) INDIA (NATIVE TROOPS).

FRANCE.

25,000 men in France, December, 1914.
Numbers rose to 40,000 by August, 1915; fell to 10,000 by March, 1916, at which figure they remained till Armistice.

MEDITERRANEAN AND SALONIKI.

(Early figures not given).
25,000 men in May, 1916; numbers fell to 8000 in January, 1917, and rose steadily to 120,000 at the Armistice. At this figure they were 40 per cent of the British strength.

MESOPOTAMIA.

60,000 men in June, 1916; numbers rose to 150,000 in January, 1918, and were 120,000 at the Armistice; (British strength then about 100,000.)

EAST AFRICA.

From May, 1916, the number fluctuated around 14,000—about the same as the number of British.

II. Total Number Sent Overseas

	1916	1917	1918
Canada	270,000	340,000	420,000
Australia	250,000	300,000	324,000
New Zealand	70,000	80,000	100,000
South Africa	11,000	66,000	74,000
Newfoundland . . .	2,800	4,000	5,000

Recruited for Overseas Service at Armistice

Canada	37,000
Australia	8,000
New Zealand	11,000
South Africa	2,000
Newfoundland	600

III. Percentage of Total White Male Population Recruited During the War

United Kingdom and Ireland	22.11	Ireland 6.14
Canada	13.48	
Australia	13.43	
New Zealand	10.35	
South Africa	1.12	

(No figures for India)

Speaking in the House of Commons in May, 1916, I estimated that the military contribution already made under voluntary recruiting by the United Kingdom, the Dominions and India was not less than 5,000,000 men.

Of the naval efforts of the Dominions, up to the end of 1914, I am enabled by the courtesy of the Admiralty to give the following particulars:

CANADA

The main operations in Canadian waters can be conveniently divided into those on the Pacific Coast and those on the Atlantic Coast. At the outbreak of war H. M. C. S. "Rainbow" was stationed at Esquimault. She had been prepared for sea with a view to undertaking the Behring Sea Patrol, and in view of the threatening aspect of international affairs during the last week in July, had been instructed to prepare for sea in all respects and hold herself ready to proceed. She was placed at the disposition of the Admiralty and sailed on the 2nd of August to protect British shipping in the Pacific and render such assistance as might be necessary to the two British sloops of war, the "Algerine" and "Shear-Water," which were stationed in Mexican waters and which were in great danger owing to the presence there of the two German cruisers, "Leipzig" and "Nurenberg." The German cruisers, though outranging the British vessels in gun power and speed, were content to play a safe game, and evidently did not relish the prospect of a combat so far from their base. Though the "Rainbow" kept to sea and proceeded southward as far as San Francisco, she was not interfered with nor could she come into touch with either enemy vessel, though they were in the vicinity at the time. The two small sloops also reached Esquimault in safety without seeing the enemy craft.

The purchase of the two Chilean submarines in Seattle was consummated and delivery obtained in Canadian waters some hours before the declaration of war, and crews recruited from retired Naval Officers and men resident in Canada. They performed patrol duty on the approaches to Victoria and Vancouver, and no doubt had a deterrent effect on the enemy activities off the coast. This small squadron was reinforced in September by the arrival of H. M. S. "Newcastle" from Hong-Kong, and still later by the presence of other vessels of the Royal Navy and also of the Imperial Japanese Navy.

The German warships withdrew from the North Pacific waters without making their presence felt by active operations of any nature and joined Admiral von Spee's squadron, coming from Kiao Chiao, in the South Pacific, and finally met their doom at or shortly after the battle of the Falkland Islands, in December, 1914.

On the Atlantic Coast H. M. C. S. "Niobe" was not in full commission at the outbreak of war, she having been used solely for depot and training purposes for some years. She was immediately placed at the disposal of the Admiralty. No effort was spared to fit her for sea and obtain trained officers and men to complete her complement. Men from the Imperial ships on the Pacific and from the R. N. R. in Newfoundland, with many volunteers and old service ratings from all over Canada, were available, and a full crew with the necessary experience was easily obtained. She was ready for sea in September, 1914, and at once proceeded to take her place on the Atlantic patrol with other cruisers of the Royal Navy of similar class.

Shortly after the outbreak of war the Russian Government purchased the icebreaker "Earl Grey" from the Canadian Government, to operate in the White Sea and assist in keeping their vital ports open as long as possible. She was prepared for sea, stored, and manned by a Naval crew at Halifax, and proceeded to Archangel, the crew returning to England and Canada later.

WORK OF THE AUSTRALIAN NAVAL FORCES

At the outbreak of war the Commonwealth Government placed their Navy under the control of the Admiralty.

In the early days of the war the ships of the Australian Navy were employed in the operations entailed by the presence of the German Squadron in the Pacific, in the occupation of German New Guinea, New Pomerania, Samoa, and islands in the Pacific, in escorting transports conveying New Zealand troops to Samoa, and Australian and New Zealand troops to England during the period that the "Emden" was operating in the Indian Ocean, and which was terminated by her destruction by H. M. A. S "Sydney," at the Cocos Islands.

Subsequently the "Australia," "Melbourne," and "Sydney" joined the Grand Fleet, and the "Brisbane" the Fleet in the Mediterranean, the "Melbourne" and "Sydney" having been previously employed for some time in North America and the West Indies.

The "Pioneer" did good service on the East Coast of Africa in connection with the operations against the "Königsberg."

Submarine A. E. 1. was accidentally lost off the Coast of New Britain (late New Pomerania.. (Presumed date, 19th September, 1914.)

NEW ZEALAND

New Zealand bore the cost of the Battle-cruiser "New Zealand" which served in the Grand Fleet throughout the War, and also provided ratings for manning the "Philomel" and "Pyramus," while 91 R. N. V. R. Officers and over 160 ratings were sent home for service in the Fleet and Auxiliary Patrol Service.

A Naval and Military Expeditionary Force from New Zealand, escorted by H. M. and H. M. A. Ships, occupied Samoa.

THE WORK OF THE NAVY IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Officers and men of the South African Division R. N. V. R. were employed on various services on the Cape Station, such as forming part of the crews of H. M. Ships, as crews of guns mounted on shore, assisting in Transport work, and in the dockyard at Simonstown.

During the operations in South-West Africa, which were conducted entirely by the Union Government, the transport service in connection with the expedition was also administered by them, though the escorting of the troop transports was carried out by the vessels of the Royal Navy.

NEWFOUNDLAND

A contribution of 1,500 men from the Naval Reserve was made for service in the Fleet and in the Auxiliary Patrol Service on the coasts of Great Britain, and in conjunction with Canada a Patrol Service was established.

(N. I. D. 18. 1. 23.)
RH.

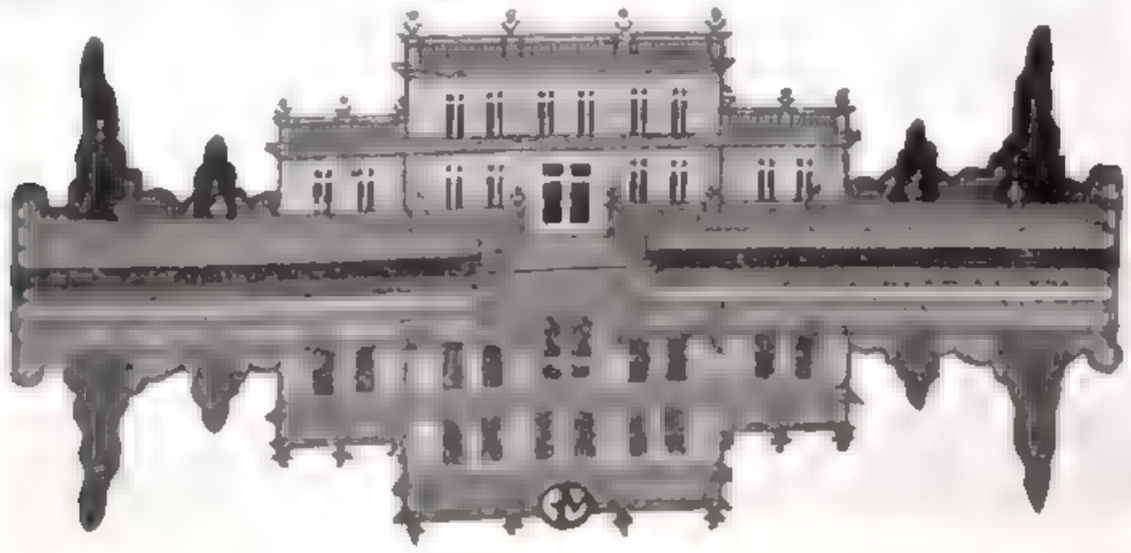
INDIA

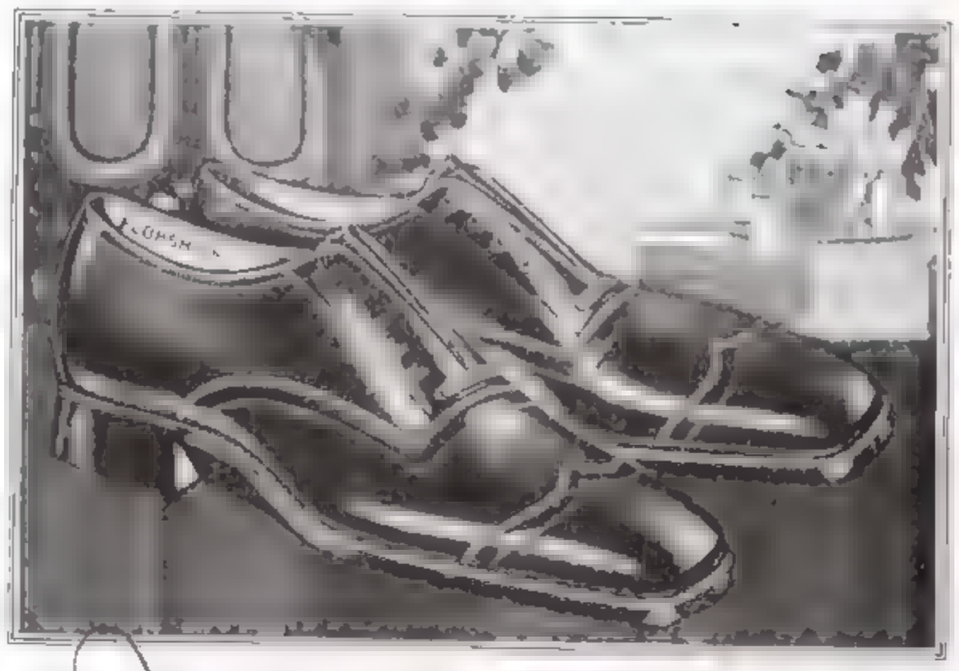
Royal Indian Marine

On the outbreak of war several ships of the R. I. M. were commissioned by the Royal Navy. Amongst the largest are: "Dalhousie," "Dufferin," "Lawrence," "Minto," which were employed chiefly in the Persian Gulf. Others were employed trooping and on various services connected with the War.

About a third of the Officers held temporary commissions in the Royal Navy (and some in the Army), in addition to several retired Officers who also held temporary commissions in the Navy. Several Officers were employed as "Transport Officers" in the various theatres of war.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Asquith. The next article will appear in an early issue.





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Okmulgee, Okla.
June 25th, 1923

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Yours truly,
DAVE FRANKE.

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THE GATE OF INDIA

(Continued from Page 4)

were then working overtime, and in which the people toil so terribly for so little in return; in the crowded bazaars; in the congested chawls that are the tenements in which the laboring classes wallow through the years of their miserable lives; in the schools and institutions of various kinds; on the railways and in street cars; out through the country, in the villages and towns. I went everywhere within a certain radius, and everywhere good nature seemed to prevail over all things else, while everywhere I went I was treated with the utmost courtesy and respect.

However, I am thinking principally of the great city of Bombay, because that was where I spent the better part of my time and where most of my observations were made. Bombay, being the gateway of India opening on the west, was the port of exit for nearly everything that India contributed to the war, as well as the port of entry for the thousands of wounded and sick from the areas of military operations in East Africa and Mesopotamia, and it was therefore that Bombay was the center in India of concentrated war service. Most of its great institutions—its art museum, for instance, and many of its university buildings—were turned into hospitals for the accommodation of hardly ever less than 10,000 men; its port works under military control were organized to an amazing degree of efficiency, while the chief interest of society, both British and Indian, was centered in friendly philanthropic rivalries carried on by variously named branches of a committee whose business it was to get out of the Bombay Presidency for philanthropic purposes as much money as the people could be induced to give up.

Well, of course, life was one round of uplifting experience, and naturally one met a great many men and women who seemed somehow to be finer men and women than one had ever met before—and, mind you, I am remembering both British and Indians. Through an association of a good many weeks a number of them became friends of mine and are friends of mine still, wherever they may be. But when I set out for India this time I knew that few of them would be in Bombay. I knew the army officers who had been in charge of the port would be serving elsewhere, and that the port would be in civilian control; I knew the government officials of my acquaintance would have been transferred; that the big nursing sisterhood would have been dispersed and that my Indian friends in their everyday life of business would have resumed their habitual air of detachment from foreign social interests in India which makes knowing them a matter of so much unnatural formality. Nevertheless, and though I knew in a far-off kind of way a good deal about certain terrible events of recent times and about the trouble and unrest with which India has become progressively beset, I was not anticipating anything in the nature of a fundamental change in the general atmosphere, and was therefore not prepared for it.

Mark Twain in Bombay

I wish I had with me a copy of a book I wrote in 1917. I should like to quote myself on my arrival and subsequent activities in Bombay. I remember having written quite joyously about things that were tragic and soul devastating—hospitals filled with wounded men, for one thing; and for another, not so tragic, but serious enough, wholly inadequate food supplies. Nothing was then anything but the stuff that grim tragedy is made of, but we did live in the consciousness of a tremendous underlying happiness that was the result of continuous service of one kind or another, and of a general good fellowship among men that had its genesis in big emotions universally shared.

Also, I wish I had a copy of Mark Twain's More Tramps Abroad. He arrived in Bombay many years ago with what he called his unregulated imagination running loose in all directions, in consequence of which we have a picture of such a Bombay as never was, yet may have been to him, and might even now be to anyone with eyes to see the color and the high lights above the dun dreariness of life as it is lived and with ears to hear the tinkle of cymbals and the purl of Eastern music above the whines and the sneers and the snarls of a populace sunk for the most part in varying degrees of degradation, but in considerable strata worthy of much and altogether newly aware of itself.

It is all a very queer situation, and seems in many ways to be a perfect chaos of puzzling contradictions. One makes the assertion, with right and reason, that there is no such thing as an Indian people, then goes on writing about the Indian people. But it must be remembered that there are local settings and that it is impossible to think continuously in terms of hundreds of millions. When I speak of a populace I can be referring only to a section of the colossal populace of which it is a part. Just now I am thinking of this awareness of themselves of the crowds in the cities; but the description is not applicable to the great mass, although it may apply to almost any crowd with which a foreigner is likely to come in contact. These people are newly taught, and many of them doubtless have a clear conception of what the teaching aims to establish; that is, a real national spirit. But having received their training in political consciousness from the top down in intensive propaganda, they can hardly be thought of as suffering patriots.

Native Pride Offended

Discontent in India is due primarily to an outrage not against the rights but against the pride of the Indian people; and by "the Indian people" in this connection I mean the people at the top, the infinitesimal minority that, through Western education and association, has discovered racial pride as being among the most important of Western attributes. The discontent is not due to British misrule, although, protestations of good intentions and claims of inestimable service to India notwithstanding, the British have ruled India to a considerable extent for the benefit of themselves; it is not due to anything even remotely resembling a glorious awakening of the downtrodden multitudes; it is not due to Bolshevik influence, plus Mr. Gandhi, plus the Ali brothers and the sword of the Treaty of Sèvres in the heart of Islam. All these things are concomitants, ramifications, some of them being articles of more or less sincere faith seized upon for purposes that have to do with ruthless agitation and the expression of discontent; but the inception of the discontent may be attributed to the British assumption of racial superiority, an assumption that has been maintained upon Himalayan heights of social exclusiveness from the beginning of England's association with India and that has been emphasized since the Indian Mutiny in 1857 with unremitting and unmistakable emphasis. With their feelings properly lacerated, the educated few have been competent teachers of the uneducated many.

Yet nevertheless and notwithstanding, from a Western point of view the races of India are inferior, certain of their social customs and practices being such as only inferior races would tolerate. There is no blinking this mere truth, and this is why a good many Indian leaders have sought so earnestly to institute social reform as a preliminary step in the direction of political emancipation. Some of them might retort that in this regard the West has nothing to learn from anywhere east of Suez; but the difference is not one of degree; it is a difference in kind. The vices of the West—nearly all of which the East has quite fully adopted, incidentally—are superficial, while the vicious usages of India are fundamental. In the West vice is a matter of individual choice or predilection; in India the social relationships that are abhorrent to the Western mind are sanctioned by the teachings in accordance with which the people are compelled to regulate their lives. I refer, of course, to the custom of child marriage and the unspeakable evils that result from it; to the dedication of little girls not more than five years old to the immoral service of Hindu temples; to the gross brutality of the caste system as it affects scores of millions of the people; and to a few other things that are quite beyond our comprehension, perhaps, but that we surely cannot be expected to look upon with complacency. However, I shall have more to say about all that sort of thing when I get out into the Hindu heart of India. Just now I am tempted merely to interpolate

(Continued on Page 105)

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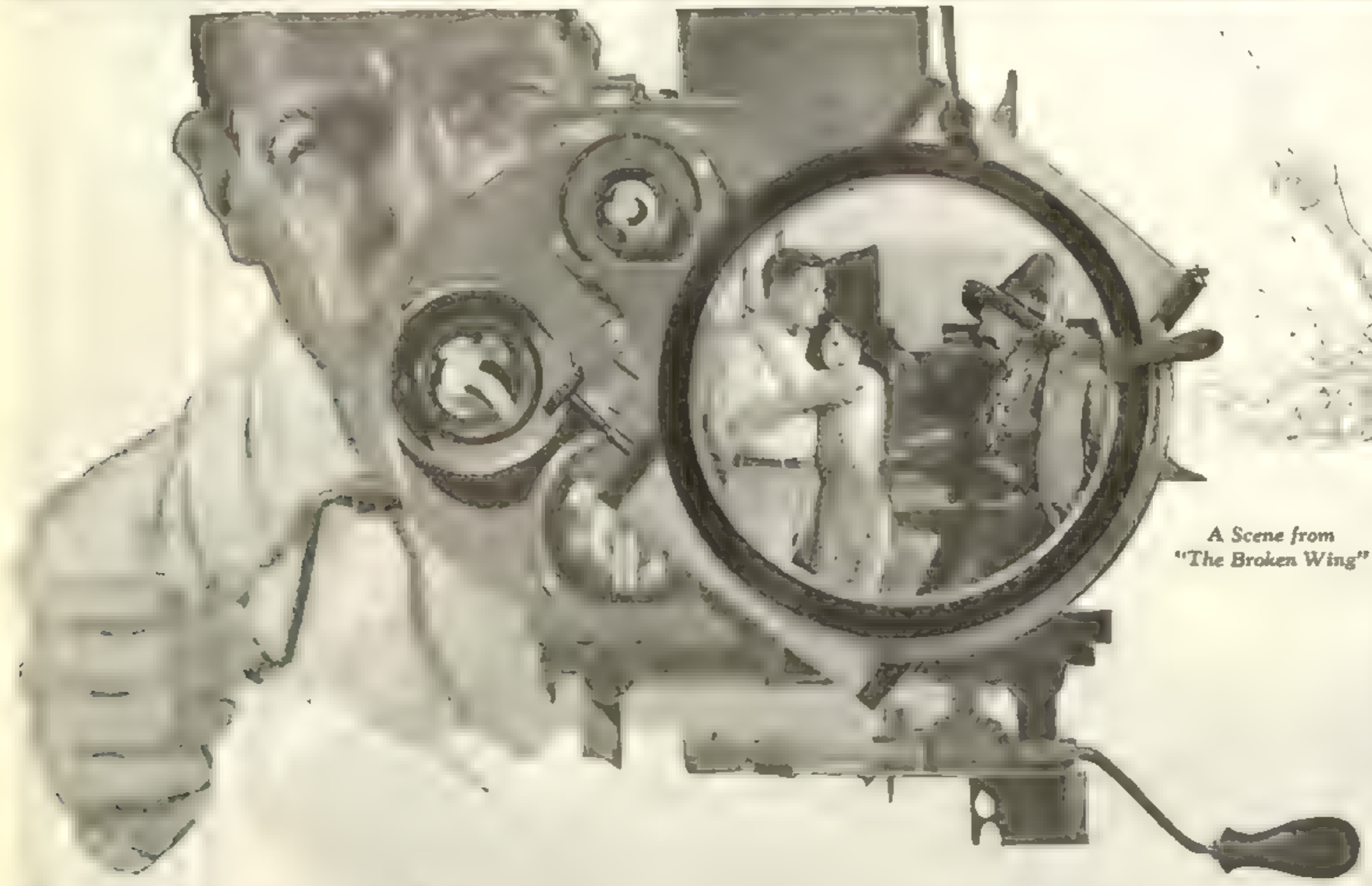

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these few suggestions; and I would say that there are plenty of superior Indians, to be sure, if it were not necessary to add in the interest of truth that most of them are superior only to the multitudes that grope and grow more multitudinous in the Stygian depths of India's general debasement.

The people as a whole may rightly be looked upon as an unregenerate mass, which, in the interest of the other four-fifths of humanity, must be regenerated. Very well, says the advocate of self-determination, let them regenerate themselves. India is theirs; they have been ground down for a thousand years under alien domination, and emasculated morally, physically and spiritually by an unending slavery; but the light of the twentieth century is shining in their eyes, and they are beginning to stir; leave them to themselves; the government they have may be good enough, but good government can never be an acceptable substitute for self-government; let them work out their own salvation. Quite so, as an Englishman would say; and quite so, say I. I am perfectly willing they should. I know there is a good deal of tosh about their lofty philosophies, their grievances and their grandiloquent arguments in their own behalf; but the seed is sown, and there cannot be much doubt in anybody's mind about the harvest. Their great leader is in prison; but he is not incommunicado, neither has he been rendered inarticulate. They have set their feet upon a primrose path of political progress, and they will go on without reference or regard to any interests save their own. The signs of their self-determination are upon them.

The Contradictory Climate

Thinking of them in the mass, in their experience as peoples who have lived for generations under the domination of the most enlightened government that has ever been developed, not more than 10 per cent of them have learned to read and write; but the educated few, with their uneducated but obedient and emotional millions of followers, have learned latterly how and when not to smile, and that is an accomplishment which must prove to be pretty difficult to deal with. Whatever else may be said of it, it has plunged the England that is in India into a blue funk.

Almost anything that anybody may say about India has a chance of being true. Almost any description of the amazing land may accurately describe it at one time or another or in one or another of its manifold phases. The difficulty is that there are so many things about it to be remembered that one is likely to forget items of the utmost importance. A matter of primary importance, come to think of it, is that it is an area of the earth's surface composed largely of climates. The Britisher in India maintains an almost humble attitude toward the Indian sun, and regulates his life with such reference to its idiosyncrasies as makes of it his foremost consideration. But for comments on that subject I must wait until I get out on the burning plains and then on up among the delights of the hill stations. Just now I am remembering that when an American decides to visit India he, too, must make his plans according to meteorological calculations.

We are told that the weather in practically all parts of India may be depended upon to be quite delightful and more or less uniform from the beginning of November until the end of March. This is not strictly true, but it is true enough for all general purposes. There is a winter during which in some parts of the peninsula the temperature drops to zero or below, while in other parts it hardly ever gets to be higher than ninety-five in the shade; but about the hot season there can be no uncertainties one way or the other. The hot season begins variously in various localities during March, intensifies progressively throughout April from Cape Comorin to the foothills of the Himalayas, gets to be intolerable in May, is enough to kill anything from an ant to an elephant by the first of June and only leaves off burning its victims to a cinder for the purpose of steaming and smothering them to death when the rains begin. It is during the rains that insect life—viciously poisonous or merely pestiferous, as the case may be—has its gay social season. All of which being true, it behooves the prospective visitor to remember that India is no place to go for a summer holiday.

I fully intended to land in India some time in the late autumn of 1922, but I was unavoidably delayed, with the result that when I finally found myself descending a ship's gangway in the harbor of Bombay it was mid-February, 1923; and, of course, the weather was unprecedented. Unprecedented weather is the only kind I seem ever to encounter. And at that you could have it either way—winter or summer. The wind and the sun had called off all teamwork and each was going it alone. Off the bay a northwest wind was blowing that was cold enough to freeze an Eskimo, while in the sun, as it shone upon the ship's deck, I could have baked an apple. I put on a heavy coat with a big fur collar turned up round my ears, and stood in the wind and the shade while the ship docked, after which I followed my luggage down into the customs shed, where I got caught in a vociferating horde of unmannerly humanity and began to steam. And that was where I first began to notice the difference in Bombay by which was revealed to me the difference in so many parts of India.

A filthy and foul-smelling coolie brushed up against me and shoved me with his shoulder. He was of the great untouchable tribe, and knew better than to touch even a Hindu of caste, let alone a mem-sahib. I moved out of his way and turned upon him with a brief but emphatic remonstrance. Whereupon he looked me up and down with a rudeness I have never seen equaled; then, with a sneer on his face, spat copiously at my feet out of a mouth filled and hideously stained with the red juice of the betel nut. And that was that!

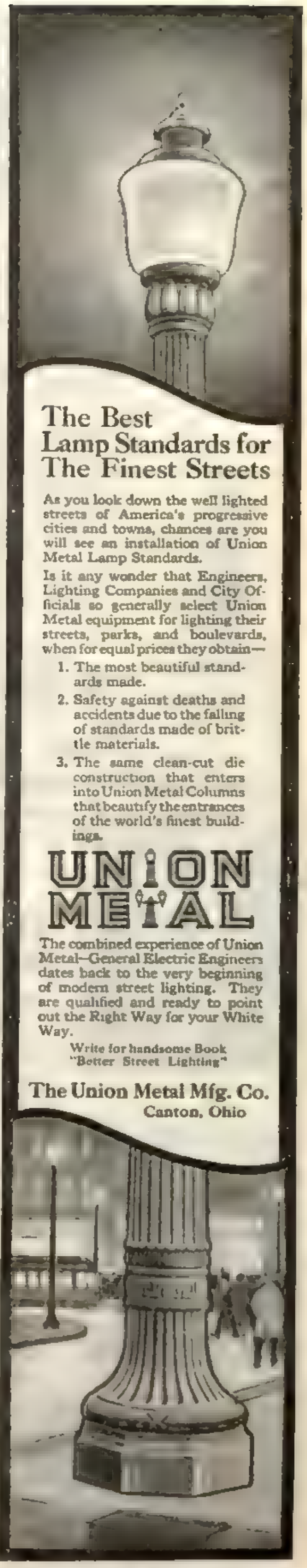
An Epidemic of Indifference

I then began to observe that nobody was nice any more. I was feeling as friendly and amiable as you please, but everybody seemed to be pointedly sullen and disagreeable. Moreover, nobody seemed to care anything at all about me and my modest requirements. I had not heralded my approach to anyone in any way, so there was nobody to meet me and I was all on my own. I appealed with the utmost politeness to an Indian inspector, asking him merely to check out my dispatch case and dressing bag in order that I might take them with me and get along to the hotel. The agent of an express company already had my keys, and I had no interest in what he might do with my other luggage so long as he eventually delivered it. The inspector turned his drooping and smileless brown eyes upon me and deliberately passed me up, after which for a full half hour he rather ostentatiously ignored me, making me wait until he was good and ready to attend to my simple wish, and punishing me, I suppose, for daring to speak before I was spoken to. But why continue such a narrative? I should cut it short no doubt and get on to something more important. But, after all, minor occurrences frequently indicate a general trend.

I surrendered my two light articles to two coolies and followed them out through the throng to a very dirty area within the gates of that particular pier section in which the gharris and taxis wait for fares. There were no taxis, so I permitted myself to be led along in the direction of the gharri which my coolies had evidently selected for me.

A gharri is almost any kind of horse vehicle in any part of India that happens to have four wheels, and the gharris of Bombay are for the most part old broken-down victorias of sorts attached to animals that are in hell doing penance for sins committed in some former incarnation. A belief in reincarnation is one of the chief tenets of the Hindu faith, and I have often wanted to remind a Hindu that the animal he happened to be abusing at the moment might be his grandmother, for all he knew. Nowhere in the world are animals so cruelly treated as

Riotous Ornamentation—Victoria Railway Station, Bombay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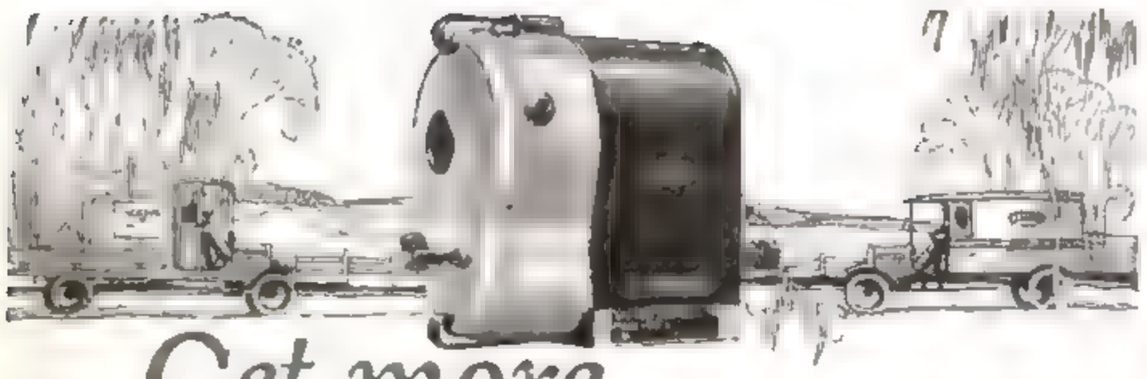

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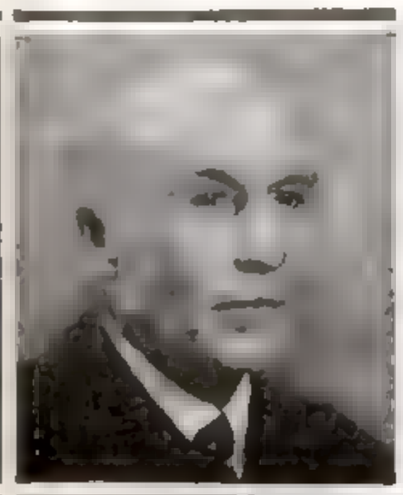

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they are in India, where to millions all forms of animal life are supposed to be sacred, and where by the two hundred odd millions of Hindus—including Mr. Gandhi—the sanctity of the cow is held to be paramount over all other considerations, not excepting the political status that is sought to be achieved under the cheek-filling title of Swaraj—cheek-filling, that is, if you put into it as much wind as its general character and the broadness of its vowel sounds justify.

Anyhow, I climbed into my gharri, and then made the fatal mistake of paying my coolies about three times too much. Instantly recognizing me for a greenhorn, they began to clamor for more, while the drivers of other gharris, as well as other coolies with whom I had nothing whatever to do, gathered about, shouldering and shouting in a jarring hubbub, demanding of me baksheesh. This is a word which ought to signify reward money; but it has come to mean all over the East that which you throw to a beggar as well as that which you give in addition to regular pay for service of any kind. Incidentally, there are many parts of India in which you would be inclined to think that the beggar population is in the majority, while you are so frequently surprised by having to tip men you ordinarily would not think of tipping that eventually you would hardly hesitate to tip a maharaja.

The coolies and gharri wallahs were evidently in cahoots, because I had to stand up and all but belabor my driver in order to get him to move on; and when he did I heard behind me a jeer that made me boil with impotent indignation. I thought to myself, "So that's how it is, is it?"

I knew that only a short time ago such a performance would have been unthinkable and absolutely impossible, and I wondered if it was an example of what was going on all over India. It was, except that it was a bit of an exaggerated example. All over India the people are determined to demonstrate their equality with the white man—or to express their contempt for him—and they do not know how. Their demonstration too often takes the form of mere rudeness or worse, but in general it takes the form of studied and smileless insolence.

A Chilly Welcome

I met this form of it when I arrived at the hotel. The dapper brown clerk behind the desk permitted me to wait while he attended to something that seemed to be the matter with his thumb nail, and when by drumming on the counter and making a few other motions I attempted to intimate that I was real, and not something painted on the scenery, he reached out and turned the register round my way without even so much as lifting his eyelashes.

Then I spoke—oh, so gently! I told him my name and that I had cabled two weeks before from Cairo asking to have certain accommodations reserved for me. I knew the hotel. I had lived in it for weeks on end and knew just about what it could do for me. I was to learn from this young man just about what it could do to me. He assured me that no reservation had been made, but thought he could give me a room in the annex across the street. Oh, very well! I nearly lost my temper when he said he thought that within a week or two they might be able to take better care of me. I wanted to ask him if he thought for one moment that I would stay in his bloomin' old hotel for a whole week, but I held my peace and followed the boy with my bits of luggage down through a long corridor, out across a side street, up two flights of stairs and into a room that had no window, no outlook, no opening of any kind save the door, which opened onto a public balcony. I sat down in its one and only chair and began to laugh; and please believe that I had begun to be really amused. Why have everything just as you want it, well-ordered and as it should be? I said to myself, "Welcome, little stranger—welcome to Bombay!"

By that time a good many minutes had passed since the big gun that booms daily over the city had announced the hour of noon, and having had since the bewitching hour of half past six in the morning nothing but a chota hazri—which is Hindustani for a "little breakfast," consisting in my case of a cup of coffee and a bit of toast—I was what an Englishman would call fairly peckish for some substantial nourishment. My trunks were delivered, and after seeing them disposed of and the baggage coolies out of the way, I went across to see what the hotel might have to offer in the food line.

It is a very handsome hotel—one of the handsomest in the Orient, as a matter of fact. Like the rest of modern Bombay, it is riotously ornate in its architectural and decorative features; but as a hotel, once you get in under its striped-brick panelings, its gingerbread and gewgaws, it is very well adapted to its purpose, and when it was being run chiefly for the benefit of British officers on duty in Bombay its service was at least willing if not notably efficient, its food being all that the food regulations would allow.

There is a wide, tile-paved lobby with offices on one side, some small curio shops on the other and two little elevators running in an open shaft right up from the middle of it. If you were new to the East—had just arrived in Bombay, for instance—and had seen nothing on the way more Eastern than is to be seen from a ship's deck at Port Said, you would be interested in the kind of people who make such a lobby a rendezvous. You are treated not only to a bewildering variety of Eastern costume but also to various degrees of Eastern nakedness, which you inevitably notice unless you are used to it.

Coats Without Pants

This makes me think that I must pause to remark that after 150 years of intimate association with Englishmen, who know better than most men how to wear clothes, the Indian man is the worst dressed on the face of the earth. The dress of the Indian woman, fortunately, has hardly been touched by Western influence, and is therefore still very beautiful, and of the East wholly Eastern. But the kind of Indian women who wear beautiful clothes are not often to be seen mingling with throngs, or when they are seen they are enveloped in an indescribably ugly all-over with nothing but eyeholes in it, which looks for all the world like the regulia of the Ku Klux Klan.

A good many men in the cities have adopted European dress altogether, and wear it with as much regard to its details as is necessary to make them merely commonplace. But the great majority have accepted the coat and shirt only, and have resolutely set their faces against socks, trousers, collars, neckties, hats and all other such abominations, with the result that the average man, from a sartorial point of view, is a grotesque compromise. And at that, his clothes are an exact representation of what he ordinarily is himself. If he is a man about town, draped in Indian fashion from his waist down, and wearing a foreign coat with a shirt tail flopping gayly out from under it, you may be sure that he is a good deal of an up-to-date citizen; but you may also be sure that he has adopted, acquired, accepted, absorbed—whatever you will—Western education, culture, methods and ideas in general to just about the same extent that he has let himself in for the discomfort and expense of Western raiment.

In the big dining room on the first floor up I found a little table by the balcony rail overlooking the bay which had been my little table many a time before, and because my troubles were over for the moment and everything began to look most pleasantly familiar, I sat down with a feeling that I really had arrived, and that, after all, things might not be so very different.

For a good many years the Bombay Improvement Trust, which is a semiofficial and professional, semiprivate and volunteer, partly philanthropic and altogether public-spirited institution bent on making the fair city a better city to live in, and more ornate than it is—if such a thing were possible—has been working on a great sea wall and fill within it which broadens an already broad and beautiful esplanade and ends in a wide-curving thrust into the bay just where the little harbor of the yacht club begins. And on the far outer rim of this circle they have been building a splendid ornamental and monumental arch which is to be known as the Gate of India. This is almost directly in front of the hotel, and was to me a very familiar blot on an otherwise magnificent scene. The bay is very broad and is rimmed round with faraway peaks that change color marvelously in the changing lights of day, that are peopled with spirits and strange gods, templed with ancient temples and steeped in hoary Hindu legend. There are always many

(Continued on Page 108)

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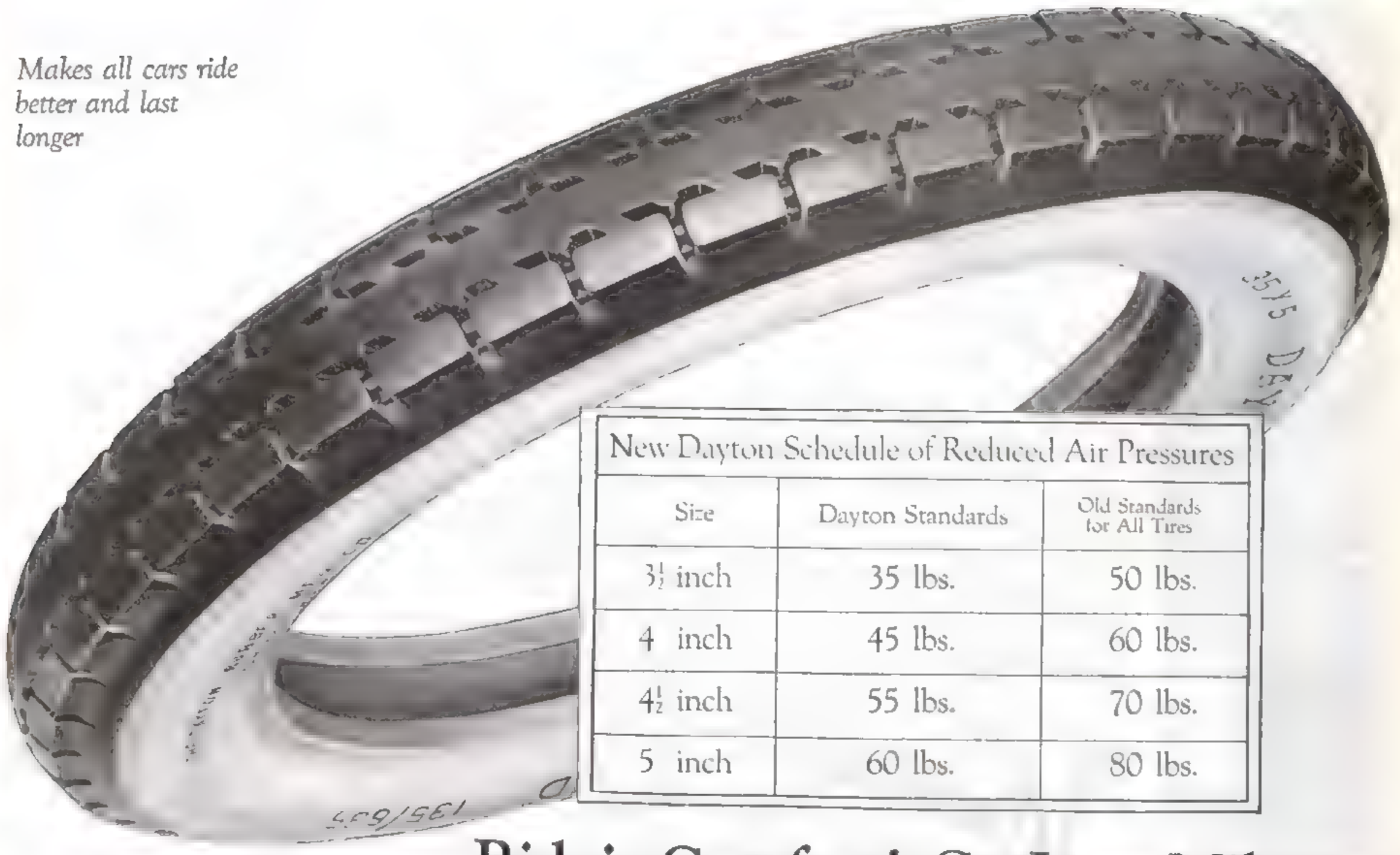

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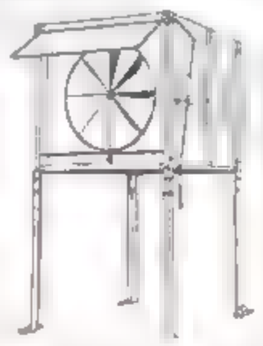

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(Continued from Page 106)

ships lying in the harbor, while innumerable small picturesque craft under sail go scudding about in all directions. Naturally, the arch in its present stage of development is a good deal of an obstruction. One supposes it may be effective enough when it is finished, but I was interested to observe that not much headway has been made with it during the past five years.

And this reminds me in almost unavoidable sequence that there have been terrible times in India within that period. They have not all been due to the political upheaval, either; not by any means.

While the Allies and the American Army were making their final great effort in 1918, and the eyes of the world were riveted on the Western Front, the people of India were cowering under the worst scourge that had ever visited even this land of scourges. In the first place, there was an epidemic of those epidemics of which India is regularly the victim—epidemics of plague, cholera, smallpox, dysentery and fevers of various kinds; and added to these there was an epidemic of influenza, the frightful toll of which was in excess of 6,000,000 lives!

In 1917, when—in round but slightly reduced figures—267,000 people died of cholera, 62,000 of smallpox, 261,000 of dysentery, 437,000 of plague, 4,555,000 of fevers and 387,000 of tuberculosis, the total number of deaths from all causes was 7,803,832. In 1918 the total number of deaths from all causes was 14,895,801! These figures speak for themselves. If within one year we got an increased death rate of more than 100 per cent, what would we do? Under such circumstances, in densely ignorant India, they are not able to do much of anything except stampede in uncontrollable masses and run round in circles. An increased mortality from cholera in 1918 accounted for 560,000 deaths, and nearly every other epidemic disease made for itself a record that had hardly been approached within a decade; but influenza was the great destroyer.

Then followed years of hardship, when business of all kinds was reduced to unprecedented straits; when the purchasing power of the rupee dropped, and kept on dropping by progressive percentages; and when areas here and there were plunged into the fearful difficulties and disasters of famine conditions brought about by the local failure of the rains and that had to be dealt with regardless of the adverse circumstances. It was a pretty awful time in which to be carrying on a systematic agitation for the overthrow of established authority, since the chief immediate effect of such agitation could not fail to be violent outbreaks in different localities, adding to the harvest of death and engendering widespread bitterness and ineradicable hatreds. But by the end of 1918 Mr. Gandhi was well on his way to the point where he was ready to launch his Satyagraha, or Soul force, and nonviolent-noncoöperation movements.

Golden Days That Never Were

I must not yield to the temptation to mention Mr. Gandhi any oftener than I can help; but having mentioned him, and speaking of famine, I am reminded that this is a favorite subject of his and of his army of lieutenants who write and preach his homespun gospel. It is said that more than 60,000,000 Indians have died of starvation since Victoria proclaimed herself Queen-Empress of India, and the agitators have exhausted the resources of rhetoric and statistical ingenuity in an effort to prove that this record is due solely to what they call "the drain of the home charges," which is what England has been in the habit of taking out of India more or less in the way of direct tribute, but which has come latterly to mean more nearly that which has to be paid in England for the administration of Indian affairs.

The eloquent Swarajista refer to the golden ages of India under Hindu kings and Mogul emperors, when there was no such thing as hunger in the land, forsooth. But, unfortunately, in the histories of the far-gone past there are tales told of famine and disease, disaster and devastation, disorder and general demolition that nothing in modern annals can hope to equal; and it would be easy enough for the British to prove that the record of 60,000,000 deaths might very well have been twice 60,000,000 if it had not been for measures undertaken by themselves, unaided and even opposed, to ameliorate famine conditions as they developed, to establish communications throughout the country and to reclaim by irrigation vast areas from an immemorial dependence on the rainfall. The British may be a race of horned devils and the government they have maintained in India may be as satanic as Mr. Gandhi says it is and undoubtedly believes it to be; but, nevertheless, every once in a while they do do something for their own benefit which somehow or other turns out to be quite widely beneficial.

While I was having my little lunch I was doing a good deal of thinking in a desultory kind of way, and was wondering, more vaguely than I should have been, perhaps, what my first step out into India ought to be. I had no plan. I didn't know whether I should start traveling east, north or south. I knew that whichever way I went I was bound to have to pay in discomfort and painful effort for everything of interest to myself that I might achieve, and I knew that in about three weeks I would begin to get prickly heat and probably a daily headache from wearing a heavy and ill-fitting sun helmet. It is my belief that no sun helmet was ever made to fit a woman's head.

I had an omelet and some fresh asparagus and there were French rolls that tasted pretty good to me. I had been ten days on a British ship from Port Said, and the average baker on the kind of British ship that plies the byways rather than the highways of commerce regards baking not as an art but as a painful duty. What he turns out he turns out in a spirit of grim determination to produce something filling. But French rolls, and butter that was almost a perfect imitation! With these and my busy thoughts I was having a good enough time all by myself. The burning sun was burning on the bay, and the cold wind, by which the bay was softly riffled, came my way only in an occasional whiff down the back of my neck.

The Bombay Yacht Club

Many men were working on the Gate of India, and they looked like so many brown beetles crawling about the angles and the intricacies of the bamboo scaffolding with which the arch was enveloped, and I thought to myself, "Come what may, and starve who may, we Britons will go on building at the expense of the downtrodden taxpayer monuments to the glory of the British Raj!" Many other men were working on the sea wall, moving like so many ants in long lines, carrying loads of dressed stone, mortar and crushed rock, and I thought to myself, "Come what may, the British Raj, if it is to be thrust hence, will leave behind it plentiful evidence of the solidity of its character and the rightmindedness in connection with most things by which it was actuated while it maintained its picturesque supremacy."

The gardens of the yacht club, down into which I was able to look, were very beautiful. They were bright with hibiscus and brilliant tropical foliage, and green with the deep green of the cool season. It was more than four years since I had been inside the club, so I smiled at it and said "How-d'-do!" It is one of the nicest clubs in the world, and is famous in all quarters of the empire upon which the sun never sets. Its German architecture filled my eye with oak-beamed angularities and my mind with memories. I thought maybe I might dine there that night if in the meantime I could announce my arrival to a sufficient number of members who knew me. I recalled with sudden pleasure that it was an excellent place to dine and remembered the expansive comfort of it—the artistic softness of big reception rooms; the quiet of reading rooms, with bookshelves filled with books and long tables covered with magazines and papers, all of them ancient, of course, but none the less interesting in a far-away place where news a month old has not lost its power to thrill.

I remembered deep, cool cane chairs by open windows where one could sit and read without fear of being disturbed. I remembered the big pillared dining room and little tables in the angles of the balcony. I remembered a good orchestra playing American music, and the fact that all floors within sound of it were good dancing floors if you happened to be dancing with a partner who could dance or with an officer who had achieved that altitude of rank which lends to any kind of awkwardness a certain grace. I remembered the gravel walks running down across a well-kept lawn to the bay side, where there were little tables

against an ornamental railing and more chairs of the deep, cool and cane variety, and where I had spent many a cooling and interesting interval looking out over the bay, where there were many lights in the distance on hospital ships, on merchantmen and men-o'-war; and where, in the immediate foreground, there were even in those days dozens of little white dancing yachts, throwing out phosphorescent wavelets as the waves rolled in under them to break in swishing murmurs and greenish phosphorescence against the sea wall.

Then I suddenly wondered if any Indian had ever been invited to the yacht club. I knew, of course, that no Indian ever had; but my undefined and very casual thought was that the great Indian political offensive might have broken down at least some of the outer works of British social exclusiveness. It has, too, as a matter of fact; but a Britisher would never picture his club as an outer works; he would think of it rather as an inner citadel. I recalled that I was somewhat shocked when I learned that no member of this club could invite an Indian into it for however brief an interval or for any purpose whatsoever; and it made no difference what rank or plentiful lack of it the Indian might have either. He might be a millionaire merchant or a maharaja; he might be a distinguished citizen prominent in any one of the learned professions; he might be a celebrated author or eminent scientist of some sort—India produces a considerable number of all such men; or he might be just an ordinary Indian gentleman.

Nevertheless, he could not enter the sacred precincts of the Englishman's club. And it is said that this fact—a fact repeated all over India wherever there is an Englishman's club—and that which it denotes as being fundamental in the British character have done more to undermine the British imperial structure in India than all the alleged economic and political injustices combined.

To an Englishman, an Indian, no matter who he may be, is and always has been not an Indian but a native; and though the high-caste Indian resents being referred to as a native more bitterly than he resents anything else on earth, the average Englishman in India—with exceptions, to be sure—goes on thinking of Indians merely as natives, and referring to them as such not only in conversations in which Indians participate but in the press as well, and even in their more serious writings about India

Indian Magicians

The British say of themselves that a Britisher never learns anything and never forgets anything, and they seem to take a good deal of pride in their customary and heretofore eminently successful process of just muddling along; but in India, with a critical world observing with an enhanced interest what they do and questioning with a somewhat Missourian attitude their manner of doing it, it may be that they are up against a new kind of proposition, which will call first and foremost for a modification of their prideful attitude and will then require for its proper handling monumental tact and unerring judgment. They will have to learn a number of things, and among the things they will have to forget, perhaps, is that heretofore they have been able to silence an Indian battery, so to speak, by shaking a swagger stick at it.

Down on the pavement in the bright sunlight some Indian magicians and snake charmers had disposed themselves and their paraphernalia for the benefit of the people on the hotel balconies and in the windows, and I forgot all else for the moment in the interest of watching them. I like magicians and snake charmers, while the plaintive note of the gourd pipe with which the snake charmer makes his cobras rear themselves up in the air and spread their hoods is to me one of the most enticing sounds I ever heard. I do not like the cobras, but they fascinate me and I never grow weary of watching them. Their master sits on his heels, playing to them the little resolveless melody to which they seem to respond, while they swing and sway before him within a few inches of his face, darting their ugly heads out at him every now and then in a way that is calculated to give the idle spectator cold chills down his back. Then after a bit he puts them away by causing them to crawl round and round into a very small grass basket, which one knows to be completely filled with snake once they are all tucked in.

And that is the point at which he lifts his eyes appealingly to the windows and the balconies as much as to say, "Well, of course, sahibs and mem-sahibs, without pay I cannot be expected to perform."

Likely as not someone from some point of outlook will shout down and ask him if he can stage a fight between a mongoose and a cobra. But, no! Not a cobra! Cobras are very valuable, and for why should a mongoose be permitted to slay the Shesh, emblem of all eternity, for mere sport? But another kind of snake? Yes! And very vicious too! A good fight, sahibs and mem-sahibs, for rupees. Please, the money first. How much you give—the money?

The sahibs and mem-sahibs begin to toss down to him the small square anna pieces that amount to rupees—there being only sixteen annas to the rupee—so much sooner than they look as though they might, and first thing you know he has reached into his magician's bag and produced the friendliest-looking and liveliest little animal you could possibly imagine. While he gathers up the annas and counts them with an air of disappointment amounting almost to grief, it goes darting about on its tether and sniffing along the pavement with an interest in life nothing short of the utmost. After which he dives once more into his big calico envelope of all the mysteries and brings forth a perfect horror of a long gray reptile, which, upon gaining its freedom, instantly makes off for somewhere where it thinks it would rather be than where it is. Simultaneously the mongoose is freed from his tether and the ensuing spectacle is a pretty unpleasant thing to witness unless you are able to yield to its rather horrible fascination.

Mongoose versus Snake

At first you are almost sure to think that the serpent has no show and that the exhibition is anything but sporting. You will be feeling utterly disgusted with it perhaps; but presently you begin to realize that the mongoose is not having it all his own way, and though you know that killing snakes is his business in life and that his attack is wholly instinctive, you have to acknowledge that he is a plucky little beast.

He keeps out of the way of the snake's head as much as possible, and makes for the back of its neck; but if there is anything quicker than a mongoose it is a snake in a fight with a mongoose. One of the chief concerns of the mongoose is to keep himself from being wrapped in the snake's coils in a flash as swift as lightning. He leaps about here and there, maneuvering for position, while the snake winds round and round, its head up, its forked tongue darting in and out and its eyes fixed balefully upon its enemy. Then with a sudden rush the little fellow closes in, only to be knocked galley-west by a blow from the serpent's head. The fight begins to be interesting. He is back again in the hundredth part of a split second and there is a general mix-up, with much wriggling of mongoose and lashing of snake. The mongoose shakes himself free, backs off and looks the situation over for a moment; then with a swift and beautiful spring he lands on the right spot and fastens his teeth in the back of the writhing reptile's neck. After that it is only a matter of a moment or so. He lets go and resumes his darting about and sniffing along the ground until he is caught and put back on his tether or is chucked unceremoniously into the big bag.

Then would the sahibs and the mem-sahibs be pleased to see the magician's chela, his pupil and assistant, vanish into thin air? Would they like to see a mango tree grow where no tree ever grew before, or could grow? Look, sahibs and mem-sahibs, an egg; I break the egg in the little dish; the broken shell; see, I crumble it all up and put it also in the little dish; watch carefully; I place the dish before you on the pavement, so; there is nothing touching it; you can see for yourself, and what you see you see; it is there; I place over it for just one second this little napkin; I show you there is nothing in the napkin; I beat it in my hand; I shake it out before you, so; I spread it on the little dish, and —one—two—three—I take it off. Ah-h, sahibs and mem-sahibs, it is the egg made whole and the little dish is clean! But a man must live and his chela must eat. If you would see the chela vanish and the growing of the mango tree there must be rupees.

More coins are dropped down to him and he goes on from one bewildering trick to another, many of them being the secrets of the magician tribe in India that have

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GEORGE GLICK

Now I Make $100.00 a Week

For Eight Years I Was Tied to a Job in a Retail Store; When I Finally Broke Loose, I Increased My Earnings 150%

For eight years I worked in a retail store, and as far as salaries go for that kind of work I was doing pretty well I got my $40 00 every Saturday, and I suppose I should have been happy but somehow or other, that $40 00 a week wouldn't buy me everything I wanted Expenses piled up something awful Baby had to have new shoes mighty often Florence had to have her music lessons my savings account didn't grow; I didn't carry enough insurance, I felt I wasn't getting anywhere.

Then one day, Mort Lyons, who had worked with me for years, dropped into the store and after the usual greetings he told me what he was doing I was surprised when he told me that he was averaging better than $80 00 a week Now Mort is a pretty good salesman but I knew I could outsell him. I had always been a hard worker and was rated a better salesman. It set me thinking: if Mort can earn $80 00 a week why can't I?

Mort told me of his connection with J B Simpson, and of the wonderful clothes they make to retail at $31 50 From what he said of the firm I knew they must be first class because Mort wouldn t be identified with anyone that wasn t And when he showed me his samples, my eyes nearly popped out. There were the same fabrics for $31 50 that we were selling at much higher prices. "But, Mort," I said, "how can they do it?" "That's a wonderful story in itself," said Mort, "which I'll tell you later."

I thought it over for the next few days but I just didn't have the nerve to make the plunge Separating myself from $40 00 a week sure and certain, with something seemed to me a very risky proposition I talked it over with my wife and as usual she had a good suggestion She said, "George, take your vacation now It's January Business is dull in your store, and they will be glad to have you go now"

Well, the next week I started out and by the following Saturday I had earned $36 00 The second week I made $52 00 and had enough prospects lined up to bring me $50 00 more I went back to the store and quit my job They laughed at me when I told them what I was going to do. 'You'll be back in a month, they said 'begging for your job," but believe me they couldn't give me enough money to ever get me back into that old hole in the wall

I have been at it now for a year Last month I made $520 00 the month before I made $548 00, my earnings for the first year in this business will be about $4 850 00 and next year I will increase that by at least one or two thousand dollars

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One day I made a trip through their tailor shops and believe me, it opened my eyes I found them cutting trimmings without any waste by a process exclusively their own I saw methods used by them that I had never heard of before and I thought I knew something about making clothes as well as sewing them I found them buying woolens and paying less than half of what we used to pay at our little store I found them applying the principle of many sales and small profits and the highest efficiency in every department throughout their entire establishment

Believe me, it was a lucky day for me when I heard of J. B. SIMPSON.

(Signed) GEORGE GLICK

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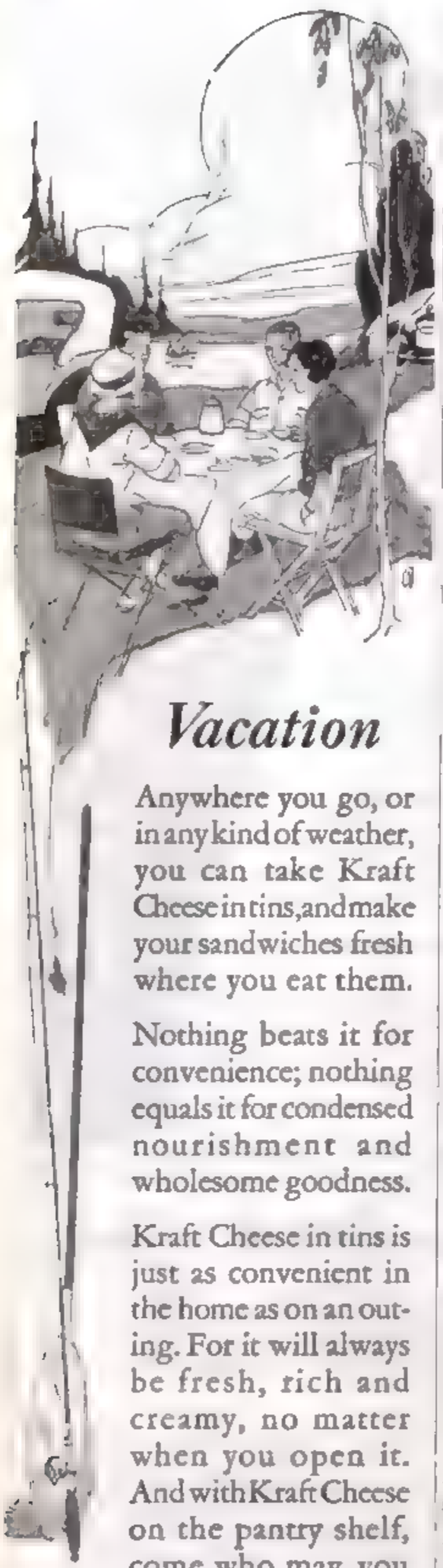

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proved so far, I am told, to be beyond the power of anyone else to penetrate.

No doubt you have heard that there are fakirs who can throw a rope straight in the air and cause it to stand upright and rigid while a boy climbs to the top of it. I wish this were true, because I should like to see it; but I am afraid it is a traveler's yarn. I have been diligent in my endeavor to find a fakir who could do it, but I have not succeeded. I have asked one after another in different parts of India whether or not he had ever seen it done, and have met a varied response. Some I have found who have looked intensely embarrassed and very wise, as much as to say they knew a good many things they were not prepared to reveal to a stranger. Others have declared that there is no such magician's trick, while a very intelligent man in Benares one evening told me that it was generally known among fakirs that foreigners believed in the ability of some of them to perform such a miracle, but that in his opinion some foreigners at one time or another had simply been hypnotized into believing they saw that which could not possibly be.

He then declared that the sum total of Indian magic consists in quickness of the hand and cunning of the palm, plus a lot of idle chatter and unnecessary motions to keep the wits of the audience scattered. I said that was all very well, but that as an explanation it did not go far enough. I told him that I myself could palm a small coin or a bit of rolled-up cigarette paper, but I failed to understand how anybody could palm or otherwise conceal a half-grown boy, a dozen baby chicks, a white rabbit, a litter of writhing snakes, a half dozen eggs, two or three ordinary plates, a pack of playing cards, a handful of coins, ten yards of muslin, a pail of water, a ten-inch mango plant, several watches and as many rings all at one and the same moment. He laughed and offered to teach me the whole bag of tricks at five rupees the trick, and rather insistently assured me that within two weeks I myself could become a magician, armed with a magic that would bewilder my friends and prove a source to me of unending amusement. I knew it would be great fun, although I might never develop anything that could possibly be described as quickness of the hand; but I just didn't have the two weeks or any fraction thereof to devote to such an enterprise.

A Pleasant Invitation

When I returned to my cell on the second tier of the annex I found waiting for me a very pleasing surprise—pleasing, that is, under the unpleasant circumstances. A Government House chuprassy was there with a note from the military secretary to his excellency, which said that his excellency and Lady Lloyd wished me to transfer myself immediately, bag and baggage, and to give them the pleasure of my presence as a guest at Government House during my stay in Bombay.

I gave the matter a few moments' prayerful consideration. Before I started for India I talked with a number of British friends both in London and New York, and declared that my purpose would be to get the Indian side of the raging controversy with regard to the reform of British governmental methods and procedures in India; and that therefore and because I am naturally predisposed in favor of the British, I knew I should have to avoid association with them as much as possible and that in particular I should have to avoid being caught up into the rarefied social atmosphere as it is breathed in British official circles. I said I had some old-fashioned ideas about the sanctity of hospitality and what is due in the acknowledgment of a bread-and-salt obligation, and that I wanted to be free to form and to express opinions that might or might not be in opposition to what the British would believe to be true of themselves. One man said to me:

"Good heavens, you don't mean to tell me that under any circumstances you would hesitate to say unpleasant things about us! Really, you shouldn't! We are likely to be suspicious of anyone who has a kind word for us nowadays, or who doesn't see behind everything we do some sinister and selfish motive. Go right ahead and say anything that seems to you to be true. But don't make the mistake of imagining that you can get at the true situation in India by refusing to associate with Englishmen. If you are too much in English circles and happen to discover that England's intentions with regard to India are not altogether Machiavellian and dishonorable, the Indian patriots are pretty sure to accuse you of having been flattered and unduly influenced; but I wouldn't let that worry me if I were you."

And so on. He himself is a well-known historian and political essayist, and had just escaped from hot water in India, which he got into by writing somewhat disparagingly however dispassionately—about the unpreparedness of the Indians for complete control of governmental affairs, and, as a consequence, of being among the first to suggest and clearly to outline a diarchical form of administration which—truth to tell—would leave the British in fairly complete if somewhat hampered authority.

At Government House

I was thinking of these things while I wrote a grateful acceptance of the invitation which their excellencies had so graciously extended. I had never met Sir George Lloyd, the present governor of Bombay Presidency; but his predecessor, Lord Willingdon, and Lady Willingdon had been exceedingly kind to me during my previous visit, and had initiated me, with a good deal of very nice and very wholesome fun at the expense of my frank democratic simplicity, into the forms and the mysteries and the amazing formalities of official life. I was glad I had been through the mill and knew something about the gilded ropes. And let nobody think that this official life in India is like anything else that anybody is likely to come in contact with unless it might be in the realms of royalty. Moreover, let nobody think that, to an American, simple acquiescence in all forms and formalities should be instinctive. American social instinct is ordinarily expressed in boundless curiosity, a sense of unquestionable and unquestioning equality and a vast friendliness, which ceases to be what it is only after it has suffered a sufficient rebuff to turn it into its exact antithesis. We are a good-natured lot on the whole, but titles and honorifics as everyday and every-hour matters do not come trippingly off our tongues, and most of us would rather shake hands and say "Pleased to meet yer," as the British accuse us of doing, than to attempt anything that might pass muster as a social genuflection.

However, I shall be writing about all that sort of thing later on. Just now it should be enough to say that the late afternoon found me established in an adorable suite of rooms in the guest bungalow within the gloriously beautiful and parklike confines of the Government House compound. When I entered this suite under the smiling guidance of the military secretary it was like walking into the soft-lit sweetness of a model sanitarium for a rest cure. I have never had a rest cure, but I have been able to imagine what a privilege it might be.

My sitting room was a furnished veranda—about twelve feet wide by twenty feet long—all in grays and greens, with couches and easy-chairs, a big writing table luxuriously equipped, palms and ferns everywhere, and everywhere cut flowers in a uniform tone of mauve; great branches of luxuriant heliotrope, purple pansies and cosmos in prodigal quantities. My bedroom and bath—about equal as to size—were white and blue; the perfect bed in the middle of the floor for proper air and safety from crawling things; a reading lamp rightly shaded and rightly placed; quaint blue-and-white furniture of a handmade and decorated variety, with long mirrors in the wardrobe doors; on a table in a corner a large sweating carafe of ice-cold lemon water. Oh, I say! Under the veranda was a precipitous cliff overhanging a mass of tumbled rocks, against which the waters of the bay lapped ceaselessly but softly, while away across on the farther shore shone the splendid city of many gilded domes, tall steeples, lofty towers and slender minarets. I had passed through the Gate of India.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.

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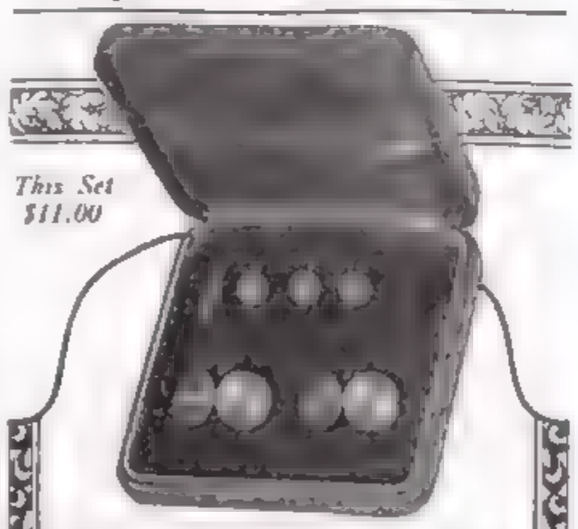

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He ought to know—

ICE-COLD—you'll like Clicquot Club best that way. That's what the helpful Eskimo kid advises—and certainly he ought to know.

He says the coldness brings out the tang and freshness of his friendly drink. It makes it a mighty pleasant "unthirster" of any throat.

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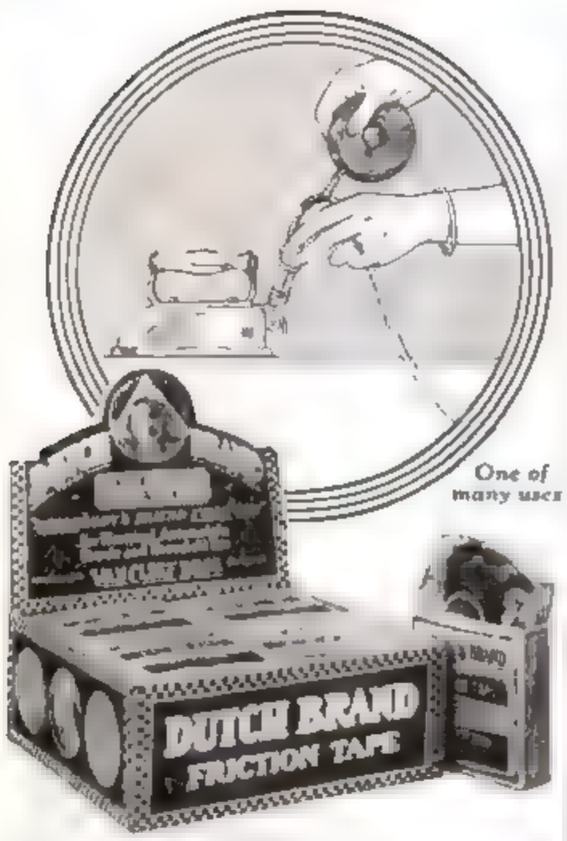

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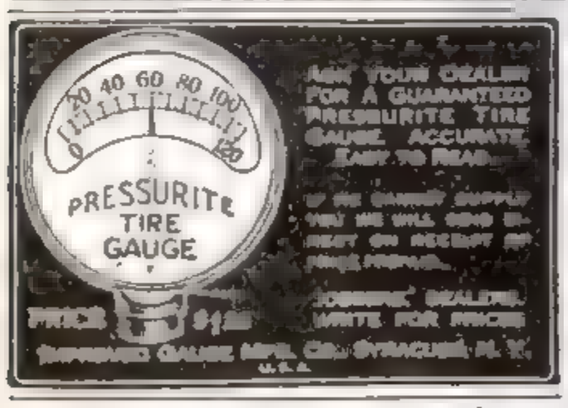
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THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

(Continued from Page 9)

the course of his article in letting the United States into the Court show how exclusive it is. In order to elect the judges it is necessary for the United States in some manner to be taken temporarily into the Assembly and the Council, and the operation is beset with obstacles. To take part in the election, it is said, is not, however, to act as a part of the League. In performing this function, it is claimed, the Assembly and the Council, although they totally and exclusively constitute the League, do not act as the League. They are in this case only designated electoral bodies. When they transact any other business they are the League, and the whole of the League; but when they elect judges they are not any part of the League, they are a separate electoral body, in which the United States may properly take part without in any way coacting with the League!

What would an American court think of this attitude on the part of a business corporation with regard to an "independent body" which it had created and was supporting, and without which it, as a subsidiary, could not exist? And in what rôle were the Assembly and Council playing when they invented and promulgated this "distinct instrument," the protocol? Were they the League, or were they only an electoral entity?

It is not humanly possible for a Court constituted as the Permanent Court of International Justice is constituted—every judge, except one, belonging to a nation that is a member of the League—not to defend the interests of the League as such. If there were any doubt on this point it should be removed by the fact that the Court is the official adviser of the League in legal questions, the greater part of its work thus far having been the rendering of opinions regarding the League's activities. As to its jurisdiction in these matters, Article 36 expressly says: "In the event of a dispute as to whether the Court has jurisdiction, the matter shall be settled by the decision of the Court." The Court is therefore empowered to determine what the rights of the League are in any question affecting its action, and without a trial of a special case the opinion of the Court becomes the law for the League.

It must not be overlooked that the Covenant of the League of Nations accords to the League powers of action which were never before claimed by any international body. It is unnecessary to mention here more than three or four.

Economic Boycott

Although Article 10 of the Covenant may be regarded by certain nations exposed to aggression as a very inadequate guaranty of their political independence and territorial integrity, it undoubtedly invests the League with a right of intervention which the Court would in principle be obliged to defend without being able to determine its limits. Article 11 accords to the High Contracting Parties the right to "take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations," but lays down no rules in restraint of this unlimited authority. These are, it is true, vague and indefinite prerogatives which might be harmless if all nations sincerely meant to be just.

Article 16, however, invests the League with power to inflict a form of war more terrible than the conflict of armed forces. It is as follows:

> Should any Member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles 12, 13 or 15, it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other Members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking State, and the prevention of all financial, commercial, or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking State and the nationals of any other State, whether a Member of the League or not.
>
> It shall be the duty of the Council in such case to recommend to the several Governments concerned what effective military, naval or air force the Members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League.

To realize the import of this Article, which automatically brings a member of the League into a state of war with all the other members of the League, and visits upon it the prevention of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking state and the nationals of any other state, whether a member of the League or not, it is necessary to consider what is involved in Articles 12, 13 and 15.

These articles impose upon every member of the League the obligation not to resort to war until the parties in dispute have taken the steps prescribed in these articles to settle the controversy by some form of arbitration or decision by the Council or the Assembly. In general, the obligation seems a reasonable one; but the machinery is cumbrous and its action dilatory. Were the aggrieved member permitted to take its case immediately to the Permanent Court of International Justice and cite the aggressor to appear there without delay, there might be a prospect of a judicial settlement, if the rules of law were previously so clearly defined as to apply definitely to the state of facts; but, unfortunately, this prompt remedy, proposed by the committee of jurists, and the recommendation to clarify international law for this purpose, have not been adopted; with the result that, even as between the most juristically advanced nations, the chances of some spontaneous act of violence which could be regarded as a "resort to war" are greatly augmented.

An Obvious Imperfection

The imperfection of the Covenant, whatever may be its advantages, is clearly evident in the case of states of inadequate responsibility; and it is from these that the dangers of war principally arise.

Let us suppose that in some nation where revolution is in progress, whether in Europe, America or Asia, the nation being a member of the League, the obligations of the articles in question are violated, and acts of war, which may be only resistance to intervention, are perpetrated upon an outsider. Automatically Article 16 becomes operative, and *ipso facto*, all the members of the League are at war with the offending state, which is then legally subject to the extreme penalty authorized by Article 16. Beyond question, the Court, interpreting the Covenant as its final authority, would affirm the legality of the complete severance of all trade and financial relations and of all personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking state and the nationals of any other state, whether a member of the League or not.

To comprehend the consequences of this decision, let us take an example. China is a vast country, frequently in a state of commotion, with a weak government, and has been and is the victim of encroachments and pretensions by other powers which most independent nations would not endure. China is also a member of the League of Nations, and before resorting in any way to violence is under obligation to arbitrate every controversy under the articles of the Covenant, but has no recourse to the Permanent Court of International Justice for a remedy for any form of imposition without the consent of the powers with which she may have disagreement and from which she may suffer wrong. Being without remedy, would it be strange, would it even be culpable, if some military leader, acting in the name of the state, should oppose encroachment, and thereby commit an act which would be held to be in violation of the Covenant? If this should happen, the Covenant would require, and the League's Court would affirm, that all commercial, financial and personal relations between China and all other states should be completely cut off and prohibited. The United States, not being a member of the League, would have no voice in this matter. The League being above the law and not answerable for its actions, and all the great powers having declined to accept the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court, no case could be brought before it by the United States; but, all the same, in its advisory capacity the Court would declare the perfect legality of this act of excluding all trade and all financial or personal relations and intercourse with China, and virtually the whole Western Pacific, by the nationals of the United States. If the United States had, through its membership in the Court, committed itself to the acceptance of the Court's decisions, it would find itself honorably as well

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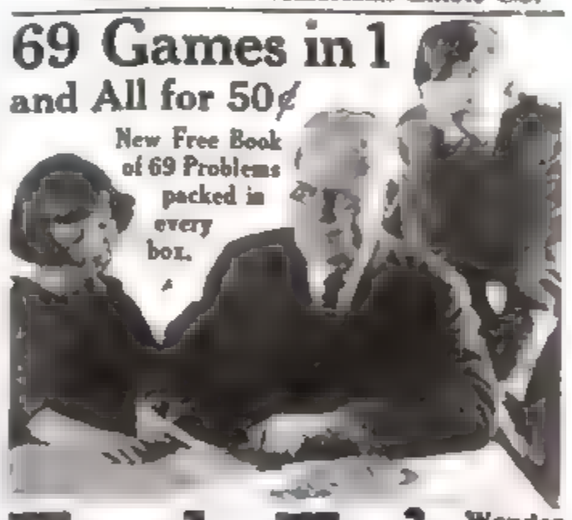

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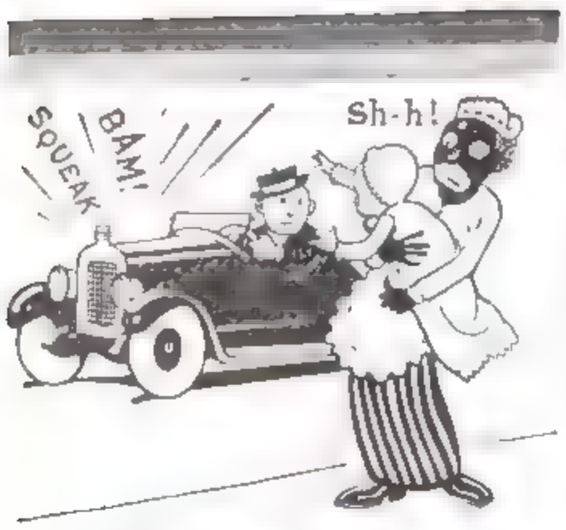

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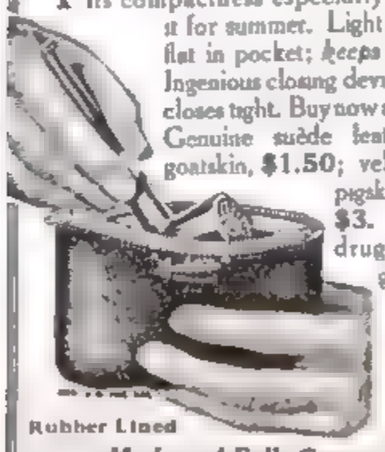

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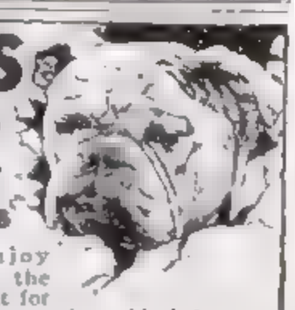

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as legally barred from protest against being thus excluded and its trade destroyed, regardless of the motives that had prevailed in producing the situation.

If, on the other hand, the Court were really a World Court, not bound by the provisions of the Covenant, it would consider the obligations of the League as not in any way permitting it to determine the rights of the United States by its action as a military alliance; and, if the League were really at war with China, the laws of neutrality being in operation, the cost of effective blockade would be so great, as compared with blockade by legally accepted decree, that the blockade might never be undertaken.

If Article 16, as it would be applied by the League's Court, presents a menace to the interests of the United States, it is mild as compared with the assumptions of Article 17, which provides that, in the event of a dispute between States which are not members of the League, they shall be invited for the purposes of settling the dispute to accept temporary membership in the League upon such conditions as the Council may deem just. The article then provides:

> If a State so invited shall refuse to accept the obligations of membership in the League for the purposes of such dispute, and shall resort to war against a Member of the League, the provisions of Article 16 shall be applicable as against the State taking such action.

This article of the Covenant authorizes the Council of the League to invite the United States to accept "temporary membership in the League" for the purpose of settling a dispute with another state; and, in case of refusal and a decision of the United States to resort to arms against any member of the League, to apply the penalties of Article 16 of the Covenant.

It is, of course, doubtful if the Council would in any immediate contingency venture to apply those penalties. The important matter is that, in the opinion of the League's Court, the Council would unquestionably possess a right to apply them; and adherence to the protocol of the League's Court either implies conformity to the Court's determination of rights or is on the face of it an insincere adherence.

Will the United States put it in the power of any foreign body to determine when and upon what conditions it may rightly go to war? If, as some propose, war should be regarded as essentially a crime, it is not for a "military alliance" which makes war, under certain conditions, automatically necessary, to determine when it is permitted and when it is punishable.

Old Laws Superseded

If, as here maintained, the Covenant of the League of Nations is controlling law for the League's Court, it is evident that immense consequences are involved in accepting as authoritative the Court's decisions. Article 20 reads:

> The Members of the League severally agree that this Covenant is accepted as abrogating all obligations or understandings *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms thereof.

What then becomes of any "obligation or understanding" involving a previously accepted principle of international law, if it is not in harmony with the Covenant? And what becomes of international law itself as a body of jurisprudence, if it does not conform to the terms of the Covenant? But if we accept the claim of the Covenant to supremacy as determining international "obligations or understandings," do we not subject ourselves in the last analysis to the League's legal domination?

It is possible for the bare majority of the Court, by a mere opinion asked for by the League, without participation by this country, to construe the rights of other nations to the disadvantage of the United States.

There are several American countries which have by joining the League of Nations assumed its obligations and exposed themselves to its interference, under Articles 10, 11, 16 and others.

The perverted definition of the Monroe Doctrine in Article 21 of the Covenant, which considers it an "international understanding," brings the adjudication of questions arising in connection with it distinctly within the jurisdiction of the Court. When considered as an "understanding," the Monroe Doctrine is assimilated to a treaty. This fiction would bring a difference regarding the interpretation of the doctrine within the jurisdiction of the Court as a justiciable question. But the Monroe Doctrine is not an "understanding." It is merely the time-honored policy of the United States, and should be maintained. It does not recognize the authority of the League's Court, or of any court, in territorial questions in the Western Hemisphere. These are to be settled by the inhabitants of this hemisphere without European interference. But the provisions of the League recognize no geographic limits to its right of intervention, and the League's Court would be obliged to sustain these provisions.

Inequality of Treatment

It would be insincere for the advocates of our joining the League's Court to treat this contention with ridicule. They have already openly committed themselves regarding the danger involved. When joining the League was under advisement, Mr. Root and Mr. Hughes both urged the adoption of a reservation regarding the Monroe Doctrine, and both publicly warned of danger in accepting the League's provisions on this subject. The fifth reservation adopted by the Senate, on November 19, 1919, read:

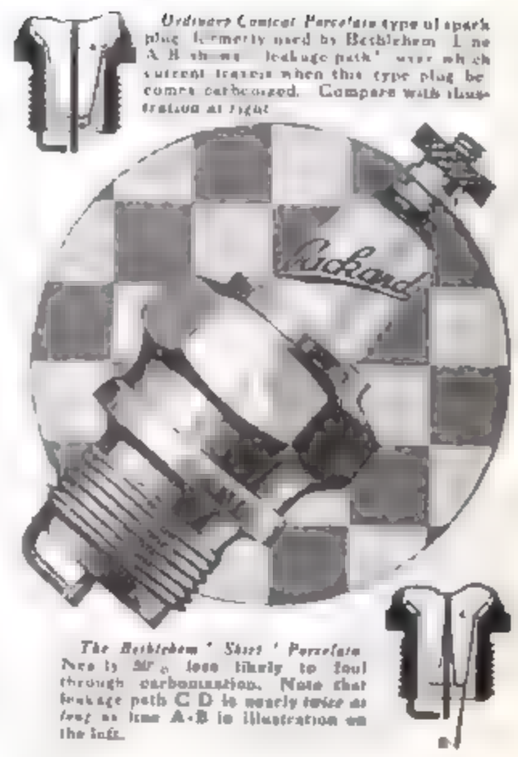
> Said doctrine is to be interpreted by the United States alone, and is hereby declared to be wholly outside the jurisdiction of said League of Nations.

Why was this necessary? It was because, under the Covenant of the League, many American states, members of the League, are subject to the intervention of the League. The right of intervention in this hemisphere by the League with regard to its own members would have to be sustained by the League's Court. If the decisions of the Court were accepted as law by the United States, would not this country be honorably bound to abandon the Monroe Doctrine? Will the Senate be ready now to accept the League's law on this point through the action of the League's Court?

Article 22 establishes a system of mandates over conquered countries to which there is no geographic limit. As the result of future conflicts this system might be greatly extended. As the mandates imply complete control and "secure equal opportunities for trade and commerce of other members of the League," and no others, in a question regarding the rights of the United States in mandated territories the Court would be bound to find that this country has no rights of trade and commerce in any of the vast territories now under mandate. After having accepted the authority of the Court the United States could obtain equal treatment only by war or diplomacy.

It is needless here to multiply instances of what might be expected from the Permanent Court of International Justice if it remains dependent for its existence upon the League. The American member might protest against certain decisions, but even he could not overlook the fact that he would be subject to removal by his fellow judges under Article 18 of the statute of the Court.

So long as the Permanent Court of International Justice is in any sense dependent upon the League for its existence, being chosen, paid and pensioned by it, the judges must support the League and will inevitably be controlled by the League's law. No doubt the League—that is, the Council and the Assembly—will not give orders to the Court. That is unnecessary. The orders



Ordinary Conical Porcelain type of spark plug formerly used by Bethlehem. The A-B shows "leakage path" over which current travels when this type plug becomes carbonized. Compare with illustration at right

The Bethlehem "Skirt" Porcelain Note it is less likely to foul through carbonization. Note that leakage path C-D is nearly *twice as far* as time A-B in illustration on the left.

Nearly 50% less likely to foul!

IN its literal sense, "carbon-proof" is a considerable stretch of the imagination, if not of the truth itself. So long as internal-combustion engines are fueled with gasoline, and lubricated with oil, spark plugs will pick up a certain amount of carbon, even though it be in the form of soft soot.

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Whatever the cause, let's admit that plugs *do* carbonize. The problem is to render that carbon harmless. By comparing the diagrams shown above you will see that current must travel nearly *twice as far* before any Bethlehem plug can possibly short-circuit!

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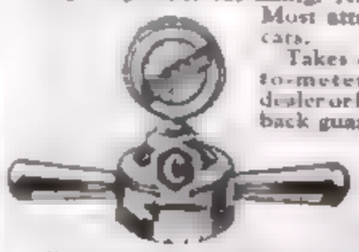

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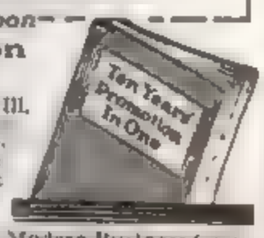

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are already in the Covenant of the League, which assigns its proper rôle to each of the League's organs, and will determine the policy of all of them, because it is their fundamental law. Their community of interest lies in helping the League to prevail, in order, as Lord Robert Cecil has expressed it, that the League may "become the sole international authority in Europe and the world."

An attempt may be made to controvert the reasoning here presented by citing Article 59 of the Statute of the Court, which reads:

> The decision of the Court has no binding force except between the parties and in respect of that particular case.

Does this mean that the decision does not have the force of law? What then becomes of Mr. Hoover's assertion that "the Court is gradually to build up a complete body of international law"? And what becomes of the whole scheme of a judicial as contrasted with an arbitral court if the decisions are only isolated adjustments of particular contentions? Wherein is this Permanent Court of International Justice a law court if it does not declare the law?

We must therefore either abandon the idea that this Court is a law court or interpret Article 59 in another sense; which is indeed the obvious sense—namely, that only those who are litigants are bound by the particular decision in the sense that they must act upon it. Others may, if they choose, refuse to litigate, and go on violating the law which the decision declares; but their conduct, although illegal, will be beyond the power of this Court to affect, unless these outlaws are disposed to put themselves voluntarily within its jurisdiction, which is what the violator of law never voluntarily does.

If the Court does not declare any law, it is not a court of justice. If it does declare a law, how can any just mind hold that those who, in the words of the protocol, "declare that they accept the jurisdiction of the Court," are not morally bound to respect and obey the decisions of the Court, whatever they may be?

Urgency to cast in our national fortunes with the League's Court is often accompanied with assurances that we take no risk in doing so, inasmuch as we can always refuse to litigate, and therefore need have nothing to do with the Court's decisions. Wherein, then, do we find either a national interest or a national duty in associating our nation with this enterprise, the merit of which seems to consist in avoiding the Court after we have agreed to participate in it? How is justice to be promoted, and especially how is peace to be secured, by abstention from appealing to the Court? Suppose all the members pursued that course, what would the utility of the Court be? We could, it is true, withhold all serious or doubtful cases, and thus escape judicial condemnation. We can, however, do that without membership in the Court, and far more consistently. But what would be said of our "national honor" if, having signed the protocol, we refused to appear before the Court in response to a demand for justice, or declined to accept as international law a decision or even an opinion of the Court?

The conscience of this nation should shrink from and indignantly resent such temptations to insincerity. If we are ready to accept the League's law and the League's Court, let us be honest enough to cease cursing the League. If the League is impossible for us its law and its Court are equally impossible.

In the presence of these facts, it would be a disregard of the interests of the United States and the rights of its citizens to participate in this Court by the payment and election of its judges and the recognition of the legality of its decisions, so long as it remains the Court of the League. The indispensable first step to membership is that the Court be entirely detached from the League of Nations and made in the true sense a World Court, in which all recognized sovereign states should have a share in the choice of judges and be judged under a common law.

If the League, which is admitted to be a "military alliance," declines to take this step, it cannot well escape from the charge that the Permanent Court of International Justice is not only permanently a private court, as a part of the machinery of the League, but in some of its effects a court-martial in its relation to states not members of the League.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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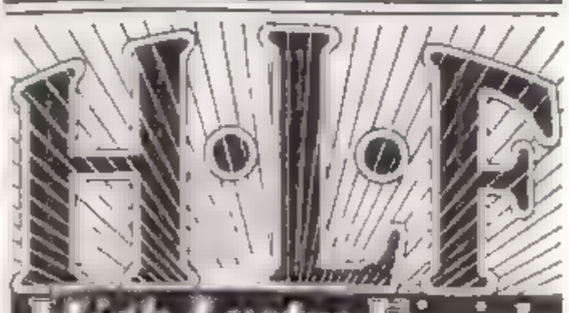

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If you can get a metal that is pure, it will resist rust for many years. This is proved by iron objects that have lasted for many centuries. In every case these objects have been found to be practically pure iron. At the beginning of the present generation no one knew how to make pure iron except in laboratory quantities.

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Some twenty years ago we determined to find the scientific way to produce practically pure ingot iron in commercial quantities. This meant far-reaching research, unheard-of manufacturing methods, the investment of millions in mills and mines, and a watchful care more usual in a laboratory than in an iron mill. The result is ARMCO Ingot Iron, a product so incomparably purer than any other commercial iron that it is known the world over as "the iron that resists rust."

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- Table Tops
- Tub Covers
- Electric Light Reflectors

In Industry
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- Smoke Stacks
- Oil & Water Tanks
- Freight Car Roofs
- Drainage Systems
- Gasoline Tanks
- Wire Fencing
- Grave Vaults & Caskets
- Safety Treads
- Street Cars
- Milk Cans
- Gas Tanks
- Boiler Tubes & Pipes
- Cold Rolled Strip
- Cold Drawn Bars
- Street Signs
- Septic Tanks & Toilets
- Culverts
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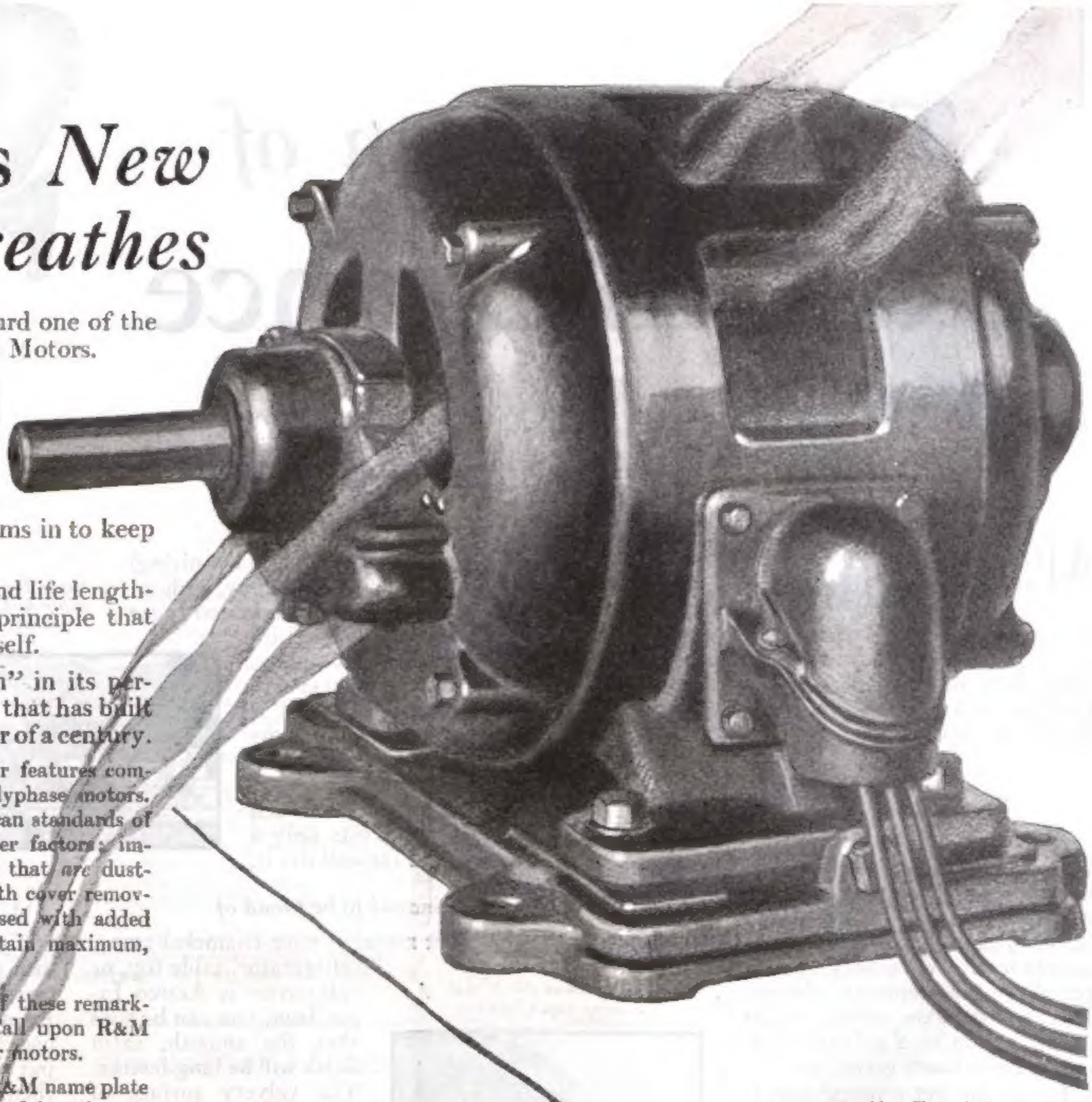

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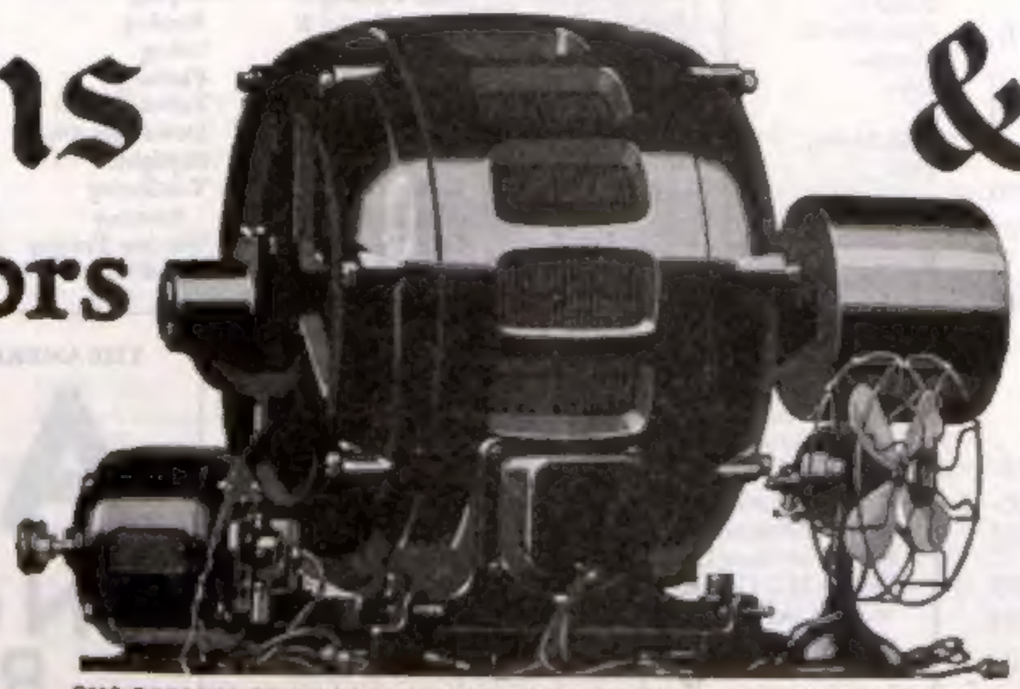

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